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LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE

By

UPTON SINCLAIR

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE

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A NOVEL

By

Upton Sinclair

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VOLUME I

THE VANGUARD PRESS
NEW YORK 1929

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VANGUARD PRINTINGS

First—April, 1929

813.52
S616L

Printed in the United States of America

THE MAN (1878-):

Upton Sinclair has been called the Don Quixote of the American revolutionary movement. He is equally famous as writer and as Socialist, and his literary efforts have been greatly appreciated in Europe. His youthful romantic philosophy found expression in such books as *Prince Hagen, The Journal of Arthur Stirling* and *Love's Pilgrimage.* His work became frankly propagandistic in *The Profits of Religion, The Brass Check,* and has matured in his most recent novels, *Oil* and *Boston.* He has found time to organize an Intercollegiate Socialist Society (now the League for Industrial Democracy), to establish a colony at Englewood, New Jersey, to run for office several times, and to inspire numerous Socialist crusades. He has even gone to prison, twice, for his convictions.

THE BOOK (1911):

In his *Upton Sinclair: A Study in Social Protest,* Floyd Dell says of *Love's Pilgrimage:* "The book's greatness lies in its robust immersion in the stream of life. Nothing appals the writer; everything is told—it matters not that it is in impassioned self-defence. Its candor is magnificent, shameless, beautiful. It succeeds as realism. It is a masterpiece, vastly different from *The Jungle,* not comparable with it in detachment and breadth, but not inferior to it in truth or power. It must be named in any list of great American novels."

Note to the Second Edition:

This book was written at the age of thirty-two. Sixteen years later, I would write much of it differently. But meantime, the book has been translated into a number of foreign languages, it has won the praise of competent critics, and has entered deeply into the consciousness of many people. Therefore it is reprinted without change.

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LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE

PART I

LOVE'S ENTANGLEMENT

Book I

THE VICTIM

It was in a little woodland glen, with a streaml tumbling through it. She sat with her back to a snow birch-tree, gazing into the eddies of a pool below; an he lay beside her, upon the soft, mossy ground, readin out of a book of poems. Images of joy were passin before them; and there came four lines with a picture–

> *"Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,*
> *From betwixt two aged oaks,*
> *Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,*
> *Are at their savory dinner set."*

"Ah!" said she. "I always loved that. Let us b Corydon and Thyrsis!"

He smiled. "They were both of them men," he sai

"Let us change it," she responded—"just betwee ourselves!"

"Very well—Corydon!" said he.

Then, after a moment's thought, she added, "But w didn't have the cottage."

"No," said he—"nor even the dinner!"

§ 1. It was the Highway of Lost Men.

They shivered, and drew their shoulders together as ey walked, for it was night, and a cold, sleety rain was lling. The lights from saloons and pawn-shops fell on their faces—faces haggard and gaunt with sery, or bloated with disease and sin. Some stared fore them fixedly; some gazed about with furtive and ngry eyes as they shuffled on. Here and there a police- an stood in the shelter, swinging his club and watch- g them as they passed. Music called to them from es and dance-halls, and lighted signs and flaring- lored pictures tempted them in the entrances of cheap useums and theatres; they lingered before these, glad even a moment's shelter. Overhead the elevated ains pounded by; and from the windows one could see en crowded about the stoves in the rooms of lodging- uses, where the steam from their garments made a ur in the air.

Down this highway walked a lad, about fifteen years age, pale of face, and with delicate and sensitive fea- res. His overcoat was buttoned tightly about his ck, and his hands thrust into his pockets; he gazed ound him swiftly as he walked. He came to this place ery now and then, but he never grew used to what he w.

He eyed the men who passed him; and when he came a saloon he would push open the door and gaze about. metimes he would enter, and hurry through, to peer to the compartments in the back; and then go out ain, giving a wide berth to the drinkers, and shrink-

ing from their glances. Once a girl appeared in a door way, and smiled and nodded to him; he started and hurried out, shuddering. Her wanton black eyes haunted him, hinting unimaginable things.

Then, on a corner, he stopped and spoke to a police man. "Hello!" said the man, and shook his head—"No not this time." So the boy went on; there were several miles of this Highway, and each block of it the same

At last, in a dingy bar-room, with saw-dust strewn upon the floor, and the odor of stale beer and tobacco smoke in the air—here suddenly the boy sprang forward, with a cry: "Father!" And a man who sat with bowed head in a corner gave a start, and lifted a white face and stared at him. He rose unsteadily to his feet and staggered to the other, and fell upon his shoulder sobbing, "My son! My son!"

How many times had Thyrsis heard those words—in how many hours of anguish! They sank into the deep of him, waking echoes like the clang of a bell: they voiced all the terror and grief of defeated life—"My son! My son!"

The man clung to him, weeping, and pouring out the flood of his shame. "I have fallen again—I am lost—I am lost!"

The occupants of the place were watching the scene with dull curiosity; and the boy was trembling like a wild deer trapped.

"Yes, father, yes! Let us go home."

"Home—home, my son? Will you take me home Oh, I couldn't bear to go!"

"But you must come home."

"Do you mean that you still love me, son?"

"Yes, father, I still love you. I want to try to help you. Come with me."

Then the boy would gaze about and ask, "Where is ur hat?"

"Hat, my son? I don't know. I have lost it." The would see his torn and mud-stained clothing, and poor old pitiful face, with the eyes blood-shot and llen, and the skin, that had been rosy, and was now a astly, ashen gray. He would choke back his feelings, d grip his hands to keep himself together.

"Come, father, take my hat, and let us go."

"No, my son. I don't need any hat. Nothing can rt me—I am lost! Lost!"

So they would go out, arm in arm; and while they de their progress up the Highway, the man would ur out his remorse, and tell the story of his weeks of ror.

Then, after a mile or so, he would halt.

"My son!"

"What is it, father?"

"I must stop here, son."

"Why, father?"

"I must have something to drink."

"*No*, father!"

"But, my boy, I can't go on! I can't walk! You n't know what I'm suffering!"

"No, father!"

"I've got the money left—I'm not asking you. I'll ne right with you—on my word of honor I will!"

And so they would fight it out—all the way back to lodging-house where they lived, and where the mother and wept. And here they would put him to bed, and k up his clothing to keep him in; and here, with drugs d mineral-waters, and perhaps a doctor to help, they uld struggle with him, and tend him until he was on feet again. Then, with clothing newly-brushed and

face newly-shaven he would go back to the world of men and the boy would go back to his dreams.

§ 2. Such was the life of Thyrsis, from earliest childhood to maturity. His father's was a heritage of gentle breeding and high traditions—his forefathers were cavaliers, and had served the State. And now it had come to this—to hall bedrooms in lodging-houses and a life-and-death grapple with destruction! And when Thyrsis came to study the problem, he found that it was a struggle without hope; his father was a man in a trap.

He was what people called a "drummer". He was dependent for his living upon the favor of certain merchants—men for the most part of low ideals, who came to the city in search of their low pleasures. One met them by waiting about in the lobbies of hotels, and in the bar-rooms which they frequented; and always the first sign of fellowship with them was to have a drink. And this was the field on which the battle had to be fought!

He would hold out for months—half a year, perhaps—drinking lemonade and putting up with their raillery. And then he would begin with ginger-ale; and then it would come to beer; and then to whiskey. He was always devising new plans to control himself; always persuading himself that he had solved the problem. He would not drink in the morning; he would not drink until after dinner; he would not drink alone—and so on without end. His whole life was drink, and all his thoughts were of drink—the odor of it always in his nostrils, the image of it always before his eyes.

And the grimness of his fate lay here—that it was by his best qualities that he was betrayed. If he had been

ard and mercenary, like some of those who preyed upon
m, there might have been hope. But he was generous
d free-hearted, a slave to his impulses of friendship.
nd this was what made the struggle such a cruel one
Thyrsis; it was like the sight of some noble animal
sely snared.

From his earliest days the boy had watched these
rces working themselves out. The gentleman and the
drummer" fought for supremacy, and step by step the
ul of the man was fashioned to the work he did. To
ceed with his customers he must share their ideas and
eir tastes; and so he was bitter against reformers, who
terfered with the gaieties of the city, with no consider-
ion for the tastes of "buyers." But then, on the other
nd, would come a time of renunciation, when he would
all enthusiasm for temperance.

He was full of old-fashioned ideas, which would take
e quaintest turns of reactionism; his politics were
mmed up in the phrase that he "would rather vote for
nigger than a Republican"; but then, in the same
eath, he would announce some fine and noble sentiment,
t of the traditions of a forgotten past. He was the
ul of courtesy to women, and of loyalty to friends.
e worshipped General Lee and the old time "Virginia
ntleman"; and those with whom he lived, and for whose
nclean profits he sold himself, never guessed the depths
his contempt for all they stood for. They had the
llars, they were on top; but some day the nemesis of
ood-breeding would smite them—the army of the
osts of Gentility would rise, and with "Marse Robert"
d "Jeb" Stuart at their head, would sweep away the
rdes of commercialdom.

Thyrsis saw a great deal of this forgotten chivalry.
is nursery had been haunted by such musty phantoms;

and when he first came to the Northern city, he stayed at a hotel which was frequented by people who lived in this past—old ladies who were proud and prim, and old gentlemen who were quixotic and humorous, young ladies who were "belles," and young gentlemen who aspired to be "blades". It was a world that would have made happy the soul of any writer of romances; but to Thyrsis in earliest childhood the fates had given the gift of seeing beneath the shams of things, and to him this dead Aristocracy cried out loudly for burial. There was an incredible amount of drunkenness, and of debauchery scarcely hidden; there was pretense strutting like a peacock, and avarice skulking like a hound; there were jealousy, and base snobbery, and raging spite, and a breath of suspicion and scandal hanging like a poisonous cloud over everything. These people came and went an endless procession of them; they laughed and danced and gossiped and drank their way through the boy's life and unconsciously he judged them, and hated them and feared them. It was not by such that his destiny was to be shaped.

Most of them were poor; not an honest poverty, but a sham and artificial poverty—the inability to dress as others did, and to lose money at "bridge" and "poker" and to pay the costs of their self-indulgences. As for Thyrsis and his parents, they always paid what they owed; but they were not always able to pay it when they owed it, and they suffered all the agonies and humiliations of those who did not pay at all. There was scarcely ever a week when this canker of want did not gnaw at them; their life was one endless and sordid struggle to make last year's clothing look like new and to find some boarding-house that was cheaper and yet respectable. There was endless wrangling and strife

nd worry over money; and every year the task was arder, the standards lower, the case more hopeless.

There were rich relatives, a world of real luxury up bove—the thing that called itself "Society". And hyrsis was a student and a bright lad, and he was elcome there; he might have spread his wings and own away from this sordidness. But duty held him, nd love and memory held him still tighter. For his ther worshipped him, and craved his help; to the last our of his dreadful battle, he fought to keep his son's gard—he prayed for it, with tears in his eyes and guish in his voice. And so the boy had to stand by. nd that meant that he grew up in a torture-house, drank a cup of poison to its bitter dregs. To others s father was merely a gross little man, with sordid eas and low tastes; but to Thyrsis he was a man with e terror of the hunted creatures in his soul, and the ries of madness cracking their whips about his ears.

There was only one ending possible—it worked itself t with the remorseless precision of a machine. The ul that fought was smothered and stifled, its voice ew fainter and feebler; the agony and the shame grew tter, the suffering more cruel, the despair more black. ntil at last they found him in a delirium, and took him a private hospital; and thither went Thyrsis, now own to be a man, and sat in a dingy reception-room, d a dingy doctor came to him and said, "Do you sh to see the body?" And Thyrsis answered, in a w voice, "No."

§ 3. So it was that the soul of this lad had grown mbre, and taken to brooding upon the mysteries of te. Life was no jest and no holiday, it was no place r shams and self-deceptions. It was a place where

cruel enemies set traps for the unwary; a field where blind and merciless forces ranged, unhindered by man or God.

Thyrsis could not have told how soon in life this sense had come to him. In his earliest childhood he had known that his father was preyed upon, just as certainly as any wild thing in the forest. At first the enemies had been saloon-keepers, and wicked men who tempted him to drink with them. The names of these men were household words to him, portents of terror; they peopled his imagination as epic figures, such as Black Douglas must have been to the children of the Northern Border.

But then, with widening intelligence, it became certain social forces, at first dimly apprehended. It was the god of "business"—before which all things fair and noble went down. It was "business" that kept vice triumphant in the city; it was because of "business" that the saloons could not be closed even on Sunday, so that the father might be at home one day in seven. And was it not in search of "business" that he was driven forth to loaf in hotel-lobbies and bar-rooms?

Who was to blame for this, Thyrsis did not know; but certain men made profit of it—and these, too, were ignoble men. He knew this; for now and then his father's employers would honor the little family with some kind of an invitation, and they would have to swallow their pride and go. So Thyrsis grew up, with the sense of a great evil loose in the world; a wrong of which the world did not know. And within him grew a passionate longing to cry aloud to others, to open their eyes to this truth!

Outwardly he was like other boys, eager and cheerful, even boisterous; but within was this hidden thing, which

brooded and questioned. Life had made him into an ascetic. He must be stern, even merciless, with himself—because of the fear that was in him, and in his mother as well. The fear that self-indulgence might lay its grisly paws upon him! The fear that he, too, might fall into the trap!

It was not merely that he never touched stimulants; he had an instinct against all things that were softening and enervating, all things that tempted and enslaved. For him was the morning-air, and the shock of cold water, and the hardness of the wild things of the open. Other people did not feel this way; other people pampered themselves and defiled themselves—and so Thyrsis went apart. He lived quite alone with his thoughts, he had never a chum, scarcely even any friends. Where in the long procession of lodging and boarding-houses and summer-resorts should he meet people who knew what he knew about life? Where in all the world should he meet them, save in the books of great men in times past?

There was not much of what is called "culture" in his family: no music at all, and no poetry. But there were novels, and there were libraries where one could get more of these, so Thyrsis became a devourer of stories; he would disappear, and they would find him at meal-times, hidden in a clump of bushes, or in a corner behind a sofa—anywhere out of the world. He read whole libraries of adventure: Mayne-Reid and Henty, and then Cooper and Stevenson and Scott. And then came more serious novels—"Don Quixote" and "Les Misérables," George Eliot, whom he loved, and Dickens, whose social protest thrilled him; and chiefest of all Thackeray, who moulded his thought. Thackeray knew the world that he knew, Thackeray saw to the

heart of it; and no high-souled lad who had read him and worshipped him was ever after to be lured by the glamor of the "great" world —a world whose greatness was based upon selfishness and greed.

Thyrsis knew no foreign language, and fate or instinct kept him from those writers who jested with uncleanness; so he was virginal, and pure in all his imaginings. Other lads exchanged confidences in forbidden things, they broke down the barriers and tore away the veils; but Thyrsis had never breathed a word about matters of sex to any living creature. He pondered and guessed, but no one knew his thoughts; and this was a crucial thing, the secret of much of his aloofness.

§ 4. In one of the early boarding-houses there had been a little girl, and the families had become intimate. But the two children disliked each other, and kept apart all they could. Thyrsis was domineering and imperious, and things must always be his way. He was given to rebellion, whereas Corydon was gentle and meek, and submitted to confinements and prohibitions in a quite disgraceful manner. She was a pretty little girl, with great black eyes; and because she was silent and shy he set her down as "stupid", and went his way.

They spent a summer in the country together, when Thyrsis possessed himself of a sling-shot, and took to collecting the skins of squirrels and chipmunks. Corydon was horrified at this; and by way of helping her to overcome her squeamishness he would make her carry home the bleeding corpses. He took to raising young birds, also, and soon had quite an aviary—two robins and a crow, and a survivor from a brood of "cherry birds." The feeding of these nestlings was no small

ask, but Thyrsis went fishing when the spirit moved im, secure in the certainty that the calls of the hungry reatures would keep Corydon at home.

This was the way of it, until Corydon began to lossom into a young lady, beautiful and tenderly- ashioned. Thyrsis still saw her now and then, and he nade attempts to share his higher joys with her. He ad become a lover of poetry; once they walked by the eashore, and he read her "Alexander's Feast", thrilling vith delight in its resounding phrases:

"Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder!"

But Corydon had never heard of Timotheus, and she ad not been taught to exploit her emotions. She could nly say that she did not understand it very well.

And then, on another occasion, Thyrsis endeavored o tell her about Berkeley, whom he had been reading. But Corydon did not take to the sensational philosophy ither; she would come back again and again to the vasion of old Dr. Johnson—"When I kick a stone, I now the stone is there!"

This girl was like a beautiful flower, Thyrsis told imself—like all the flowers that had gone before her, nd all those that would come after, from generation o generation. She fitted so perfectly into her environ- ment, she grew so calmly and serenely; she wore pretty resses, and helped to serve tea, and was graceful and weet—and with never an idea that there was anything n life beyond these things. So Thyrsis pondered as e went his way, complacent over his own perspicacity; nd got not even a whiff of smoke from the volcano of

rebellion and misery that was seething deep down in her soul!

The choosers of the unborn souls had played a strange fantasy here; they had stolen one of the daughters of ancient Greece, and set her down in this metropolis of commercialdom. For Corydon might have been Nausikaa herself; she might have marched in the Panathenaic procession, with one of the sacred vessels in her hands; she might have run in the Attic games, bare-limbed and fearless. Hers was a soul that leaped to the call of joy, that thrilled at the faintest touch of beauty. Above all else, she was born for music—she could have sung so that the world would have remembered it. And she was pent in a dingy boarding-house, with no point of contact with anything about her—with no human soul to whom she could whisper her despair!

They sent her to a public-school, where the sad-eyed drudges of the traders came to be drilled for their tasks. They harrowed her with arithmetic and grammar, which she abhorred; they taught her patriotic songs, about a country to which she did not belong. And also, they sent her to Sunday-school, which was worse yet. She had the strangest, instinctive hatred of their religion, with all that it stood for. The sight of a clergyman with his vestments and his benedictions would make her fairly bristle with hostility. They talked to her about her sins, and she did not know what they meant; they pried into the state of her soul, and she shrunk from them as if they had been hairy spiders. Here, too, they taught her to sing—droning hymns that were a mockery of all the joys of life.

So Corydon devoured her own heart in secret; and in time a dreadful thing came to happen—the stagnant soul beginning to fester. One day the girl, whose heart

was the quintessence of all innocence, happened to see a low word scribbled upon a fence. And now—they had urged her to discover sins, and she discovered them. Suppose that word were to stay in her mind and haunt her—suppose that she were not able to forget it, try as she would! And of course she tried; and the more she tried, the less she succeeded; and so came the discovery that she was a lost soul and a creature of depravity! The thought occurred to her, that she might go on to think of other words, and to think of images and actions as well; she might be unable to forget any of them—her mind might become a storehouse of such horrors! And so the maiden out of ancient Greece would lie awake all night and wrestle with fiends, until she was bathed in a perspiration.

§ 5. About this time Thyrsis was making his *début* as an author. He had discovered a curious knack in himself, a turn for making verses of a sort which were pleasing to children. They came from some little corner of his consciousness, he scarcely knew how; but there was a paper that was willing to buy them, and to pay him the princely sum of five dollars a week! This would pay for his food and his hall bedroom, or for board at some farm in the summer; and so for several years Thyrsis was free.

He told a falsehood about his age, and entered college, and buried himself up to the eyes in work. This was a college in a city, and a poor college, where the students all lived at home, and had nothing to do but study; and so Thyrsis missed all that beneficent illumination known as "student-life." He never hurrahed at foot-ball contests, nor did he dress himself in honorific garments, nor stupify himself at "smokers." Being

democratic, and without thought of setting himself up over others, he was unaware of his greatest opportunities, and when they invited him into a fraternity, he declined. Once or twice he found himself roaming the streets at night with a crowd of students, emitting barbaric screechings; but this made him feel silly, and so he lagged behind and went home.

The college served its purpose, in introducing him to the world of knowledge; but that did not take long, and afterwards it was all in his way. The mathematics were a discipline, and in them he rejoiced as a strong man to run a race; and this was true also of the sciences, and of history—the only trouble was that he would finish the text-books in the first few weeks, and after that there was nothing to do save to compose verses in class, and to make sketches of the professors. But as for the "languages" and the "literatures" they taught him—in the end Thyrsis came to forgive them, because he saw that they did not know what languages and literatures were. On this account he took to begging leave of absence on grounds of his poverty; and then he would go home and spend his days and nights in learning.

One could get so much for so little, in this wonderful world of mind! For eight cents he picked up a paper volume of Emerson's "Essays"; and in this shrewd and practical nobility was so much that he was seeking in life! And then he stumbled upon a fifteen-cent edition of "Sartor Resartus", and took that home and read it. It was like the clash of trumpets and cymbals to him; it made his whole being leap. Hour after hour he read, breathless, like a man bewitched, the whole night through. He would cry aloud with delight, or drop the book and pound his knee and laugh over the demoniac

power of it. The next day he began the "French Revolution"; and after that, alas, he found there was no more—for Carlyle had turned his back upon democracy, and so Thyrsis his back upon Carlyle.

For this was one of the forces which had had to do with the shaping of his thought. Beginning in the public-schools he had learned about his country—the country which was his, if not Corydon's. He had read in its history—Irving's "Life of Washington," and ten great volumes about Lincoln; so he had come to understand that salvation is of the people, and that those things which the people do not do—those things have not yet been done. So no one could deceive him, or lead him astray; he might laugh with the Tories, and even love them for their foibles—quaint old Samuel Johnson, for instance, because he was poor and sturdy, and had stood by his trade of bookman; but at bottom Thyrsis knew that all these men were gilding a corpse. Wordsworth and Tennyson, Browning and Swinburne —he followed each one as far as their revolutionary impulse lasted; and after that there was no more in them for him. Even Ruskin, who taught him the possibilities of English prose, and opened his eyes to the form and color of the world of nature—even Ruskin he gave up, because he was a philanthropist and not a democrat.

Thyrsis had been brought up as a devout Episcopalian. They had dressed him in scarlet and white to carry the train of the bishop at confirmation, and had sent him to an afternoon service every day throughout Lent. Early in life he had stumbled on a paper copy of Paine's "Age of Reason," and he read it with horror, and then conducted a private *auto da fé*. But the questions of the book stayed with him, and as years passed they clamored more loudly. What would have

happened, astronomically, if the sun had stood still? And how many different species would have had to go into the ark? And what was the size of a whale's gullet, and the probable digestive powers of a whale's stomach?

And then came more fundamental difficulties. Could there, after all, be such a duty as faith in any intellectual matter? Could there be any revelation superior to reason—must not reason have once decided that it was a revelation, or was not? And what of all the other "revelations", which all the other peoples of the world accepted? And then again, if Jesus had been God, could he really have been tempted? To be God and man at the same time—did that not mean both to know and not to know? And was there any way conceivable for anything to be God, in which everything else was not God?

These perplexities and many others the boy took to his clerical adviser, a man who loved him dearly, and who gave him some volumes of the "Bampton lectures" to read. Here was the defense of Christianity, conducted by authorities, and with scholarship and dignity; and Thyrsis found to his dismay that the only convincing parts of their books were where they gave a *résumé* of the arguments of their opponents. He learned in this way many difficulties that had not yet occurred to him; and when he had got through with the reading his mind was made up. If any man were to be damned for not believing such things, then it was his duty as a thinker to be damned; and so he bade farewell to the Church—something which was sad, in a way, for his mother had been planning him for a bishop!

§ 6. But Thyrsis was throwing away many chances hese days. He went into the higher regions to spend is Christmas holidays; and instead of being tactful nd agreeable, he buried himself in a corner of the brary all day long. For Thyrsis had made the reatest discovery yet—he had found out Shakespeare! t school they had taught him "English" by means of to be or not to be", and they had sought to trap him t examinations by means of "man's first disobedience nd the fruit"; and so for years they had held him ack from the two great glories of our literature. ut now, by accident, he stumbled into "The Tempest"; nd after that he read every line of the plays in two eeks.

He lost his soul in that wonderland; he walked and ought no more like the men of earth—he dwelt with ose lords and princes of the soul, and learned to speak eir language. He would dodge among cable-cars nd trucks with their heavenly melodies in his ears; and hile he sung them his eyes flashed and his heart beat ast:

"Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"

There were a few days left in those wondrous holi-ays; and these went to Milton. There was a set of s works, enormously expensive, which had been made nd purchased with no idea that any human being would er read them. But Thyrsis read them, and so all e beauty of the binding was justified. For hours, nd hours upon hours, he drank in that thunderous usic, crying it aloud with his hands clenched tightly, nd stopping to laugh like a child with excitement:

"Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds!"

And afterwards, when he came to the palace that "rose like an exhalation", all of Thyrsis' soul rose with it. One summer's day he stood on a high mountain with a railroad in the valley, and saw a great freight-engine stop still and pour out its masses of dense black smoke. It rose in the breathless air, straight as a column, high and majestic; and Thyrsis thought of that line. It carried him out into the heavens, and he knew that a flash of poetry such as that is the meeting of man's groping hand with God's.

It was about here that a strange adventure came to him. It was midwinter, and he went out, long after midnight, to walk in a beautiful garden. A dry powdery snow crunched beneath his feet, and overhead the stars gleamed and quivered, so bright that he felt like stretching out his hands to them. The world lay still, and awful in its beauty; and here suddenly, unsuspected—unheralded, and quite unsought—there came to Thyrsis a strange and portentous experience, the first of his ecstasies.

He could not have told whether he walked or sat down, whether he spoke or was silent; he lost all sense of his own existence—his consciousness was given up to the people of his dreams, the companions and lovers of his fancy. The cold and snow were gone, and there was a moonlit glade in a forest; and thither they came, one by one, friendly and human, yet in the full panoply of their splendor and grace. There were Shelley and

Milton, and the gentle and troubled Hamlet, and the sorrowful knight of la Mancha, with the irrepressible Falstaff to hearten them all; a strangely-assorted company, yet royal spirits all of them, and no strangers to each other in their own world. And here they gathered and conversed, each in his own vein and from his own impulse, with gracious fancy and lofty vision and heart-easing mirth. And ah, how many miles would one have travelled to be with them!

That was the burden which this gift laid upon Thyrsis. He soon discovered that these visions of wonder came but once, and that when they were gone, they were gone forever. And he must learn to grapple with them as they fled, to labor with them and to hold them fast, at the cost of whatever heartbreaking strain. Thus alone could men have even the feeblest reflexion of their beauty—upon which to feed their souls forever after.

§ 7. These things came at the same time as another development in Thyrsis' life, likewise portentous and unexpected. Boyhood was gone, and manhood had come. There was a bodily change taking place in him —he became aware of it with a start, and with the strangest and most uncomfortable thrills. He did not know what to make of it, or what to do about it; nor did he know where to turn for advice.

He tried to put it aside, as a thing of no importance. But it would not be put aside—it was of vast importance. He discovered new desires in himself, impulses that dominated him in a most disturbing way. He found that he took a new interest in women and young girls; he wanted to linger near them, and their glances caused him strange emotions. He resented

this, as an invasion of his privacy; it was inconsistent with his hermit-instinct. Thyrsis wished no women in his life save the muses with their star-sewn garments. He had been fond of a line from a sonnet to Milton:

"Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart."

But instead of this, what awful humiliations! In a summer-resort where he found himself, there was a girl of not very gentle breeding, somewhat pudgy and with a languishing air. She liked to have boys snuggle down by her; and so Thyrsis spent the whole of one evening, sitting in a summer-house with an arm about her waist, dissolved in a sort of moon-calf sentimentalism. And then he passed the rest of the night wandering about in the forest cursing himself, with tears of shame and vexation in his eyes.

He was so ignorant about these matters that he did not even know if the changes that had taken place in him were normal, or whether they were doing him harm. He made up his mind that he must have advice; as it was unthinkable that he should speak about such shameful things with any grown person, he bethought himself of a classmate in college who was an earnest and sober man. This friend, much older than Thyrsis, was the son of an evangelical clergyman, and was headed for the ministry himself. His name was Warner, and Thyrsis had helped him in arranging for some religious meetings at the college. Warner had been shocked by his theological irregularities; but they were still friends and now Thyrsis sought a chance to exchange confidences with him.

The opportunity came while they were strolling down an avenue near the college, and a woman passed them

woman with bold and hard features, and obviously-ainted cheeks. She smiled at a group of students just head, and one of them turned and walked off arm in rm with her.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Warner. "Did you see iat?"

"Yes," said Thyrsis. "Who is she?"

"She comes from a house just around the corner."

"But who is she?"

"Why—she's a street-walker."

"A street-walker!"

This brought to Thyrsis' mind a problem that had een haunting him for a year or two. Always when walked about the streets at night there were women ho smiled at him and whispered. And he knew that iese were bad women, and shrunk from them. But ist what did they mean?

"What does she do?" he asked again.

"Why, don't you know what a street-walker is?"

"Not very well," said Thyrsis.

It took some time for him to get the desired informa-on, because the other could not realize the depths of s ignorance. "They sell themselves to men," he said.

"But what for?" asked Thyrsis. "You don't mean at they—they let them——"

"They have intercourse together. Of course."

Thyrsis was almost dumb with dismay. "But—I ould think they would have children!" he exclaimed.

"Good Lord, man!" laughed the other. "Where do ou keep yourself, anyway?"

But Thyrsis was too much shaken to think of being hamed. This was a most appalling revelation to m—it opened quite a new vista of life's possibilities.

"But why should they do such things?" he cried.

"They earn their living that way," said the other.

"But why *that* way?"

"I don't know. They are that kind of women, I suppose."

And so Warner went on to expound to him the facts of prostitution, and all the abysses of human depravity that lie thereabouts. And incidentally the boy got a chance to ask his questions, and to get a common-sense view of his perplexities. Also he got some understanding of human nature, and of the world in which he lived.

Here was Warner, a man of twenty-four, and of a devout, if somewhat dull and plodding conscientiousness; and the last eight or nine years of his life had been one torment because of the cravings of lust. He had never committed an act of unchastity—or at least he told Thyrsis that he had not. But he was never free from the impulse, and he had no conception of the possibility of being free. His desire was a purely brute one—untouched by any intellectual or spiritual, or even any sentimental color. He desired woman, as woman—it mattered not what woman. How low his impulses took him Thyrsis realized with a shudder from one remark that he made—that his poverty did not help him to live virtuously, for about the docks and in the workingmen's quarters there were women who would sell themselves for fifty cents a night.

This man's whole life was determined by that craving; in fact it seemed to Thyrsis that his God had made the universe with relation to it—a heaven to reward him if he abstained, and a hell to punish him if he yielded. It was because of this that he clung to the church, and shrunk from any dallying with "rationalism". He dis-

approved of the theatre, because it appealed to these cravings; he disapproved of all pictures and statues of the nude human form, because the sight of them overmastered him. For the same reason he shrunk from all impassioned poetry, and from dancing, and even from non-religious music. He was rigid in his conformance to all the social conventions, because they served the purpose of saving him and his young women-friends from temptation; and he looked forward to the completion of a divinity-course as his goal, because then he would be able to settle down and marry, and so at last to gratify his desires. He stated this quite baldly, quoting the authority of St. Paul, that it was "better to marry than to burn."

This conversation brought Thyrsis to a realization that there was a great deal in the world that was not found in the poetry of Tennyson and Longfellow; and so he began to pry into the souls of others of his fellow-students.

§ 8. Warner had given him the religious attitude; and now he went after the scientific. There was a tall, eager-faced young man, who proclaimed himself a disciple of Haeckel and Herbert Spencer, and even went so far as to quote Schopenhauer in class. Walking home together one day, these two fell to arguing the freedom of the will, and the nature of motives and desires, and what power one has over them; and so Thyrsis made the startling discovery that this young man, having accepted the doctrine of "determinism," had drawn therefrom the corollary that he had to do what he wanted to do, and so was powerless to resist his sex-impulses. For the past year this youth, a fine, intellectual and honest student, had gone at regular

intervals to visit a prostitute; and with entirely scientific and cold-blooded precision he outlined to Thyrsis the means he took to avoid contracting disease. Thyrsis listened, feeling as he might have felt in a slaughter-house; and when, returning to the deterministic hypothesis, he asked how it was that he had managed to escape this "necessity", he was told that it must be because he was of a weaker and less manly constitution.

And there was yet another type: a man with whom there was no difficulty in bringing up the subject, for the reason that he was always bringing it up himself. Thyrsis sat next to him in a class in Latin, and noticed that whenever the text contained any hint at matters of sex—which was not infrequent in Juvenal and Horace—this man would look at him with a grin and a sly wink. And sometimes Thyrsis would make a casual remark in conversation, and the man would twist it out of its meaning, or make a pun out of it—to find some excuse for his satyr's leer. So at last Thyrsis was moved to say to him—"Don't you ever realize what a state you've got your mind into?"

"How do you mean?" asked the man.

"Why, everything in the world seems to suggest obscenity to you. You're always looking for it and always finding it—you don't seem to care about anything else."

The other was interested in that view of it, and he acknowledged with mild amusement that it was true; apparently it was a novelty to him to discuss such matters seriously. He told Thyrsis that he could not remember having ever restrained a sexual impulse in his life. He thought of lust in connection with every woman he met, and his mind was a storehouse of smut. And yet he was not a bad fellow, in other ways; he

was handsome, and a good deal of an athlete, and was planning to be a physician. "You'll find most all the fellows are the same," he said.

Not long after this, Thyrsis was selected to represent his college on a debating-team, and he went away to another city and was invited to a fraternity-house; and here, suddenly, he discovered how much of "college-life" he had been missing. This was a fashionable university, and he met the sons of wealthy parents. About a score of them lived in this fraternity-house, without any sort of supervision or restraint. They ate in a beautiful oak-panelled dining-room adorned with drinking-steins; and throughout the meal they treated their visitor to such an orgy of obscenity as he had never dreamed of in his life before. Thyrsis was trapped and could not get away; and it seemed to him when he rose from the table that there was nothing left clean in all God's universe. These boys appeared to vie with each other in blasphemous abandonment; and it was not simply wantonness—it was sprawling and disgusting filthiness.

One of this group took Thyrsis driving, and was led to talk. Here was a youth whose father was the president of a great manufacturing-enterprise, and supplied him with unlimited funds; which money the boy used to divert himself in the pursuit of young women. Sometimes he had stooped so low as manicure-girls and shop-clerks and stenographers; but for the most part he sought actresses and chorus-girls—they had more intelligence and spirit, he explained, they were harder to win. He had his way with them, partly because he was handsome and clever, but mainly because he was the keeper of the keys of opportunity. It was his to dispense auto-rides and champagne-suppers, and

flowers and jewels, and all things else that were desirable in life.

Thyrsis was appalled at the hardness and the utter ruthlessness of this man—he saw him as a young savage turned loose to prey in a civilized community. He had the most supreme contempt for his victims—that was what they were made for, and he paid them their price. Nor was this just because they were women, it was a matter of class; the young man had a mother and sisters, to whom he applied quite other standards. But Thyrsis found himself wondering how long, with this contagion raging among the fathers and the sons, it would be possible to keep the mothers and the daughters sterilized.

§ 9. These discoveries came one by one; but Thyrsis saw enough at the outset to make it clear that the time had come for him to gird up his loins. The choice of Hercules was before him; and he did not intend that the course of his life was to be decided by these cravings of the animal within him.

From the grosser sorts of temptation he was always saved by the fastidiousness of his temperament; the thought of a woman who sold herself for money could never bring him anything but shuddering. But all about his lodging-house lived the daughters of the poor, and these were a snare for his feet. It seemed to him as if this craving came to a man in regular pulses; he could go for weeks, serene and happy in his work—and then suddenly would come the restlessness, and he would go out into the night and wander about the streets for hours, impelled by a futile yearning for he knew not what—the hope of something clean in the midst of uncleanliness, of some adventure that would be

ot quite shameful to a poet's fancy. And then, after idnight, he would steal home, baffled and sick at heart, nd wet his pillow with hot and bitter tears!

So unbearable to him was the thought of such perils hat he was impelled to seek his old friend the clergyman, who had lost him over the ancient Hebrew mythologies, and now won him back by his living moral orce. With much embarrassment and stammering Thyrsis managed to give a hint of what troubled him; nd the man, whose life was made wholly of love for thers, opened his great heart and took Thyrsis in.

He told him of his own youthful struggle—a struggle hich had resulted in victory, for he had never known a oman. And he put all the facts before the boy, made lear to him the all-determining importance of the issue:

"Choose well, your choice is
Brief and yet endless!"

On the one hand was slavery and degradation and isease; and on the other were all the heights of the uman spirit. For if one saved and stored this mighty ex-energy, it became transmuted to the gold of intelectual and emotional power. Such was the universal estimony of the masters of the higher life—

"My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure."

And this was no blind asceticism; it was simply a choosng of the best. It was not a denial of love, but on he contrary a consecration of love. Some day Thyrsis would meet the woman he was to cleave to, and he would xpect her to come to him a virgin; and he must honor

her as much—he must save the fire and fervor of his young desire for his life's great consummation.

Such was the ideal; and these two men made a compact between them, that once every month Thyrsis would write and tell of his success or failure. And this amateur confessional was a mighty motive to the lad—he knew that he could never tell a lie, and the thought of telling the truth was like a sword hanging over him. There were hours of trial, when he stood so close to the edge of the precipice that this alone was what kept him clear.

§ 10. The summer had come, and Thyrsis had gone away to live in a country village, and was reading Keats and Shelley, and the narrative poems of Scott. There came a soft warm evening, when all the world seemed a-dream; and he had been working hard, and there came to him a yearning for the stars. He went out, and was strolling through the streets of the village, when he saw a girl come out of one of the houses. She was younger than he, graceful of form, and pretty. The lamp-light flashed on her bright cheeks, and she smiled at him as she passed. And Thyrsis' heart gave a great leap, and the blood surged to his face; he turned and looked, and saw that she was gazing over her shoulder at him.

He stopped, and turned to follow, his meditations all gone, and gone his resolutions. A trembling seized him, and every nerve of him tingled. He could feel his heart as if it were underneath his throat.

In a moment more he was beside the girl. "May I join you?" he asked, and she replied with a nod.

Thyrsis moved beside her and took her arm in his. A moment later they came to a place where the road

was dark, and he put his arm about her waist; she made no resistance.

"I—I've seen you often before," she said.

"Yes," he replied, "I have seen you." And he suddenly remembered a remark that he had heard about her. There was a large summer-hotel in this neighborhood, which as usual had brought all the corruptions of the city in its train; and a youth whom Thyrsis had met there had pointed out the girl with the remark, 'She's a little beast."

And this idea, as it came to him, swept him away in a fierce tide of madness; he bent suddenly down and whispered into her ear. They were words that never in Thyrsis' life had passed his lips before.

The girl pushed him away; but she laughed.

"You don't mind, do you?" exclaimed Thyrsis, his heart thumping like a hammer.

"Listen," he whispered, bending towards her. "Let us go and take a walk. Let us go where no one will see us."

"Where?" she asked.

"Out into the country," he said.

"Not now," she replied. "Some other time."

"No, now!" exclaimed Thyrsis, desperately. "Now!"

They had been moving slowly; they came to a place where a great tree hung over the road, shadowing it; and there they stopped, as by one impulse.

"Listen to me," he whispered, swiftly. "Listen. You don't know how anxious I have been to meet you. It's true—indeed it's true!"

He paused. "Yes," said the girl, "and I have been wanting to meet you. Didn't you ever see me nod to you?"

And suddenly Thyrsis put his arms about her, and

pressed her to him. The touch of her bosom sent the blood driving through his veins in torrents of fire; he no longer knew or cared what he said, or what he did.

"Listen to me," he raced on. "Listen to me! Nobody will know! And you are so beautiful, so beautiful! I love you!" The words burned his lips, but he forced himself to say them, again and again—"I love you!"

The girl was gazing around her nervously. "Not now," she exclaimed. "Not to-night. To-morrow I will meet you, to-morrow night, and go with you."

"No," cried Thyrsis, "not to-morrow night, but now!" And he clasped her yet more tightly, with all his strength. "Listen," he panted, his breath on her cheek. "I love you! I cannot wait till to-morrow—I could not bear it. I am all on fire! I should not know what to do!"

The girl gazed about her again in uncertainty, and Thyrsis swept on in his swift, half-incoherent exclamations. He would take no refusal; for half his madness was terror of himself, and he knew it. And then suddenly, as he cried out to her, the girl whispered, faintly, "All right!" And his heart gave a throb that hurt him.

"I'll tell you," she went on, hastily, "I was going to the store for something, and they expect me home. But wait here till I get back, and then I'll go with you."

"You mean it?" whispered Thyrsis. "You mean it?"

"Yes, yes," she answered.

"And it will be soon?"

"Yes, soon."

"All right," said he. "But first give me a kiss." As she held up her face, Thyrsis pressed her to him, and kissed her again and again, until her cheeks were

flame. At last he released her, and she turned swiftly nd darted up the street.

§ 11. And after she was gone the boy stood there notionless, not stirring even a hand. A full minute assed, and the color went out of his cheeks, and the re out of his veins, and he could hardly stand erect. His head sunk lower and lower, until suddenly he whis- ered hoarsely, under his breath, "Oh, my God! Oh, y God!"

He looked up at the sky, his face ghastly white; nd there came from his throat a low moan, like that f a wounded animal. Suddenly he turned, and fled way down the street.

He went on and on, block after block; but then, all t once, he stopped again and faced about. He gripped is hands until the nails cut him, and shut his teeth ogether like a steel-trap. "No, no!" he muttered. "No —you coward!"

He turned and began to march, grimly, as a soldier ight; he went back, and stopped on the spot from hich he had come; and there he stood, like a statue. o one minute passed, then another; and at last a hadow moved in the distance, and a step came near. It as the girl.

"Here I am," she whispered, laughing.

"Yes," said Thyrsis. "I have something I must say o you, please."

She noticed the change in a flash, and she stopped. What's the matter?"

"I don't know just how to tell you," said Thyrsis, n a low, quivering voice. "I've been a hound, and now don't want to be a cad. But I'm sorry for what e were talking about."

"You mean what *you* were talking about, don't you?" demanded the girl, her eyes flashing.

Thyrsis dropped his glance. "Yes," he said. "I am a cur. I beg your pardon. I am so ashamed of myself that I don't know what to do. But, oh, I was crazy I couldn't help it! and I—I'm so sorry!" There were tears in his voice.

"Humph," said the girl, "it's all right."

"No," said Thyrsis, "it's all wrong. It's dreadful—it's horrible. I don't know what I should have done——"

"Well, you better not do it any more, that's all," said she. "I'm sure you needn't worry about me—I'll take care of myself."

Thyrsis looked at her again; she was no longer beautiful. Her face was coarse, and her anger did not make it any better. His humility made no impression.

"It is so wrong—" he began; but she interrupted him.

"Preaching won't help it any," she said. "I don't want to hear it. Good-bye."

So she turned and walked away; and Thyrsis stood there, white, and shuddering, until at last he started and strode off. Clear through the town he went, and out into the black country beyond, seeing nothing, caring about nothing. He flung himself down by the roadside, and lay there moaning for hours: "My God, my God, what shall I do?"

§ 12. It was nearly morning when he came back and crept upstairs to his room; and here he sat by the bedside, gazing at the haggard face in the glass. At such times as this he discovered a something in his features that filled him with shuddering; he discovered it in his

ords, and in the very tone of his voice—the sins of the ıthers were being visited upon the children! What an d, old story it was to him—this anguish and remorse! hese ecstasies of resolution that vanished like a cloud-rack—these protestations and noble sentiments that ounted for naught in conduct! And his was to be ıe whole heritage of impotence and futility; he, too, as to struggle and agonize—and to finish with his foot the trap!

This idea was like a white-hot goad to him. After ıch an experience there would be several months of il and penance, and of savage self-immolation. It as hard to punish a man who had so little; but Thyrsis anaged to find ways. For several months at a time would go without those kinds of food that he liked; ıd instead of going to bed at one o'clock he would ad the New Testament in Greek for an hour. He ould leap out of bed in the morning and plunge into ld water; and at night, when he felt a longing upon m, he would go out and run for hours.

He took to keeping diaries and writing exhortations himself. Because he could no longer use the theo-gical prayers he had been taught, he fashioned new vocations for himself: prayers to the unknown sources his vision, to the new powers of his own soul—"the ıdiscovered gods," as he called them. Above all he rayed to his vision of the maiden who waited the issue this battle, and held the crown of victory in her eping—

"Somewhere beneath the sun,
Those quivering heart-strings prove it,
Somewhere there must be one
Made for this soul to love it—

Some one whom I could court
With no great change of manner,
Still holding reason's fort,
While waving fancy's banner!"

All of which things made a subtle change in his attitude to Corydon, whom he still met occasionally. Corydon was now a young lady, beautiful, even stately, with an indescribable atmosphere of gentleness and purity about her. All things unclean shrunk from her presence; and so in times of distress he liked to be with her. He would drop vague hints as to sufferings and temptations, and told her that she seemed like a "goddess" to him.

Corydon received this with some awe, but with more perplexity. She could not understand why anyone should struggle so much, or why a youth should take such a sombre view of things. But she was perfectly willing to seem like a "goddess" to anyone, and she was glad if that helped him. She was touched when he read her a poem of his own, a poem which he held very precious. He called it

"A song of the young-eyed Cherubim
In the days of the making of man."

And in it he had set forth the view of life that had come to him—

"The quest of the spirit's gain—
Lured by the graces of pleasure,
And lashed by the furies of pain.
Thy weakness shall sigh for an Eden,
But the sword shall flame at the gate;
For far is the home of thy vision
And strong is the hand of thy fate!"

§ 13. Though Thyrsis had no time to realize it, it was in this long and bitter struggle that he won whatever power he had in his future life. It was here that he learned "to hold his will above him as his law", and to defy the world for the sake of his ideal. And then, too, this toil was the key that opened to him the treasure-house of a new art—which was music.

Until he was nearly out of college Thyrsis had scarcely heard any music at all. Church-hymns he had learned, and a few songs in school. But now in poetry and other books he met with references to composers, and to the meaning of great music; and the things that were described there were the things he loved, and he began to feel a great eagerness to get at them. As a first step he bought a mandolin, and set to work to teach himself to play, a task at which he wrought with great diligence. At the same time a friend had bought a guitar, and the two set to work to play duets. The first preliminary was the getting of the instruments in tune; and not knowing that the mandolin is an octave higher than the guitar, they spent a great deal of time and broke a great many guitar-strings.

As the next step, Thyrsis went to hear a great pianist, and sat perplexed and wondering. There was a girl next to him who sobbed, and Thyrsis watched her as he might have watched a house on fire. Only once the pianist pleased *him*—when he played a pretty little piece called somebody's "impromptu", in which he got a gleam of a "tune." Poor Thyrsis went and got that piece, and took it home to study it, with the help of the mandolin; but, alas, in the maze of notes he could not even find the "tune."

But if he could not understand the music, he could

read books about it; he read a whole library—criticism of music, analysis of music, histories of music, composers of music; and so gradually he learned the difference between a sarabande and a symphony, and began to get some idea of what he went out for to hear. At first, at the concerts, all he could think of was to crane his neck and recognize the different instruments; he heard whole symphonies, while doing nothing but watching for the "movements," and making sure he hadn't skipped any. One heartless composer ran two movements into one, and so Thyrsis' concert came out one piece short at the end, and he sat gazing about him in consternation when the audience rose to go. Afterwards he read long dissertations about each symphony before he went, and he would note down the important points and watch for them. The critic would expatiate upon "the long-drawn dissonance *forte*, that marks the close of the working-out portion"; and Thyrsis would watch for that long-drawn dissonance, and be wondering if it was never coming—when suddenly the whole symphony would come to an end! Or he would read about a "quaint capering measure led off by the bassoons," or a "frantic sweep of the violins over a trombone melody," and he would watch for these events with eyes and ears alert, and if he found them—*eureka!*

But such things could not last forever; for Thyrsis had a heart full of eagerness and love, and of such is the soul of music. And just then was a time when he was sick and worn—when it seemed to him that the burden of his life was more than he could bear. He was haunted by the thought that he would lose his long battle, that he would go under and go down; and then it was that chance took him to a concert which closed with the great "C-Minor Symphony."

Thyrsis had read a life of Beethoven, and he knew
at here was one of the hero-souls—a man who had
rappled with the fiends, and passed through the valley
f death. And now he read accounts of this titan
mphony, and learned that it was a battle of the
man spirit with despair. He read Beethoven's words
out the opening theme—"So knocks fate upon the
or!" And a fierce and overwhelming longing pos-
ssed him to get at the soul of that symphony.

He went to the concert, and heard nothing of the
st of the music, but sat like a man in a dream; and
hen the time came for the symphony, he was trembling
th excitement. There was a long silence; and then
ddenly came the first theme—those fearful hammer-
rokes that cannot be thought without a shudder.
hey beat upon Thyrsis' very heart-strings, and he sat
palled; and straight out he went upon the tide of
at mighty music-passion—without knowing it, with-
t knowing how. He forgot that he was trying to
derstand a symphony; he forgot where he was, and
hat he was; he only knew that gigantic phantoms
rged within him, that his soul was a hundred times
elf. He never guessed that an orchestra was play-
g a second theme; he only knew that he saw a light
eam out of the storm, that he heard a voice, pitiful,
arful, beautiful beyond utterance, crying out to the
ries for mercy; and that then the storm closed over
with a roar. Again and again it rose; Thyrsis did
t know that this was the "working-out portion" that
d forever been his bane. He only knew that it strug-
ed and fought his fight, that it pleaded and sobbed,
d rose higher and higher, and began to rejoice—
d that then came the great black phantom-shape
eeping over it; and the iron hammer-strokes of Fate

beat down upon it, crushed it and trampled it into annihilation. Again and again this happened, while Thyrsis sat clutching the seat, and shaking with wonder and excitement. Never in his experience had there been anything so vast, so awful; 't was more than he could bear, and when the first movement came to an end—when the soul's last hope was dead—he got up and rushed out. People who passed him on the streets must have thought that he was crazy; and afterwards, that day and forever, he lived all his soul's life in music.

As a result of this Thyrsis paid all his bank-account for a violin, and went to see a teacher.

"You are too old," the teacher said.

But Thyrsis answered, "I will work as no one ever worked before."

"We all do that," replied the other, with a smile. And so they began.

And so all day long, with fingers raw, and arms and back shuddering with exhaustion, Thyrsis sat and practiced, the spirit of Music beckoning him on. I was in a boarding-house, and there was a nervous old man in the next room, and in the end Thyrsis had to move. By the time he went away to the country, he was able to play a melody in tune; and then he would take some one that had fascinated him, and practice it and practice it night and day. He would take his fiddle every morning at eight and stride out into the forest, and there he would stay all day with the squirrels. They told him once how a new arrival, driving over in the hotel 'bus at early dawn, had passed an old Italian woman toiling up a hill and singing for dear life the "Tannhauser March." It chanced that the new arrival was a musician, and he leaned out and asked

ıe old woman where she had learned it. And this was
ɛr explanation:

"Dey ees a crazy feller in de woods—he play it all
ay for tree weeks!"

§ 14. By this time Thyrsis had finished at college,
assing comfortably near the bottom of his class, and
ad betaken himself to a university as a graduate
udent. He was duly registered for a lot of courses,
ıd spent his time when he should have been at the
ctures, sitting in a vacant class-room reading the
ook that had fascinated him last. His note-book be-
ın at that time to show two volumes a day on an
erage, and once or twice he stopped at night to
onder how it had actually been possible for him to
ad poetry fourteen hours a day for a whole week and
t be tired.

He taught himself German, and that led to another
eat discovery—he made the acquaintance of Goethe.
ıe power of that mighty spirit took hold of him, so
at he prayed to him when he was lonely, and kept the
otograph of the young poet in his pocket, to gaze
it as at a lover. The great eyes came to haunt him
that one night he awoke crying out, because he had
eamed he was going to meet Goethe.

In the catalog of the university there were listed a
mber of courses in "rhetoric and English composi-
n". They were for the purpose of teaching one
w to write, and the catalog set forth convincingly
methods whereby this was done. Thyrsis wished
know all there was to know about writing, and so
enrolled himself for an advanced course, and went
an hour every day and listened to expositions of
elements of sentence-structure by Prof. Osborne,

author of "American Prose Writers" and "The Science of Rhetoric". The professor would give him a theme and bid him bring in a five-hundred word composition. Perhaps it was that Thyrsis was lacking in the play-spirit; at any rate he could not write convincingly on the subject of "The Duty of the College Man to Support Athletics." He struggled for a month against his own impotence, and then went to see his instructor.

"I think," he said, "I shall have to drop Course A."

The professor gazed over his spectacles at him.

"Why?"

"I don't think I am getting any good out of it."

"But how can you tell what good you are getting?"

"I don't seem to feel that I am," said Thyrsis deprecatingly.

"It is not to be supposed that you would feel it," said the other—"not at this early stage. You must wait."

"But I don't like the method, sir."

"What's wrong with the method?"

Thyrsis was embarrassed. He was not sure, he said, but he did not think that writing could be taught. Anyway, one had first to have something worth saying—

"Are you laboring under the delusion that you know anything about writing?" demanded the professor. (He had written across Thyrsis' last composition the word "Feeble and trivial".)

"Why, no," began the boy.

"Because if you are, let me disabuse your mind at once. There is no one in the class who knows less about writing than yourself."

"I think," said Thyrsis, "it's because I can't bring

nyself to write in cold blood. I have to be interested. I'm sure that is the trouble."

"I'm sure," said the other, "that the trouble is that you think you know too much."

"I'm sorry, sir," said Thyrsis, humbly. "I've tried my best——"

"It is my business to teach students to write. I've given my life to that, and I think I know something about it. But you think you know more than I do. That's all."

And so they parted. Thyrsis kept a vivid recollection of this interview, for the reason that at a later stage of his career he came into contact with Prof. Osborne again, and got another glimpse of the authoritarian attitude towards the art of letters.

§ 15. Thyrsis had not many friends at college, and none at all at the university. He had no time to make any; and besides, there was a certain facetious senior who had caught him hurrying through the corridors one day, declaring in excitement that——

> "Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
> On its roof did float and flow!"

But he had long ago ceased to hope for a friend, or to care what anybody thought about him; it was clear to him by this time that he had made himself into a poet, and was doomed to be unhappy. His mother had given up all hope of seeing him a bishop, and they had compromised upon a judgeship; but here at the university there was a law-school, and he met the students, and saw that this, too, could not be. These "lawyers" were not seeking knowledge for the love of it—they were studying a trade, by which they

could rise in the world. They were not going out to do battle for truth and justice—they were perfecting themselves in cunning, so that they might be of help in money-disputes; they were sharpening their wits, to make them useful tools for the opening of treasure-chests. And this attitude to life was written all over their personalities; they seemed to Thyrsis a coarse and roistering crew, and he shrunk from them in repugnance.

He went his own impetuous way. He stayed at the university until he had taught himself French and Italian, as well as German, and had read all the best literature in those languages. And likewise he heard all the best music, and went about full of it day and night. By this time he had definitely beaten his devils and had come to be master of himself; and though nobody guessed anything about it, there was a new marvel going on within him—he had, in a spiritual sense, become pregnant.

There were many signs by which this state might have been known. He went quite alone, and spoke to no man; he was self-absorbed, and walked about with his eyes fixed on vacancy; he was savage when disturbed and guarded his time unscrupulously. He had given up the very last of the formalities of life—he no longer attended any lectures, or wore cuffs, and he would not talk at meal-times. He took long walks at impossible hours, and he was fond of a certain high hill where the storms blew. These things had been going on for a year; and now the book that had been coming to ripeness in his mind was ready to be born.

It had its origin in the reading of history, and the fronting of old tyranny in its cruel forms. Thyrsis had come to hate Christianity for many things by that

ime, but most of all he hated it because it taught the astard virtue of Obedience. Thyrsis obeyed no man— e lived his life; and the fiery ardor with which he lived t was taking form in his mind as a personality. He as dreaming a hero who should be *Resistance* incar- ate; the passionate assertion of man's right and of an's defiance.

It was in the days of ferocity in Italy, the days of he despot and the bravo; and Thyrsis' hero was a instrel, a mighty musician whose soul was free. And e sung in the despot's hall, and wooed the despot's aughter. This was the minstrel of "Zulieka"——

> "His ladder of song was slight,
> But it reached to her window's height;
> Each verse so frail was the silken rail,
> From which her soul took flight."

Thyrsis went about quite drunk with the burning ords with which the minstrel won the lady, and tore er free from the mockeries of convention, and that ivinity that doth hedge about a princess. He bore her way, locked tightly in his arms, and all his own—into he great lonely mountains; and there lived the minstrel nd the princess, the lord and the lady of an outlaw and. But the outlaws were cruel, and the minstrel ought goodness; and so there was a struggle, and he nd the lady went yet deeper into the black forest, here they dwelt alone in a hut, he a prince of hunters nd she a princess of love. But the outlaws led the espot to the place, and there was a battle; the princess as slain, and the minstrel escaped in the darkness. All ight he roamed the forest, and in the morning he lay y the roadside with a bow in his hand, and when the espot rode by he rose and drove the shaft through his

heart. Then they captured him, and tortured him, and he died with a song of mockery and defiance upon his lips.

§ 16. Now, when these things first came to Thyrsis, he whispered in awe that it would be a life-time before he could write them. And a year passed thus, while every emotion of his life poured itself into some part of that story, and every note of music that he heard came out of the minstrel's heart. At last the time came when he was so full of it that he could no longer find peace; when the wonder of it was such that he walked along the street laughing, and with tears in his eyes. Then he said to himself, "It must be done! Now! Now!" And he looked about him as a woman might, seeking some place for her labor.

That was in the late winter, when the professors at the university, and all his relatives and acquaintances, had given him up as a hopeless case. He had stopped all his writing for money—he had a hundred dollars laid by, and that would suffice him; and he was wandering about whispering to himself: "The spring-time! The spring-time! For it must be in the country!" When April had come he could stand it no longer—he must go! So he left all behind him, and set out for a place in the wilderness.

When he reached it, he found a lake that was all ice, and mountains that were all snow; the country people, who had never seen a poet, and knew not the subtle difference between inspiration and insanity, heard with wonder that he was going out into the woods. But he set out alone, through the snowy forest and along the lake-shore, to find some place far away, where he could build a hut, or even put up a tent; and when

ie was miles from the village, he came suddenly on a ittle wonderland that made his heart leap like the wild leer in the brake. Here was a dreamland palace, a ision beyond all thinking—a little shanty built of logs! t stood in a pretty dell, with a mountain streamlet lashing through it, and the mighty forest hiding it, nd the lake spread out in front of it. It was all wet now, and freezing rain, and mud and desolation; but Thyrsis saw the summer that was to be, and he sat lown upon a stone and gazed at it, and laughed and ang for wonder and joy.

Then he fled back to the village, and found the owner f the earthly rights to this paradise, and hired it or a little gold; and then he moved out, in spite of he snow. At last his soul was free!

Twice a week they brought him provisions, and there e stayed. At first he nearly froze at night, and he ad to write with his gloves on; but he did not feel he cold, because of the fire within. He climbed the nountains and yelled with the mad wind, and tramped hrough the bare, rocking forest, singing his minstrel ongs. And all these days he walked with God, and here was no world at all save the world of nature. Millions of young-hearted things sprang up out of the round to welcome him; the forests shook out their azzling sheen, and the wild birds went mad in the nornings. All the time Thyrsis was writing, writing—hrilling with his ecstasy, and pouring out all his soul. He kept a little diary these days, and for weeks there as but one entry—"The book! The book!"

And then one day came a letter from his mother, aying that she was coming to the village nearby to pend the summer; also that Corydon's mother was oming, and that Corydon would be with her!

Book II

THE SNARE

The streamlet tinkled on. She sat, gazing about her at each familiar tree and rock. And meanwhile he was reading again from the book——

"Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first assay'd!"

"Is that from 'Thyrsis'?" she asked. "Read me those lines that we used to love so much."

And so he turned the page, and read again——

"A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,
Shy to illumine; and I seek it, too.
This does not come with houses or with gold,
With place, with honor, and a flattering crew:
'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold—
But the smooth-slipping weeks
Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired;
Out of the heed of mortals he is gone,
He wends unfollow'd, he must house alone;
Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired."

§ 1. On the train Corydon was writing a letter to friend, to say where she was going, and that Thyrsis as there. "I don't expect to see anything of him," she rote. "He grows more egotistical and more contempt- ous every day, and I cordially dislike him."

But when a man has spent three or four weeks with company save the squirrels and the owls, there comes er him a mood of sociability, when the sight of a iendly face is an event. Thyrsis had now written veral chapters of his book, and the first fury of his eative impulse had spent itself. So when Corydon epped from the train, she found him waiting there to eet her; and he told her that he was laying in sup- ies for a feast, and that on the morrow she and her other were to come out and see his fairy-palace and ve a picnic dinner.

They came; and the May put on her finest raiment r their greeting. The sun shone warm and bright, d there was a humming and stirring in grass and icket; one could feel the surge of the spring-time owth as a living flood. There was a glory of young een over the hill-sides, and a quivering sheen of white the aspens and birches. Corydon clasped her hands d cried out in rapture when she saw it.

And Thyrsis, picturesque in his old corduroy trousers d his grey flannel shirt, played the host. He showed em his domestic establishment—wherein things were in order for the first time since he had come. He d all his adventures: how the cold had crept in at ght, and he had to fiddle to keep his courage up;

how he had slept in a canvas-cot for the first time, and piled all the bedding on top, and wondered that he was cold; how he had left the pail with the freshly-roasted beef on the piazza, and a wild cat had carried off pail and all. He made fun of his amateur house-keeping—he would forget things and let them burn, or let the fire go out; and he had tried living altogether on cold food, to the great perplexity of his stomach.

Then he gave a demonstration of his hard-won culinary skill. He boiled rice and raisins, and fried bacon and eggs; and they had fresh bread and butter, and jam and pickles, and a festive cake. And after they had feasted, Thyrsis stretched himself and leaned back against the trunk of a tree, and gazed up at the sky, quoting the words of a certain one-eyed Kalandar, son of a king, "Verily, this indeed is life! 'Tis pity 'tis fleeting!"

Afterwards he took Corydon for a walk. They climbed the hill where he came to battle with the storm-winds, and to watch the sunsets and the moon rising over the lake. And then they went down into the glen, where the mountain streamlet tumbled. Here had been wood-sorrel, and a carpet of the white trillium, and now there was adder's tongue, quaint and saucy, and columbine, and the pale dusty corydalis. There was soft new moss underfoot, and one walked as if in a temple.

Thyrsis pointed out a seat beside a deep bubbling pool. "Here's where I sit and write," he said.

"And how comes the book?" asked Corydon.

"Oh, I'm hammering at it—that's the best I can say."

"What is it?"

"Why—it's a story. I suppose it'll be called a romance, though I don't like the word."

Corydon pondered for a moment. "I wouldn't expect ou to be writing anything romantic," she said.

Thyrsis, occupied with his own thoughts, observed, I might call it a revolutionary romance."

"What is it about?"

He hesitated. "It happens in the middle ages," he aid. "There's a minstrel and a princess."

"That sounds interesting," said Corydon.

Now in the period of pregnancy the artist's mood is ne of secretiveness. But afterwards there comes a me for promulgation and rejoicing; and already there ad been hints of this in the mind of Thyrsis. The reat secret that he was cherishing—what would be the orld's reception of it? And now suddenly a wild idea ame to him. He had heard somewhere that it is the omen who read fiction. And was not Corydon a per- ect specimen of the average middle-class young lady, nd therefore of that mysterious potentiality, "the ublic", to which he must appeal? Why not see what e would think of it?

He took the plunge. "Would you like me to read it you?" he asked.

"Why, certainly," she replied, and then added, ently, "If it wouldn't be a desecration."

"Oh, no," said Thyrsis. "You see, when it's been rinted, all sorts of people will read it."

So he went back to the house and brought the recious manuscript; and he placed Corydon in the at of inspiration, and sat beside her and read.

In many ways this was a revolutionary romance. hyrsis had not spent any of his time delving into her people's books for "local color"; he was not re- ing for his effects upon gabardines and hauberks, nd a sprinkling of "Yea, sires," and "prithees." His

castle was but the vaguely outlined background of a stage upon which living hearts wrought out their passions. One saw the banquet-hall, with its tapestries and splendor, and the master of it, the man of force; there were swift scenes that gave one a glimpse of the age long state of things——

"Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne."

There was a quarrel, and a cruel sentence about to be executed; and then the minstrel came. His fame had come before him, and so the despot, in half-drunken playfulness, left the deciding of the quarrel to him. He was brought to the head of the table, and the princess was led in; and so these two met face to face.

Here Thyrsis paused, and asked, "Are you interested?"

"Go on, go on," said Corydon.

So he read about his princess, who was the embodiment of all the virtues of the unknown goddess of his fancy. She was proud yet humble, aloof yet compassionate, and above all ineffably beautiful. And as for the minstrel——

"The minstrel was fair and young.
His heart was of love and fire."

He took his harp, and first he pacified the quarrel and then he sang to the lady. He sang of love, and the poet's vision of beauty; but most of all he sang of the free life of the open. He sang of the dreams and the spirit-companions of the minstrel, and of the wondrous magic that he wields——

"Secrets of all future ages
Hover in mine ecstasy;
Treasures never known to mortals
Hath my fancy hid for thee!"

He sang the spells that he would weave for her, the far journeys she should take——

"For thy soul a river flowing
Swiftly, over golden sands,
With the singing of the steersman
Stealing into wonderlands!"

§ 2. This song was as far as Thyrsis had written, and he paused. Corydon was sitting with her hands clasped, and a look of enthrallment upon her face. "Oh, beautiful! beautiful!" she cried.

A thrill of pleasure went through the poet. "You like it, then?" he said.

"Oh, I like it!" she answered. And then she gazed at him, with wide-open eyes of amazement. "But you! You!" she exclaimed.

"Why not I?" he asked.

"How in the world did you do it? Where did you get it from?"

"It is mine," said Thyrsis, quickly.

"But I can't imagine it! I had no idea you were interested in such things!"

"But how could you know what I am interested in?"

"I see how you live—apart from everybody. And you spend all your time in books!"

Thyrsis suddenly recollected something which had amused him very much. Corydon had been reading

"Middlemarch," and had told him that Dr. Casaub reminded her of him. "And so I'm still just a boo worm to you!" he laughed.

"But isn't your interest in things always intelle ual?" she asked.

"Then you suppose I'm doing this just as an ex cise in technique?" he countered.

"It's taken me quite by surprise," said Corydon.

"We have three faculties in us," Thyrsis propound —"intellect, feeling, and will; and to be a compl human being, we have to develop all of them."

"But you spend so much time piling up learning

"I need to know a great many things," he said. "I not conscious of studying anything I don't need f my purpose."

"What is the purpose?" she asked.

He touched the precious manuscript. "This," said.

There was a pause.

"But you lose so much when you cut yourself from the world," said Corydon. "And there are oth people, whom you might help."

"People don't need my help; or at least, they do want it."

"But how can you know that—if you never go amo them?"

"I can judge by the lives they live."

"Ah!" exclaimed Corydon, quickly, "but people are to blame for the lives they live!"

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because—they can't help them. They are bou fast."

"They should break loose."

"That is easy for you to say," said Corydon. "You ave no ties."

"I did have them—I might have them still. But I roke them."

"Ah, but you are a man!"

"What difference does that make?"

"It makes all the difference in the world. You can rn money, you can go away by yourself. But supose you were a girl—shut up in a home, and told that at was your 'sphere'?"

"I'd fight," said Thyrsis—"I'd break my way out mehow, never fear. If one doesn't break out, it mply means that his desire is not strong enough."

Thyrsis had been surprised at the depth of Corydon's terest in his manuscript; he had not supposed that e would be so susceptible to anything of the imagiation. And now he was surprised to see that her nds were clenched tightly, and that she sat staring ead of her intently.

"Are you dissatisfied with your life?" he asked.

"Is there anything in it that I could be satisfied th?" she cried.

"I had no idea of that," he said.

"No," she replied; "that only shows how stupid you n be!"

"But—you never showed any signs——"

"Didn't you know that I was trying to prepare for lege last year?"

"Yes; but you gave it up."

"What could I do? I had no help—no encouragent. I was groping like a blind person. And I told u about it."

"But I told you what to study," objected Thyrsis.

"Yes," said the girl; "but how could I do it? You

know how to study—you've been taught. But I don' know anything, and I don't know how to find anything out. I began on the Latin, but I didn't even know how the words should be pronounced."

"Nobody else knows that," observed Thyrsis, somewhat inconsequently.

"It was all so dull and dreary," she went on—"every thing they would have had me learn. I wanted things that had life in them, things that were beautiful and worth while—like this book of yours, for instance."

"I am really delighted that you like it," said Thyrsis touched by that.

"Tell me the rest of it," she said.

§ 3. Thyrsis told his story at some length; in the ardor of her sympathy his imagination took fire, and he told it eloquently, he discovered new beauties in it that he had not seen before. And Corydon listened with growing delight and amazement.

"So that is the way you spend your time!" she exclaimed.

"That is the way," he said.

"And that is why you live like a hermit!"

"Yes, that is why."

"And you think that you would lose your vision if you went among people?"

"I know that I should."

"But how do you know?"

"I know because I have tried. You don't realize how hard I have to work over a thing like this. I have carried it in my mind for a year; I have lived for nothing else—I have literally had no other interest in the world. Every sentence I have read to you has been the product of work added to work—of one impulse

ed upon another—of thinking and criticizing and vising. Just the little bit I have done has taken me whole month, and I have hardly stopped to eat; it's en my first thought in the morning and my last at ght. And when the mood of it comes to me, then I rk in a kind of frenzy that lasts for hours and even ys; and if I give up in the middle and fall back, then have to do it all over again. It's like toiling up a ountain-side."

"I see," whispered Corydon. "And then, do you ex-ct to have no human relationships as long as you e?"

Thyrsis pondered for a moment. "Did you ever read rs. Browning's poem, 'A Musical Instrument'?" he ked.

"No," she answered.

"It's a most beautiful poem," he said; "and it's rdly ever quoted or read, that I can find. It tells how e great god Pan came down by the river-bank, and t one of the reeds to make himself a pipe. He sat ere and played his music upon it——

'Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies reviv'd, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

'Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man.
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.' "

Thyrsis paused. "Do you see what it means?" he asked.

"Yes," said Corydon, "I see."

"'Making a poet out of a man!' That is one of the finest lines I know. And that's the way I feel about it—I have given up all other duties in the world. If I can write one book, or even one poem, that will be an inspiration to men in the future—why, then I have done far more than I could do by a lifetime given to helping people around me."

"I never understood before," said Corydon.

"That is the idea the minstrel tries to voice to the princess. At first he pours out his soul to her; but then, when he finds that she loves him, he is afraid, and tries to persuade her not to come with him. He tells her how lonely and stern his life is; and she has been born to a gentle life—she has her station and her duty in the world. But the more he pleads the hardness of his life, the more she sees she must go with him. Even if the end be death to her, still she will be an inspiration to him, and give wings to his music. 'Be silent,' she tells him—'let me fling myself away for song! To do one deed that the world remembers, to utter one word that lives forever—that is worth all the failure and the agony that can come to one woman in her lifetime!'"

Corydon sat with her hands clasped. "Yes," she said, "that is the way she would feel!"

"I'm glad to hear you say that," remarked the other. "I must make it real; and I've been afraid about it. Would she really go with him?"

"She would go if she loved him," said Corydon.

"If she loved him. But she must love his art still more."

"She must love *him*," said Corydon.

Thyrsis shook his head. "It would not do for her o go with him for that," he said.

"Why not? Doesn't he love her?"

"Yes; but he is afraid to tell her so. They dare not t that sway them."

"I don't understand. Why not?"

"Because personal love is a limited thing, and comaratively an ignoble thing."

"I don't see how there can be anything more noble an true love between a man and a woman," declared orydon.

"It depends on what you mean by 'true' love," reied Thyrsis. "If two people love each other for their vn sakes, and go together, they soon come to know ch other, and then they are satisfied—and their rowth is at an end. What I conceive is that two ople must lose themselves, and all thought of themlves, in their common love for something higher—r some great ideal, some purpose, some vision of rfection. And they seek this together, and they reice in finding it, each for the other; and so they have ways progress and growth—they stand for something w to each other every day of their lives. To such ve there is no end, and no chance of weariness or tiety."

"I had never thought of it just so," said the girl. But surely there must be a personal love in the beanning."

"I don't know," he responded. "I hadn't thought out that. I'm afraid I'm impersonal by nature."

"Yes," she said, "that's what has puzzled me. Don't u love human beings?"

"Not as a rule," he confessed.

"But then—what is it you are interested in? Yourself?"

"People tell me that's the case. And there's a sense in which it's true—I'm wrapped up in the thought of myself as an art-work. I've a certain vision of the possibilities of my own being, and I'm trying to realize it. And if I do, then I can write books and communicate it to other people, so that they can judge it, and see if it's any better than the vision they have. It is a higher kind of unselfishness, I think."

"I see," said Corydon. "It's not easy to understand."

"No one understands it," he replied. "People are taught that they must sacrifice themselves for others and they do it, blindly and stupidly, and never ask if the other person is worthy of the sacrifice—and still less if they themselves have anything worth sacrificing."

Corydon had clenched her hands suddenly. "How I hate the religion of self-sacrifice!" she cried.

"Mine is a religion of self-development," said Thyrsis. "I am sacrificing myself for what other people ought to be."

§ 4. They came back after a time, to the subject of love; and to the ideal of it which Thyrsis meant to set forth in the book. It was the duty of every soul to seek the highest potentiality of which it had vision, and as one did that for himself, so he did it for the person he loved. There could be no higher love than this—to treat the thing beloved as one's self, to be perpetually dissatisfied with it, to scourge it to new endeavor, to hold it in immortal discontent.

This was a point about which they argued with eager excitement. To Thyrsis, love itself was a prize to be

eld before the loved one; whereas Corydon argued that ove must exist before such a union could be thought f. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes shone as she main-ained the thesis that the princess could not go with the ninstrel unless his love was given to her irrevocably.

"If you mean by love a sense of oneness in the pur-uit of an ideal, then I agree with you," said Thyrsis. But if you mean what love generally means—a mutual dmiration, the worshipping of another personality—hen I don't."

"And are lovers not even to be interesting to each ther?" cried Corydon.

But the poet did not shrink even from that. "I on't think a woman could be interesting to me—ex-ept in so far as she was growing. And she must ways know that if she stopped growing, she would ease to be interesting. That is not a matter of any-ody's will, it seems to me—it is a fact of soul-chem-try."

"I don't think you will find many women to love you n that basis," said Corydon.

"I never expected to find but one," was Thyrsis' re-y; "and I may not find even one."

She sat watching him for a moment. "I had never alized the sublimity of your egotism," she said. "It ould never occur to you to judge anyone else by your vn standards, would it?"

"That is very well put," laughed Thyrsis. "As a atter of fact, I have a maxim that I count all things st in the world but my own soul."

"Why is that?"

"Because I can depend on my own soul; and I have ot yet met anything else in life of which I can say lat."

Again there was a pause. "You are as hard as iron!" exclaimed the girl.

"I am harder than anything you can find for your simile," he answered. "I know simply that there is no force existing that can turn me from my task."

"You might meet some woman who would fascinate you."

"Perhaps," he replied. "I have done things I'm ashamed of, and I've a wholesome fear of doing more of them. But I know that that woman, whoever she might be, would wake up some morning and find me missing."

Then for a while he sat staring at the eddies in the pool below. "I have a vision of another kind of woman," he said—"a woman to whom my ideal would be the same compelling force that it is to me—a living thing that would drive her, that she was both master of, and slave to, as I am. So that she would feel no fears, and ask no favors! So that she would not want mercy, nor ask pledges—but just give herself, as I give myself, and take the chances of the game. Don't you think there may be just one such woman in the world?"

"Perhaps," was the reply. "But then—mightn't a woman be sure of your ideal, but not of you?"

"As to that," said Thyrsis, "she would have to know me."

"As to that," said Corydon, "she would have to love you."

And Thyrsis smiled. "As in most arguments," he said, "it's mainly a matter of definitions."

§ 5. At this point there came a call from the dis

ance, and Corydon started. "There is mother," she xclaimed. "How the afternoon has flown!"

"And must you go home now?" he asked.

"I'm afraid so," she replied. "We have a long row."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I wanted to advise you about ooks to read. You must let me help you to find what ou are seeking."

"Ah," said Corydon, "if you only will!"

"I will do anything I can," he said. "I am ashamed f not having helped you before."

They had risen and started towards the house. Can't you come to-morrow, and we can talk it over," e said.

"But I thought you were going to work," she ob- ected.

"I can spare another day," he replied. "A rest on't hurt me, I know. And it's been a real pleasure o talk to you this afternoon."

So they settled it; and Thyrsis saw them off in the oat, and then he went back to the little cabin.

On the steps he stood still. "Corydon!" he muttered. Little Corydon!"

That was always the way he thought of her; not only ecause he had known her when she was a child, but be- use this expressed his conception of her—she was so entle and peaceable and meek. She was now eighteen, nd he was only twenty, but he felt towards her as a randfather might. But now had come this new revela- on, that astonished him. She had been deeply stirred y his work—she had loved it; and this was no affec- tion, it was out of her inmost heart. And she was ot really contented at all—she had quite a hunger or life in her!

It had been like an explosion; the barriers had been

destroyed between them, and he saw her as she really was. And he could hardly believe it—all through the adventures that followed he would find himself standing in the same kind of daze, whispering to himself—"Corydon! Little Corydon!"

He did not try to do any work that evening. He thought about her, and the problem of her life. She had stirred him strangely; he saw her beautiful with a new kind of beauty. He resolved that he would put her upon the way to some of the joy she sought.

She came early the next morning, and they sat by the lake-shore and talked. They talked about the things she needed to study, and how she should study them; about the books she had read and the books she was to read next. And from this they went on to a hundred questions of literature and philosophy and life. They became eager and excited; their thoughts took wings, and they lost all sense of time and place. There were so many things to be discussed!

Corydon, in spite of all her anti-clericalism, believed in immortality; she laid claim to intuitions and illuminations concerning it. And to Thyrsis, on the other hand, the idea of immortality was the consummation of all unfaith. To him life was a bubble upon the stream of time, a shadow of clouds upon the mountains; there was nothing about it that could be or should be immortal.

"The act of faith," he cried, "is to give ourselves into the arms of life, to take it as it comes, to rejoice in its infinite unfoldment, the 'plastic dance of circumstance'; to behold the budding flower and the new-born suns as equal expressions of the joy of becoming. But people are weak, they love themselves and they set themselves up as the centre of existence!"

But Corydon was personal, and loved life; and she tood out that death was unthinkable—that she had he sense of infinity within her. Thyrsis strove to make er see that one was to wreak one's hunger for infinity t each moment, and not put it off to any future age; hat life was a thing for itself, and needed no sequel o justify it. "It is a free gift, and we have no claim pon it; we must take it on the terms of the giver."

From that they came to religion. Thyrsis loved the orms of the old faiths, because of the poetry there was n them; and so he wrestled with Corydon's paganism. He tried to show her how one could read "Paradise ost" and the English prayer-book, precisely as one ead Virgil and Homer; to which Corydon answered hat she had been to Sunday-school.

"But you once believed in Santa Claus!" he retorted. And does that make you quarrel with him now? Every me you read a novel, don't you pretend to believe in eople who never existed?"

He went on to show her how much she lost of the iblime and inspiring things of the past. He took the tory of Jesus. It mattered not in the least if it was ction or fact—it was there, as an achievement of the uman spirit. He showed her the man of the gospels -not the stained-glass god with royal robes and shin- g crown, but the humble workingman, with his dream f a heaven nearby, and a father who loved his chil- en without distinction. He went about among the oor and humble, the world's first revolutionist; teach- g the supremacy of the soul—a doctrine which was to as dynamite beneath the pillars of all established in- itutions. He lived as a tramp and an outcast, and he ed the death of a criminal; and now those who had urdered him were using his doctrines to enslave the

world!—All this was a new idea to Corydon, and she resolved forthwith that she would begin her readings with the New Testament.

§ 6. So it went, until Thyrsis looked up with a start, and saw that the shadows were falling. It was five o'clock, and they had not stopped to eat! Even so, they had no time to cook, but made a cold meal—and talked all the time they were eating.

Then Corydon said, "I must start for home."

"You won't want any supper," said Thyrsis. "Let's see the sunset first."

"But mother will be expecting me," she objected.

"She'll know you're all right," he replied.

So they climbed the hill, and sat and watched the sunset and the rising full moon. The air was clear, and the sky like opal, and the pale, pearly tints of the clouds were ravishing to behold. To Thyrsis it seemed that these colors were an image of the soul that was disclosed to him. He would have been at a loss for words to describe the extraordinary sense of purity that Corydon gave to him; it was not simply her maidenhood—it was something far more rare than that. Here was an utterly perfect human soul; a soul without speck or blemish—without a base idea, with no trace of vanity, unaware what a pretense might be. The joy and wonder of life welled spontaneously in her, she moved to a noble impulse as a cloud moves before the wind. She was like a creature from the skies they were watching.

And here, in the silver moonlight, a memorable hour came to them. Thyrsis told her of his consecration, and why he lived his hermit-life. He had known for years that he was not as other men; and now every hour it

as becoming clearer to him. He shrunk from the ord, because it had been desecrated by the world; but was Genius. More and more frequently there was oming to him this strange ecstasy, the source of which e could not guess; it was like the giving way of flood-ates within him—the pouring in of a tide of wonder nd joy. It made him tremble like a leaf, it made him y aloud and fall down upon the ground exhausted. nd yet, whatever the strain might be, he never lost s grip upon himself; rather, all the powers of his ind seemed to be multiplied—it seemed as if all exist-ce became one with his soul.

Never before had he uttered a word of this to any-ne. No one could understand the burden it had laid on him. For this was the thing that all the world as seeking, for the lack of which the world was dying; d it was his to give or to withhold, to lose or to save. e had to forge it and shape it, he had to embody it, to t it forth in images and symbols. And that meant terrific labor, a feat of mental and emotional endur-ce quite indescribable. He must hold it, though it rned like fire; he must clutch it to his bosom, though tore at his heart-strings.

"Sometimes," he said, "I fail and have to give up; d then I have nothing but a memory without words or perhaps a few broken phrases that seem mere nsense. Then I am like a man who has seen some ed one drowned or burned to death before his eyes. is a thing so ineffable, so precious; and some power ks to tear it away from me, to bear it into oblivion ever. I can't know, of course—it might come to ne one else—or it might never come again. The ling I have is like that of a mother for an unborn ld; if I do not give it life, no one ever will. And

don't you see—compared with that, what does anything else count? I would lie down and be crushed to pieces, if that would help; truly, I would suffer less than I suffer in what I try to do. And so, the things that other men care for—they simply don't exist for me. I must have a little money, because I have to have something to eat, and a place to work in. But I don't want position or fame—I don't shrink from any ridicule or humiliation. It seems like a mad thing to say, but I have nothing to do either with men's evil or with their good. I am not bound by any of their duties; I can't have any country or any home, I can't have wife or children—I can hardly even have any friends. Don't you see?"

"Yes," whispered Corydon, deeply moved, "I see."

"Look," he went on—"see all the vice and misery in the world—the cruelty and greed and hate. And see all the stupid and petty things, the narrow motives, the vanities and the jealousies! And all that is because people haven't this thing that has come to me; they don't know the possibilities of life, they lack the sense of its preciousness and sacredness. And they seek and seek—and go astray! Take drunkenness, for instance; that brings them joy, but it's a false scent; it leads them over a precipice. I've been down at the bottom of it—you know why I have to go there, and what I've seen. And that is where the best of men's faculties go—yes, it's literally true! The men who are dull and plodding, they are contented; it's the men who are adventurous and aspiring who come to that precipice. I walk down an avenue and see the lines of saloons with their gleaming lights, and that thought is like a scream of anguish in my soul; there came a phrase to me once, that I wanted to cry out to people

-'the graveyards of your genius! the graveyards of
our genius!'"

Corydon was gazing at his uplifted face. She said,
That is how Jesus must have felt, when he wept over
erusalem."

"Yes," said Thyrsis. "It is a new religion trying
o be born. Only nowadays they don't persecute you,
ney just ignore you. They don't hang you up on
cross and make you conspicuous and picturesque—
ney ridicule you and let you starve. And that is what
face, you see. I've saved a hundred dollars—just
arely enough to buy me food until I've written the
ook!"

"And other people have so much!" cried Corydon.

"So much—and no idea what to do with it. They
ist fling it away, in a drunken frenzy. And down
elow are the poor, who slave to make civilization pos-
ble. Such lives as they have to live—I can't ever get
e thought out of my mind, not in any happiest mo-
ent! I feel as if I were a man who had escaped from
beleaguered city, and it all depended upon me to carry
e tidings and bring relief. I'm their one hope, and
I fail them I'm a traitor, an accursed being! They
e ignorant and helpless, and their cry comes to me
e some great storm-wind of grief and despair. Oh,
ne day I mean to utter words that will reach them—
can't fail! I can't fail!"

"No!" whispered Corydon. "You must not fail!"

They sat in silence for a while.

"How I wish that I could help you!" she said.

"Who can tell?" he answered. "Perhaps you may.
true friend is a rare thing to find."

"I would do anything in the world to share in such
work."

"You really mean that? As hard as it is?"

"I would bear anything," she said. "I would go to the ends of the earth for it. I would fling away the whole world—just as you have done."

"Ah, but are you strong enough? Could you stand it?"

"I don't know that—I'm only a child. But I wouldn't mind dying."

And so it came. It came as the dawn comes, unheralded, unheeded—spreading wider, till the day is there. Months afterwards they talked about it, and Thyrsis asked, "When did I propose to you?"

"I don't think you ever proposed to me," she answered. "It just came. It had to come—there was no other way."

"But when did I first kiss you?" he asked.

"I don't know even that," she said, and pondered.

"Did I kiss you that night when we sat on the hill?" he asked.

"I wouldn't have known it if you had," said Corydon. "It was as natural for you to kiss me as it was for me to draw my breath."

§ 7. The moon was high when they went down the hill, and he rowed her home. They were silent with the awe that was upon them. They found the people at home in a panic, but they scarcely knew this—and they scarcely troubled to explain.

Then Thyrsis went home, and spent half the night roaming about in excitement. And early in the morning he was sitting on the edge of his canvas-cot, whispering to himself again, "Corydon! Little Corydon!"

He could not think of work that day, but set out to walk to the village by the lonely mountain-road; and

lf-way there he met the girl, coming in the other rection. There was a light of wonder in her eyes; d also there was perplexity. For all that morning e had been whispering to herself, "Thyrsis! Thyrsis!" They sat by the roadside to talk it over.

"Corydon," he began, "I've been thinking about what I said last night, and it frightens me horribly. And I want to ask you please not to think about it any ore. I could not take anyone else into my life—before od, I couldn't be so cruel. I have been shuddering at e thought of it. Oh please, please, run away from —before it is too late!"

"Is that the way it seems?" she asked.

"Corydon!" he cried. "I am a tormented man! ere can't be any happiness in the world for me. And u are so beautiful and so pure and so good—I simply *re* not think of it! You must be happy, Corydon!"

"I have never yet been happy," she said.

"Listen," he went on—"there is a stanza of Walter ott's that came to me this morning—an outlaw song. seemed to sum up all my feeling about it:

> "'Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
> A nameless death I'll die;
> The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
> Were better mate than I!'"

Corydon sat staring ahead. "You can't frighten me ay from you," she said, in a low voice. "It isn't rth your while to try. But let me tell you what I ne to say. I'm so ignorant and so helpless—I didn't how I could be of any use to you. And so I wanted tell you that you must do whatever seemed best to u—just don't count me at all. You see what I mean

—I'm not afraid for myself, but just for you. couldn't bear the thought that I might be in your wa I felt I had to come and tell you that, before you we back to your work."

Now Thyrsis had set out with mighty battlemen reared about him; and not all the houris and the cou tesans of all the ages could have found a way to brea them. But before those simple sentences of Corydon uttered in her gentle voice, and with her maiden's ga of wonder—the battlements crumbled and rocked.

And that was always the way of it. There we endless new explanations and new attitudes, new excu sions and discoveries. They would part with a certa understanding, but they never knew with what view th would meet in the morning. They were swung from o extreme to the other, from certitude to doubt, from j to dismay and despair. And so, day after day th would sit and talk, for uncounted hours. Coryd would come to the little cabin, or Thyrsis would come the village, and they would wander about the roads the woods, forgetting their meals, forgetting all t world. Once they wandered away into the mountai and they sat until the dusk closed round them; th were almost lost that night.

"Of course," Thyrsis had been saying, "we shou not be married like other men and women."

"No," said Corydon, "of course not."

"We should be brother and sister," he said.

"Yes," she assented.

"And it would not be real marriage—I mean, it wou be just for the world's eyes."

"So I don't see how it could hinder you," Coryd added. "Whatever I did that was wrong, you wou tell me. And then too, about money. I shouldn't

ıy burden; for I have twenty-five dollars a month of
ly own."

"I had no idea of that," said Thyrsis.

"I've only had it for a year," said Corydon. "An
ınt left me nearly four thousand dollars. I can't
uch the principal until I'm thirty, but I have the in-
me, and that will buy me everything I need. And
it would be just as if you didn't have me to think
."

"I don't think the money side matters so much," was
s reply. "It's only this summer, you see—until I've
lished the book."

§ 8. The key to all the future was the book; but
s, the book was not coming on. How could one
ite amid such excitement? This was a new kind of
ne in Thyrsis' blood. This was reality! And before
his dream-phantoms seemed to have dissolved into
thingness.

They would make a compact for so many days, and
would start to work; but he would find himself think-
g of Corydon, and new problems would arise, and
would take to writing her notes—and finally realize
despair that he might as well go and see her.

Meantime Corydon would be wrestling with tasks of
r own. They had talked over her development, and
reed that what she needed was discipline. And be-
se Thyrsis had read her some of Goethe's lyrics,
had decided to begin with German. Thyrsis had
sted a great deal of time with German courses in
ege, and so he was able to tell her everything not
do. He got her a little primer of grammar, just
ugh to make clear the language-structure; and then
et her to acquiring a vocabulary. He had little books

full of words that he had prepared for himself, and these she drilled into her brain, all day and nearly all night. She stopped for nothing but to eat—in the woods when the weather was fair and in her room when it rained, she studied words, words, words! And she made amazing progress—while Thyrsis was wrestling with his angels she read Grimm's fairy tales, and some of Heyse's "Novellen," and "Hermann and Dorothea," and "Wilhelm Tell."

But these were children's tasks, and her pilgrimage was one of despair. Above were the heights where Thyrsis dwelt, inaccessible, almost invisible; and how many years must she toil to reach them! She would come to him with tears in her eyes—tears of shame for her ignorance and her stupidity. And then Thyrsis would kiss the tears away, and tell her how many brilliant and clever women he had met, who had the souls of dolls behind all their display of culture.

So Corydon would escape that unhappiness—but alas, only to fall into another kind. For she was a maiden, beautiful and tender, and ineffably precious to Thyrsis; and when they met, their hands would come together—it was as natural for them to embrace as for the flowers to grow. And this would lead to moods of weakness and satisfaction—not to that divine discontent, that rage of impatience which Thyrsis craved. It seemed to him that Corydon grew more and more in love with him, and more willing to cling to him, and he was savage because of his own complaisance. They would spend hours, exchanging endearments and whispering youthful absurdities; and then, the next day, he would write a note of protest, and Corydon would be wild with misery, and would tear up his love notes, and vow in tears that he should never touch her

and again. Now and then he would try to suggest to her that what she needed for the fulfillment of her life was not a madman like himself, but a husband who would love her and cherish her, as other women were loved and cherished; and there was nothing in all the world that galled her quite so much as this.

§ 9. There came a time when all these happenings could no longer be hid from parents. This unthinkable "engagement" had to be announced, and the furies of grief and rage and despair unchained. No one could realize the change that had come over Corydon—Corydon, the meek and long-suffering, who now was turned to granite, and immovable as the everlasting hills. As for Thyrsis, all kinds of madness had come from him, and were expected from him. But even he was appalled at the devastation which this thunderbolt caused.

"You have ruined your career! You have ruined your career!" was the cry that rang in his ears all day. And he knew what the world meant by this. Young men of talent who wished to rise in the world did not burden themselves with wives at the age of twenty; they waited until their careers were safe—and meantime, if they felt the need, they satisfied their passions with the daughters of the poor. And it was for some such "eligible man" as this that the world had been preparing Corydon; it was to save her for his coming that her sheltered life had been intended. Her beauty and tenderness would appeal to him, her innocence would bring a new thrill to his jaded passions; and when he offered his hand, there would be no whisper of what the past might have been, there would be no questions asked as to any vices or diseases he might bring with him. There would be trousseaus and flowers and wed-

ding-cake, rice and white ribbons and a honeymoon journey; and then an apartment in the city, or perhaps even a whole house, with a butler and a carriage—who could tell? With wealth pouring into the metropolis from North and West and South, such things fell often to beautiful and innocent maidens in sheltered homes.

And here was this one, flinging herself away upon a penniless poet who could not support her, and did not even propose to try! "Does he mean to get some work?" was the question; and gently Corydon explained that they intended "to live as brother and sister." And that capped the climax—that proved stark, ravin madness, if it did not prove downright knavery and fraud.

In the end, being utterly baffled and helpless with dismay, the mothers turned upon each other; for to each of them, the virtues of her own offspring being apparent, it was clear that this hideous tragedy must have come from the machinations of the other. One day Thyrsis and his mother, walking down a road, met Corydon and her mother, upon a high hill where the winds blew wildly; and here they poured out their grief and hurled their impeachments against the storm. To Thyrsis they assumed heroic proportions, they towered like queens of tragedy; in after-history this was known as the Meeting of the Mothers, and he likened it to the great contest in the Nibelungenlied between Brunhild and Kriemhild.

Then, on top of it all, there came another calamity. In the boarding-house with Corydon lived some elderly ladies, who had a remarkable faculty for divining the evil deeds of other people. They had divined the evil deeds of Corydon and Thyrsis, and one of them was

oved to come to Corydon's mother one day, and warn
r lest others should divine them too. And so there
s more agony; the discovery was made that Corydon
d become a social outcast to all the maids and matrons
the summer population—a girl who went to visit
poet in his lonely cabin, and stayed until unknown
urs of the night. And so there came to Thyrsis a
te saying that Corydon must come no more to the
bin; and later in the day came Corydon herself, to
ing the tidings that a telegram had come from the
y, and that she and her mother were to leave the
ace the next day.

Thyrsis was aflame with anger, and was for going
the nearest parson and having the matter settled
ere and then. But Corydon dissuaded him from this.
"I've been thinking it over," she said, "and it's best
at I should go. You must finish the book—every-
ng depends upon that, and you know that if I came
re now you couldn't do it. But if I go away, there'll
nothing to disturb you. I can study meantime; and
en we meet in the city in the fall, everything will be
ar before us."

She came and put herself in his arms. "You know,
r heart," she said, "it won't be easy for me to go.
t I'm sure it's for the best!"

And Thyrsis saw that she was right, and so they
tled it. She spent that day with him—their last
y; and floods of tenderness welled up in their hearts,
d the tears ran down their cheeks. It was only now
at she was going that Thyrsis realized how precious
had become to him, and what a miracle of gentle-
s and trust she was.

They agreed that here, and not in the village, was the
ce for their parting. So they poured out their

love and devotion, and made their pledges for the future and towards sundown he kissed her good-bye, and put her in the boat, and stood watching until it was a mere speck down the lake. Then he went back to the house with a great cavern of loneliness in his soul.

And in spite of all resolves, he was up with the dawn next day, and walking to the village—he must see her once again! He went to the depot with her, and upon the platform they said another farewell; thereby putting a seal upon Corydon's damnation in the eyes of the maids and matrons of the summer population.

Book III

THE VICTIM HESITATES

They had opened a wooden box which lay beside them.

"*Ten years!*" *she said.* "*How they have faded!*"

"*And the creases are tight,*" *said he;* "*they will be hard to read.*"

"*Letters! letters!*" *she exclaimed—*"*some of them sixty pages long! How much would they make?*"

"*Perhaps a quarter of a million words,*" *he said.*

"*What is to be done about it?*"

"*They must be selected, and then cut, and then trimmed and pruned.*"

"*And will that leave any idea of it?*"

He answered with a simile. "*You wish to convey to a man how it feels to pound stone for twelve hours in the sun. The only way you could really do it would be to take him and let him pound for twelve hours. But he wouldn't stand for that.*"

"*So you let him pound for one hour,*" *said she, with a smile.*

"*I will put up a sign,*" *he said—*

'HERE BEGINS THE STONE-POUNDING!'

And then those who are interested will come in and try it; and the rest will peer through the fence and pass on."

To which she responded, "*I would make the sign read,*

'ADMISSION TO LOVERS ONLY!'"

I

My Thyrsis!

Oh, if I might only stay in a convent until you are ready to take me! Since I left you I find myself possessed of cravings, which, if I indulged them, might bring me the fate of the Maid of Neidpath!

Truly I have known some miserable moments. But I am trying very hard to cultivate a happy, confident activity. The people here are aggressive, and I am afraid I have been rude, which I never like to be. I just succeeded in getting away from a young man who wanted to walk to the village with me. Do you know, I would drive me absolutely mad to talk to anyone now!

My soul has only one cry, and I could sometimes go out on the mountain-side and scream it aloud to the winds. I fear I shall be a trifle wild, in fact utterly in pieces, until you come, with that wonderful recipe of yours for binding me together, and making me complete. I think of you in your house, and wish to God I were there, or out in the desert even, if you were with me.

When I passed through the city I felt exactly as if I were in Hades. The glaring lights and the fearful little, the lazy, lounging men—I had dinner in a restaurant, in which all the people seemed to be feeding demons! It has been distinctly shown me why so many people have thought you a rude unmannerly boy! I

don't know what people would think, if I had to b amongst them long.

I have begun so many letters to you in my mind, an oh, the times I have told myself how much I loved you I have read your letters and slept with them under m pillow, like the veriest love-lorn maiden. But all m happy thoughts are gone at present. It is distracting to me to have to come into such close contact wit people.

Oh, tell me, dearest one, what I shall have to do t control myself and preserve the peace of my soul, unti I go to you forever? I must not long to see you, i prevents me from studying. If you might only com to me at one moment in the day, and give me one kiss and then go away! You see, I am conducting mysel in a very unwise manner—and it is necessary I shoul study! I should love to have an indomitable capacit for work, and eat only two meals a day, and never hav to think about my body.

I want to tell you what I feel, how utterly and ab solutely I am yours, and how any image that come between you and me enrages me. If only you knew ho I give myself up to you in thought, word, and deed!— My one reason for acting now, is that I may show yo something I have done, my one thought is to be wha you would wish me. No one, no one understands, o ever will, what is in your heart and in mine—to b locked there for ages. There I have placed all m power of love and religion and hope of the life tha is to be. To you I give all my trust, all my worship you are the one link that binds me to myself and t God. Without you I feel now that I should be a poo wanderer.

You give me my feeling of wholeness, of the possi-

ility of completion, that I never had before. In my est and truest moments I know that with you I can e what I have hoped. With you before my eyes I have grim resolution to conquer or die. The one thing I m sure of always is my love for you. It might be ossible for you to stop loving me; but I, now that I ave begun, shall continue to love you to the day I ie—and after, I hope. I do not love you for what ou can give me, I love you because you are you, I ust love you now no matter what you are. I believe hakespeare was right when he said that "love is not ve which alters, when it alteration finds." I do not elieve that a person can really love more than once.

I must go to my German again and leave you. o you love me? Do you love me? Do you love me?

II

Y DEAREST CORYDON:

I received a letter from you before dinner, and as ual had one of my flights of emotion, and thought many things to write to you. Now I am up on the ountain-side, trying to recall them. Dearest, you e, as always, more precious to me. I am glad to that you are suffering some, and I think that it is ll that you have to be away from me for awhile, to ht some of your own soul's battles. You see that am in my stern humor; as convinced as ever that soul is to be deepened only by effort, and that the eat glory of life cannot be bought or stolen, or even en for love, but must be earned.

I will tell you what I have been doing since you left. spent three whole days in the most unimaginable

wretchedness; I had no hindrances like yours—only the most fearful burden of dullness and sloth, that had crept upon me and mastered me, during all the weeks that I had let myself be so upset and delayed. I cannot picture what I go through when I lose my self-command in that way, but it is like one who is tied down upon a railroad track and hears a train coming. He gets just as desperate as he pleases, and suffers anything you can imagine—but he does not get free. And always the book would be hanging before me, a kind of external conscience, to show me what I ought to have been.

Now I have gotten myself out of that, by an effort that has quite worn me out. When I found myself at work again, I felt a kind of savage joy of effort, a greater power than I ever knew before. In the reckless mood that I had got to, it seemed to me that I could keep so forever.

Now dearest, you must get the same unity in your life; you must concentrate all your faculties upon that—get for yourself that precious habit of being "instant in prayer", and "strenuous for the bright reward". As Wordsworth has it, "Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness!" Let it come to you with a pang that hurts you, that for one minute you have been idle, that you have admitted to yourself that life is a thing of no consequence, and that you do not care for it. I shall have to talk to you that way—perhaps not so often as I do to myself, because I do not think you are really in your heart such a very dull and sodden creature as I am.

I think the greatest trial we shall have will be our fondness for each other, and the possibility of being satisfied simply to hold each other in our arms. But

ve shall get the better of that, as of everything else; nd that is not the problem now. You must learn to trive, learn to master yourself; you must prove your ower so. Do not care how rude you have to be to those eople; look upon the things about you as a kind of ream-world, and know that your own soul's life is the ne real thing for you. And don't write any more bout how circumstances hold you back. When you ave got to work you will know that you are given your oul for no purpose but to fight circumstances; that ey are the things to make you fight. When they are emoved, as I know to my cost, there is still the same ecessity of fighting; only it is like a horse who has win a race without the spurs.

You must talk to yourself about this, night and ay, until this desire is so awake in you that you can't idle many moments without its rushing into your ind, and giving you a kind of electric shock. And hen that happens you fling aside every thing else, very idea but the work that you ought to be doing, d put all your faculties upon that; and every time at you catch them wandering, you do the same thing gain, and again. Some times when I become very enly aware of myself, and of what a shallow creature really am, it seems to me that it is only by wearing yself out in that grim and savage way that I can ake myself even tolerable.

I *must* stop. Do you know that for five precious urs by my watch I have sat up here thinking about u and writing to you? Dear me—and I am tired, d frozen, for there is a cold wind. I shall have, I see, prove some of *my* powers, by not writing letters to u when I should be at the book.

I see that it takes four or five days for letters to

come and go between us; and so if we write often, our letters will be crossing. Four or five days is time enough for us to change our moods a dozen times, so our correspondence will be apt to be complicated!

III

My dearest Thyrsis:

It has worried me somewhat to-day that you might be utterly disappointed in the letter I wrote you. It was a wild jumble of words, but I was fighting all sorts of uncomfortable things within me. To-day I have been anything but despairing, and have "gone at" the German. In fact, I quite lost myself in it, and believe I understand thoroughly the construction of the first poem. Wonderful accomplishment!

Your words, as I read them again, dear heart, are full of a great beauty and fire and energy, and I only hope you may keep them always. I believe that the possibility of the marriage we both desire, depends greatly if not entirely on *your* sternness. You must realize it.

I cannot tell with the proper conditions and training what energy I might be able to accumulate for myself; but in the meanwhile the thing that makes me most wretched is my utter incapacity at times, and my inability to share with you your work. In my weaker and more helpless moods, I ask myself with a pang, whether I ought to go with you at all, when I cannot help you. But I must stop fuming. I have come out of my mud-puddle for good and for all, and that is the main consideration. I don't intend to go back.

We must not think of each other in any way but as co-workers in a great labor; we must simply know that

our love is rooted deeply, and the harder we work the more firm it will be. There is no reason why we should not go to the altar with just this sternness, and from now on preserve this attitude until the day when we have earned the right to consider what love means. Can you do it? I will prove to you that I can.

IV

My dear Thyrsis:

I am trying very dreadfully, and go away alone and round at the German as if my life depended upon it. I go to bed every night with a tight feeling in my head, but I do not mind, as I take it for a guarantee that I have not rested.

And oh, my dearest, dearest and best, I am trying not to think of you too much—that is too much in a way that does not help me to study. But I love you really, yes, truly, and I know I would follow you anywhere. I am not particularly joyful, but then I do not expect to be for a great many years.

V

Dear Thyrsis:

Only a few words. I have been hovering to-day between spurts of hopeful energy, and the most indescribable despair. It positively freezes my heart, and I have been on the point of writing to you and telling you to relieve yourself of the responsibility of me. The reason is because it seems a perfectly Herculean task to read "Egmont". I have to look up words in the dictionary

until I am absolutely so weary I care not about anything; and then I think of you, and what you are able to do, and at one word from you I would give up all idea of marrying you.

I tell you I am up and down in this mood. Great God, I could work all day and all night if I could do what you do, but to strain at iron fetters—a snail! Oh, I cannot tell you—I simply groan under it. At such times I have no more idea of marrying you than of journeying to the moon. I repeat to you, to be constantly choked back, while you are rapidly advancing, will kill me. I don't know what you will say to this, but it is intolerable, unendurable, to me. When I think of your ability and mine, I simply laugh about it—Thyrsis, it is simply ridiculous. I do not ask you to take me with you, Thyrsis.

Do you wonder at my writing all this? You would not if you understood. It is so hard for me to keep any joy in my heart, and I get tired of repeated failures, that is all. I thought I must write you this, and have it over with. This is the style of letter I have always torn up, but this time it goes. I think I will practice the piano now, and try to get some gladness into my soul again.

VI

My dear, dear Thyrsis:

There is a dreadful sort of letter which I wrote you last night which I haven't sent you yet.

I have been studying, or trying to most of the day and my mind has wandered most painfully. There were two days in which I seemed to have hold of myself, but with an effort that was a fearful strain. I must try

o, that it almost kills me, if I wish to accomplish even
little of what I ought. The heat here is almost in-
upportable, it is stifling, and I spent an hour or so
n the water this afternoon.

And the thought is always torture to me—that you
re accomplishing so much more than I! I was think-
ng of your letters to-night, and I recalled some words
hat seemed to speak more of your love for me. Oh,
Chyrsis, if your letters are fiery and passionate, is it
or love of *me* that they are? I'm almost afraid at
imes, when I read your letters—when you tell me of
he kind of woman you *want* to love.

I at present am certainly not she. And do you know
hat when we are married we shall be united forever?
don't know why I write you these things, they are
ot at all inspiring thoughts to me.

And yet I was able to go in swimming this afternoon,
nd forget everything and frolic around as happily as
ny water-baby!

VII

My dear Corydon:

I came off to write my poem, but I have been thinking
bout you, and I must write a long letter. It is one
f the kind that you do not like.

In the first place, you complain of the contradictions
n my letters. I am sorry. I live so, struggling always
ith what is not best in me, and continually falling
own. Also, in this matter I am an utter stranger,
roping my way; and there is an element of passion
it, a dangerous element, which leads me continually
stray.

I can only say that in my ideal of love, which is utter

love and spiritual love, I think of living my life wit
you in entire nakedness of soul. Therefore, I shal
always be before you exactly as I should be by myself
And I shall write you now exactly what I have bee
thinking, what is hard and unkind in it, as well as th
rest. You will learn to know me as a man far fro
perfect, often going astray himself, often feeling wron
things, often leading you astray and making yo
wretched. But behind all this there is the thing ofte
lost sight of, but always present—the iron duty that
have, and the force in me which drives me to it.

All this morning I have been thinking of my book
losing myself in it and filling myself with its glory
This afternoon I fell to thinking about us; and thought
which have been lurking in my mind for a long time go
the upper hand for the first time. They were that
did not love you as I ought to, that I could not; tha
the love which I felt was a thing from my ow
heart, and that it had carried me away because I wa
anxious to persuade myself I had found my ideal upo
earth; that you *could* not satisfy the demands upo
life that I made, and that if I married you it woul
be to make you wretched, and myself as well; that yo
had absolutely nothing of the things that I needed, an
that the life which your nature required was entirel
different from mine; that you had no realization of th
madness that was driving me, could find and give m
none of the power I needed; and that I ought to writ
and tell you this, no matter what it cost—that I owe
it to the sacred possibility of my own soul, to live alon
if I could live better alone. And when I had said thes
words, I felt a sense of relief, because they were haunt
ing me, and had been for a long time.

How they will affect you I cannot tell, it depends upo

how deep your love for me is; certainly they mean for me that *my* love is not deep, that you have not made yourself necessary to me. I think that in that last phrase I put the whole matter in its essence—you have not *bound* yourself to me; I am always struggling to keep my love firm and right, to hold myself to you. The result is that there is no food for my soul in the thought of our love, in my thought of you; and therefore, I am continually dissatisfied and doubting, continually feeling the difference between the love I have dreamed and our love.

I tried to think the matter out, and get to the very bottom of it. The first thing that came to me on the other side was your absolute *truth;* your absolute devotion to what was right and noble in our ideal. So that, as I was thinking, I suddenly stopped short with this statement—"If you cannot find right love with that girl, it must be because you do not honor love, or care for it." And then I thought of your helplessness, of your lack of training and opportunity for growth; and I told myself how absurd it was of me to expect satisfying love from you—when all that I knew about life, and thought of, was entirely unknown to you. I realized that I was a man who had tasted more or less of all knowledge, and had an infinite vision of knowledge yet before him, and an infinite hunger for it; and that you were a school-girl, with all of a school-girl's tasks on your hands. So I said to myself that the reason for the dissatisfaction was a fault of my own, that it had come from my own blindness. I had gone wrong in my attitude to you; I had failed in my sternness and my high devotion to perfection; I had contented myself with lesser things, had come down from my best self, and had failed to make you see what a

task was before you, if you ever meant to know my bes
self. You perceive that this is a return to my old-tim
attitude; I am sorry if it makes you wretched, but
cannot help it. It is a surgical operation that mus
be borne. I shall not make it necessary again, I hope

Now, dear Corydon, I am not trying to choos
pleasant words in this letter, this is the way I tal
to *myself*. And if anything good comes from our love
it will be because of this letter. I challenge what i
noblest in you to rise to meet the truth of it. I shoul
not care to write to you if I did not feel that it would

You have had a possibility offered to you, and becaus
you are very hungry for life you have clasped it t
you, placed all your happiness in it. The possibility i
the love of a man whose heart has been filled with th
fire of genius. There are few men whom life take
hold of as it does me, who sacrifice themselves for thei
duty as I do, who demand *experience*—knowledg
power, beauty—as I do. There are very few men wh
will wrest out of existence as much as I will, or kno
and have as much of life. I am a boy just now, an
only beginning to live; but I have my purpose in hand
and I know that if I am given health and life, ther
is nothing that men have known that I shall not know
nothing that is done in the world that I shall not do
or try to. I have a strong physique, and I labor da
and night, and always shall. I shall always be hungr
and restless, always dissatisfied with myself, and wit
everything about me, and acting and feeling most o
the time like a person haunted by a devil. I make n
apologies to you for the conceit of what I am saying
it is what I think of myself, without caring what othe
people think. I know that I have a tremendous tempera
ment, tremendous powers hidden within me, and the

have got to come out. When they do, the world will know what I know now.

Now Corydon, as you understand, I dream love absolute, and would scorn any other kind. I can master my passion, if it be that upon earth there is no woman willing or able to go with me to the last inch of my journey. I dream a life-companion to follow wherever my duty drives me; to feel all the desperateness of desire that I feel, to be stern and remorseless as I must be, wild and savage as I must be; to race through knowledge with me and to share my passion for truth with me; a woman with whom I need have no shame in the duty of my genius! As I tell you, if I marry you, I expect to give myself to you as your own heart; and then I think of the gentle and mild existence you have led!

It is very hard for me even to tell about my life, or to explain this thing that drives me mad. But I am writing this letter to you for the purpose of making clear to you that there are two alternatives before you, and that you must choose one or the other and stick by it, and bear the consequences. It is painful to me to think that I have fascinated you by what opportunities I have, even by what power and passion and talents I have, and filled you with a hunger for me—when really you do not realize at all what I am, or what I must be, and when what I have to do will terrify you. I write in the thought of terrifying you *now*, and making you give up this red-hot iron that you are trying to hold on to; or else to show you my life so plainly that never afterwards can you blame me, or shrink back except by your own fault.

You must not blame me for writing these words, or wondering if a woman, if *any* woman has power

to stand what I need to do. And when I talk to yo
about giving me up, you must not think that is cold
but know that it is my faithfulness to my vision, whic
is the one thing to which I owe any duty in the world
Nor is it right that you should expect to be essentia
to me, when I have labored to be all to myself. Yo
could become necessary to me in the years to come; i
I marry you to-day I shall marry you for what yo
are to become, and for that *alone*—at any rate if
am true to myself.

If you are to be my wife you are to be my soul—
to live my soul's life and bear its pain. You are t
understand that I talk to you as I talk to myself, ca
you the names I call myself, and if you cry, give yo
up in disgust; that I am to deny you all pleasure as
do myself, and what God knows will be ten thousan
times harder, let you take pleasure, and then sprin
up in the very midst of it—you know what I mean
That I am to be ever dissatisfied with you, ever incon
siderate of your feelings, and ever declaring that yo
are failing! That however much I may love you, I a
to be your conscience, and therefore keep you—jus
about as you are now, miserable! You told me that yo
would gladly be whipped to learn to live; and this ca
be the only thing to happen to you.

You must understand why I act in this way. I a
a weak and struggling man, with a thousand tempta
tions; and when I marry you, you will be the greate
temptation of all. You are a beautiful girl, and I lo
you, and every instinct of my nature drives me to yo
for me to live with you without kissing you or puttin
my arms about you, will remain always difficult. It wi
be so for you, as for me, and it will always be ou
danger, and always make us wretched. Your soul ris

you as I write this, and you say (as you've said efore) that if I offered to kiss you after it, it would e an insult. But only wait until we meet!

This is the one thing that has become clear to me: ust as soon as there comes the least thought of satis-action in our love, just so soon does it cease to satisfy y best self. You cannot satisfy my best self, you o not even know it; and if it were a question of that, should never dream of marrying you! I love you for is and for this alone—because you are an undeveloped ul, the dream of whose infinite possibilities is my one light in the matter. I think that you are *perfect* character, that you are truth itself; and therefore, matter how helpless you may be, I have no fear of iling to make you "all the world to me", provided only at I am not false to my ideal. You must know from at I have written before that I *can* love, that I do ow what love is, and that you may trust me. I am t trying to degrade passion—I simply see how pas-on throws the burden on the woman, and therefore it utterly a crime with us—the least thought of it! I ght to consider you as a school-girl, really just that; d instead of that I write you love letters!

I tell you there is nothing more hateful for me to k back upon than that childish business of ours, at time when we went upstairs that we might kiss ch other unseen. I tell you, it revolts my soul, from e and from you! I should be perfectly willing to ke all the blame—I do; only I have led you to like t (or to act as if you did) and I must stop it. Can u not understand how hateful it is to me to think of king you anything that I should be disgusted with? I expect you to read over this letter until you realize at it is, every word of it, completely true and noble,

and until you can write me so. You and I are to fe
ourselves two school-children and live just so. It
not usual for school-children to marry, but that we da
upon the strength of our purpose, and in defiance of
counsel, and of every precedent. We are to feel th
we owe our duty to our ideal; and that simply *becau*
of the strength and passion of our love for each othe
we demand perfection, each of the other. My setti
this stern challenge before you is nothing but my d
termination to give you my right love, to demand th
you be a perfect woman.

I promise you therefore no quarter; I shall make
sacrifice of my ideal for your sake. As I wrote you,
mean to be absolutely one with you, and I expect y
to be the same. You shall have (if you wish it) all
my soul—I shall live my life with you and think all
thoughts aloud—study to give you *everything* that
have. And God only, who knows my heart, knows wh
utter love for you lies in those words, what utter tru
of you—how I think of you as being purity and ho
ness itself. To offer to take any other being into
soul, to lay bare all the secret places of it to its ga
all the weaknesses as well as all the strength, and
that is vain as well as all that is sacred! You cann
know how I feel about my heart, but this you m
know, that no one else has had a glimpse of it, you a
the first and the last; and so sure am I of you that
dare to say it, *all* my life will I live in your presen
and trust to your sympathy and truth—and feel th
I am false to love if I do not. If there were anythi
in my heart so foul that I feared to speak of it, I shou
give you that first, as the sacrifice of love; or a
vanity or foible—such things are really hardest to ha
others know, so great is our conceit.

If I could talk to you to-night, I should do just as did up on the hill in the moonlight—frighten you, ıd make you wonder if there was *any* woman who shed to bear such a burden; and perhaps the saddest ing of all to me is that I do not bear it—instead I ar the gnawing of a conscience bitter and ashamed itself. And could you bear *that* burden? For Cory- n, as I look at myself to-night, I am before God, coward and a dastard! I have not done my work! nave not borne the pain He calls me to bear, I have t wrested out the strength He put in my secret art! And here I am chattering, *talking* about work you! And these things are like a nightmare to me; y turn all my life's happiness to gall. And you are king upon yourself this same burden—coming to p me to get rid of it. Or if you do not wish to, for d's sake, and mine, and yours, don't come near me— ı have come too near as it is! Can you not see t when I am face to face with these fearful things ınd you come and ask me to give my life to you, to ship you with the best faculties I possess—that I e no right to say yes?

You once told me you were happy because I called "mein guter Geist, mein bess'res Ich"; well, you not in the least that. The name that I give you, that you may keep, is "the beautiful possibility of oul". Remember a phrase I told you at the very inning of our love, of the peril of "ceasing to love fection and coming to love a woman." And read lley's sad note to "Epipsychidion"!

VIII

DEAR CORYDON:

You tell me in your last letter that you are leavin all who love you; and you ask "How do you know tha because you love beauty, you will love *me*?"

I have been thinking a good deal about this; I d not believe, Corydon, that a man more haunted by th madness of desire ever lived upon earth than I. An when I get at the essence of myself, I do not belie that I am a kind man; I think that a person with le patience for human hearts never existed, perhaps wit less feeling. There is only one thing in the world tha I can be sure of, or that you can, my fidelity to m ideal! I know that however often I may fail or weake however many mistakes I may make, my hunger for th things of the soul will *never* leave me, and that nigh and day I shall work for them. I do not believe I ha the right to promise you anything else, I have no rig to dream of anything else; this is not my pleasure, as feel it, it is a frenzy, it is that to which some blind an nameless and merciless impulse drives me. And I ma try to persuade myself all my life that I love yo Corydon, and nothing else, and want nothing else; an all the time in the depths of my heart I hear these wor from my conscience—"You are a fool." I love powe I love life, and seek them and strive for them, and ca for nothing else and never have; and nothing else ca satisfy me. And I cannot give any other love than th any other promise.

IX

Y DEAR CORYDON:

I have been taking a walk this morning, thinking bout us, and that I had treated you fearfully. The hole truth of it all is this—that I am so raw and so ung and so helpless (and you are as much, if not more) that I cannot, to save my life, be sure if my love for u is what it ought to be, or even if I could love any e as I ought. And I am so wretchedly dissatisfied! b you know that for two weeks I have been trying to ite a passage of my book—and before God, I *cannot!* have not the power, I have not the life!

Dear Corydon, it comes to me that you are *miserable* be in love with me—that I had no right to put this rden on your shoulders. I would say better things I could, but I think that our marriage will be a tting out across a wild ocean in the dark! It is for u to be the heroine, to dare the voyage if you choose. hese sound like wild words, but they are the truth my life, and I dare not say any others. Can a girl o has been brought up in gentleness and sweetness, innocence of life and of pain—can she say things, l things like these?

X

TYRSIS:

God did not endow me with your tongue, or else it uld not be the great effort it is to me to tell you some the thoughts that have rushed through my mind the last hour.

It is an hour since I began to read your letter of rrible Truth. Now it seems to me it might have

been in the last year, in the last century. Actuall
feel like a stranger to myself; and my movements
very slow. First, I will tell you that I believe in G
oh, so implicitly—this thought gives me infinite ho
I long to let you know as much of my heart as I c
if I am to be your life-companion, as I firmly beli
I am to be. I have such a strange calmness now,
I imagine that I must feel very much the way Rip V
Winkle did when he awoke. I want to try to show
my heart—it is right that I should try, is it not?

Know that I have placed much faith and trust
you, in anything that you did. If you opened one d
to me and told me it led to the great and perman
truth, I believed you absolutely. If you hauled
back and put me through an opposite one, telling
that there my road lay, I believed you with equal fa
Now, now, at the end of an hour, I am, through y
convinced of one door, the only and true entrance;
I am as sure as I am that the sun is shining at t
moment, that nothing in God's world can ever ag
make me lose sight of it. I have found that *you*
lose sight of it, Thyrsis,—something shows me tha
have in the last month been more right than you.
I have, Thyrsis, though you may not know it.
the reason I couldn't stay right was because I am
strong enough to grasp my good impulses, and k
hold of them: because I have not enough faith in
soul within me.

I will try to tell you what I have felt since read
your letter. All is so disgustingly calm in me n
But listen, I believe I have had a little glimpse t
afternoon of what it is to *feel;* and because of t
knowledge I now am not afraid to tell you that I cl
something of God and life—that I can get it if

n. This has been very strong in me at moments, t, as I tell you, I have not yet learned to hold my mpses of truth—they seem to come to me, and as ickly disappear.

I began to read your letter, and I cannot describe you the convulsion that came over me. It seemed t I had the feeling of an empty skull on a sert; such a feeling—you can never have it! All horror and despair! I tried to form my thoughts l tell myself it was not true. I tried to pray, and I pray—out loud—and asked God to give me strength read the letter.

I tried to use all the penetration I was capable of, find out one thing, whether you were purely and reservedly sincere in it. I wondered whether you lly wished to live your life alone, but could not find courage to tell me so. I firmly believe that no lure in the future, no disgust or helplessness, could r bring me the complete anguish of those moments. Can you realize what such a thing meant to me, lyrsis?

Last spring, I had succeeded in bringing myself into almost complete state of coma—I saw that I could nothing, and because I would not endure such profit- pain I drugged myself to sleep. And you, you d, waked me up; and may your soul be thrice cursed you have only pulled the doll to pieces *to see what it made of!* Know, you that have a soul which s it lives and suffers—that I can't go to sleep again! ere is no joy for me in mother or father, in friends admiration—I can tolerate nothing that I tolerated ore you came with your cursed or blessed fire!

Also, if you do not marry me, or if I do not find some n who has your strength and desire for life, and

who will take me and help me to learn, I shall die wi
out having lived.—And I cried out in misery—o
forty-two years, only forty-two little years, and I sh
be an old woman of sixty! Only forty-two years
which to learn to live!

I believe if I had you here now I could almost stran
you. We may kill each other some day. I sometir
feel that there is nothing that will give me any reli
that I cannot breathe, I cannot support my body. I
these are foolish and unprofitable feelings—and I
lieve I will yet be saved, if not by you, perhaps
myself. I think some heavenly aid came to me to-d
I asked for it, I simply said it *must* come—and nov
am able to bear myself and look around me, and s
that the secret of my liberation is not death but life.

Please realize, Thyrsis, that I know you do not n
me, that I cannot either entertain you or help y
My dear, do you not know that I have been consci
of this from the very beginning—and it has been t
thought that has often made me worry, and doubt, a
question. And then I have told myself that you h
found *something* in me to love; and that I also was ve
hungry to know about life and God; and that if y
loved me enough to believe I was not dross, we mig
with our untiring devotion—well, we might be rig
in going with each other. And now—would you rath
I should tell you I will not marry you, be my desi
or effort, what it may? I do not know—even thou
I want to live so terribly. I have no word, no pro
to give!

And now, Thyrsis, I have no more strength to wri
I only wish I had some power to make you know wh
I have felt this afternoon—I think if I could, y

ould have no more doubt of me. And I believe it is y God-given right not to doubt myself.

I will write no more—I have written enough to make u answer one of two things. "Come with me," or, would rather go alone." I know which one it will , even now in my wretchedness. The sky is so blue is evening, and everything is so beautiful—and I am ying so hard to be right, to feel strong and confident!

XI

EAR THYRSIS:

I have just arisen. I woke in the middle of the night, d there was a spectre sitting by my bedside to ghten me; he succeeded at first, but I managed finally get rid of him, and to find some peace. Many of ur sentences came to me, and I was able to get be- d the words, and I saw plainly that the letters were st what you should have written, and that they could t but benefit me. They have accomplished their pur- se, I believe—they are burned into my soul, and have aced me rightly in our relation. I shall simply never ust the permission you may give me, in the future, rest or be satisfied. I shall only hate you, for the n of some of your words I shall *never* forget.

The memory of the first two pages of your letter l always put me in mortal terror of you. For the t, I am very grateful, and I will try to show you w I love your ideal. I can never repay you as long I live for letting me come with you. Oh Thyrsis, m sure that I will never think or care whether you e me or not, if only I may go with you and learn w to strive!

I tore up all your love-letters this morning. I kept

the last letter—though I do not think I could bear to read it over. I should be afraid of again going through with that despair. Oh, I beg for the time when I shall be obliged to waste none of my minutes—and when I shall have no opportunity of writing you. What *time* I have spent over your letters and mine!

XII

Dear Thyrsis:

I am restlessly waiting for the supper-bell to ring and my head is aching intensely, and I am generally topsy-turvy. Alas! alas! the distance that separates us and our understanding!

I received a letter to-day while I was studying—but said I would not open it for a week, that I wanted strength to study. Well, I studied all the afternoon and found it none too easy. When I came home, I thought perhaps it was better to read your letter, which I grimly did.

Do you know, you are keeping me on the rack, literally on the rack, and my flesh and blood do not seem to be able to stand it—my body seems to be the organ that first fails me, my brain is never so tired as my body. I love to think that you are not less merciful to me than you would be to yourself, I feel that you could not have used more cruel whips to yourself. Do you suppose that any disgust, scolding, or malediction to me could, as your wife, hurt me, as your doubt of me hurts me now?

And I just begin to read your letter again, and I tell you, you are a fool. You say you do not know whether you could love any one as you ought—well, I, with all my weakness, know whether *I* can love, and

love you a thousand times more than you have given ıe cause to. And you are so *hungry!* Will you always tarve because you are blind? As to being *satisfied,* ow could you be? But you say you will love me as ıuch as I deserve. How much do I deserve—do you now? I sometimes cry out against you and long to et hold of you. If you have genius, why doesn't it ive you some inkling whether you are a man with a eart, not only a stupid boy? And then I see it all lainly, or think I do, and know that you are trying o hard to be right towards us, because you think you ove me the way other people love; and you know if I m weak, it would degrade your genius; and you can- ot be sure of my character or strength. You cannot now whether I realize the life I am selecting—you ave found it hard, and you have every reason to think iat I will find it ten times harder; and you love me in way that is not the highest,—but yet you love me ıough, thank God, to tell me the whole truth!

I have come to a pass where I can say to myself with ruth, that I do not care how much or how little you ve me. That depends upon *you,* as well as myself. I elieve the time will come, when you will love me as you ight, and I say this in perfect calm conviction, in l my weakness, and with all my maudlin habits cling- g to me. Strangely enough your doubt of me has ade me rise up in arms to champion my cause, or else should lie down forever in the dust, and deny my od.

I wonder whether it is my love for you that makes e believe? I cling to you, as a mother might cling her child; I cling to you as the embodiment, the romise, of all I will ever find true in life. I look to ve in you, to fulfil all my possibilities in you, and if

you die or forsake me, all my hope is gone, and I am dead. This is a letter in which I have no scorn or doubt, or ridicule of myself, as formerly.

And then you ask me, "Can a girl brought up in gentleness and sweetness, and innocence of life and of pain, can she say things, feel things like these?" It is the gentleness and sweetness and innocence that are galling to me. I can tolerate no more of them. They have warped me, they have given me no chance. But I have had some pain in my life, and since I have known you I have known more about pain and what it brings, and leaves.—And now I am feeling ill, and I cannot control that. Oh, God!

XIII

DEAREST CORYDON:

I have a chance to finish the first part of my book to-day, and save myself from Hades; and here I am writing to you—just a line. (Of course it turned out to be six pages!)

Your last letter was very noble; I can only say to you, that the treatment which makes you upbraid me is not done for *my* sake; that the life which I live is not lived for *my* sake. You say perhaps you are better than I; it is very possible—I often think so myself: but that is nothing to the point. I should be very wretched if I sat down to think what I am. Oblige me by being better than my ideal—if you can! You must understand, dearest, that behind all that I am doing there is truth to the soul; and that truth to the soul is love, and the only love. I am seeking for nothing but the privilege of treating you as myself; and rest assured, that if I treat you any differently it will be

better than I treat myself! There is no peril in our life except that!

Some day you will understand that I can sometimes feel about myself that I am utterly hateful, utterly false, utterly shallow and *bad*; and that to get away from myself would be all that I desire in life. I cannot imagine my having such opinion of you; but some dissatisfaction—just a little—I may have. Only let us love perfection, you and I, with all our souls, and I think our love for each other may safely be allowed to take care of itself. Remember the two ships in Clough's poem, which parted, but sailed by the compass, and reached the same port.

I shall spend no more time comforting you about this.

And dear Corydon, when you are angry at my doubting your power, and say that I do not know you, I can only reply—Why of course I don't, and neither do you. You find your own self out little by little—why get angry with me because I don't know it until you tell me? You are a grown woman compared to what you were three months ago; and this character that you ask me to know—well, it takes years of hard labor to prove a character.

XIV

Dearest Corydon:

Do you ever realize how much *faith* in you I have? As utterly different is your whole life, as if you had been in another world; and through all the wilderness that I have travelled, I hope to drag you. But I cannot carry you, or take you; I must trust in the frenzy of your grip upon me. There is nothing else you could have that I would trust. You might be wonderfully

clever and wonderfully wise—and I could do nothing with you. Do you remember Beethoven's saying, that he would like to take a certain woman, if he had time, and marry her and break her heart, so that she might be able to sing?

Ah dear heart, I wish you could read in my words what I feel! I wonder if I am dreaming when I live in this ideal of what a woman's love can be—so complete and so utter a surrender, so complete a forgetting, a losing of the self, so complete a living in another heart! I am not afraid to ask just this from a woman—from you! For I have enough heart's passion to satisfy every thirst that you may feel. Ah, Corydon, I want you! I am drunk with the thought of *making* a woman to love. I wonder if any man ever thought of that before! Artists go about the world with the great hunger of their hearts, and expecting to find by chance another soul like the one they have spent years in making beautiful and swift and strong; but has anyone ever thought that instead of writing books that no one understands, he might be making another kind of an art-work—one that would be alive, and with sacred possibilities of its own?

XV

Dear Thyrsis:

Your last letters have been very beautiful. I see one thing—though you inform me that you believe you are a hard man, your natural gentleness and sympathy of heart would be the ruin of both of us in the future if I would permit it. But I think you can trust me; not ever as long as I live to lead you into weakness. My desperateness, before I received your letter saying that I might come with you, was rather dreadful; it

made me doubt myself, for it was so difficult to keep myself from going to pieces. I have been wicked enough, to wonder whether I could ever make you feel as I felt for two days—if I could only bring to your heart that one pang, the only real one I ever felt in my life! But it taught me one thing, that the only road toward realization of life and one's self is through suffering. I found out that I could bear, for it seems to me as I look back at that horrible nightmare, that it was almost by a superhuman effort I was able to read the letter at all. But enough of that!

I think I have effectually cured myself of any weak yearning for your love. I go to you in gratefulness, knowing what I lack and what you need. Anything my love can do for you, it shall do. It may have some power—I sometimes think that it could have more than you realize.

I suppose every woman has thought that the man she loved was her very life, but I do not think it of you, I simply *know* it. I must go with you, whether I loved you or not.

Meanwhile my love has assumed a strength to me that I never felt before. I don't know how my wild and incoherent letters have affected you, but there were many times when I longed to get hold of you, literally, and simply shake into you some recognition of my soul. Oh, I am afraid you couldn't get away from me; the more merciless you are to me, the wilder I get.

I am possessed by so many opposite moods and influences. I am afraid of you a little. I never know what you are going to do to me.

I feel, I cannot help but feel, that I am part of your life, now, you could not neglect me any more than you could your own soul. I consider you just

as responsible for mine as you are for your own. I say this with no doubts, but know that it is true, and you must know it.

XVI

Dear Thyrsis:

You certainly have a wonderful task in store for me and I pray God to give me strength for it. I can see very plainly that you expect to find the essence of my soul better than yours, because it seems that you are making my task harder than yours.

Do you know, I have actually found myself asking at times, with a certain defiant rage—if you were actually going to give love to your princess before you had made her suffer! So far you have not made her suffer at all. I had become quite excited over this idea though perhaps I had no right to. I suppose it is all right, because she is an imaginary person, and you can endow her with all the perfections you please. She is triumphant and thrilling, and worthy of love—whereas I am just little Corydon, whom you have known all your life, and who is stupid and helpless, and impossible to imagine romances about! Is that the way of it?

XVII

My dearest Thyrsis:

A long letter has just come to me. I always receive your letters with many palpitations, and by the time I get through reading, my cheeks are flaming. It is too bad it takes letters so long to go to and fro.

I have finally come to bear the attitude towards myself, that I would to a naughty child. I will have no

nonsense, and all my absurdities and inefficiencies *must* be cured. I think I have come to know myself a little better within the last few days. I know that I have no right to quick victories, or any happiness at all, even your love. I tell you truly, if it were only possible, I would go away this minute—do you hear?—oh! to some lonely place, and then I would do something with myself. I want to be alone, alone—I want to be face to face with myself, and God, if possible! I have come to the conclusion that I can do anything I must do. I think (I am not sure) I could give you up, if I were obliged to, and go away by myself and try alone. If I do not have you, I must have solitude.

XVIII

My dearest Corydon:

Thinking about my work this morning, and how hard it was, and how much strength it would take, my thoughts turned to you, and I discovered, as never before, just how I like to think of you. It seemed to me that you were part of the raw material that I had to use; that I had mastered you, and was going to *make* you what you had to be. And there woke in my heart at those words a fierceness of purpose that I had never felt in my life before—I was quite mad with it; and you cried out to escape me, but I would not let you go, but held you right tightly in my arms. And so—I do not mean to let you go! I shall bear you away with me, and make you what I wish. And the promise of marriage that I make you is just this: not that I love you —I do not love you; but what I wish the woman to be whom I am to love—that I will make you!

And do not ever dare to ask me for any other promise for you will not get it. You will come with this.

XIX

My Thyrsis:

I had an *iron grip* at my heart just now, as I wa trying to study. I had a foreboding of something— and then I came home and found your letter telling me I was yours, and I *must*. At last I may go to yo the way I wish! My love, my love, I do not care wha you are, or what you do to me, as long as I may g with you.

How I laugh at myself as I say it! You have mas tered me to worship your *life*—not you. I shall no work for your love, I shall work to live. Our love wil be one of the incidents of our life. Meanwhile, I ma go with you, that is all that I say—I sing it. I ma go with you, not to happiness, but to necessity!

And now that cursed German! It hangs over m head like a sword of Damocles I have heard of—thoug I don't know why it was held over his head!

You think our love was settling into the cooin state! Dear me, Thyrsis, I hope I will not always hav to yell to you over a foggy ocean!

XX

Dear Thyrsis:

Can you imagine what it must be to be shut up i a little room on a rainy night, with the children an people screaming under your window? That is m position now.

I find myself hard to manage at times. I want t

become discouraged or melancholy or disgusted, but I drive myself better than I used to. I even was happy a little for a few moments to-night. I was playing one of my piano-pieces, and I found myself imagining all sorts of things. But this happens very seldom, and only lasts for a moment. I often wonder at myself. Two months ago I did not love you one particle; I love you now, so that—so that it is impossible for me to do anything else. In fact I did not realize how much I loved you until that terrible moment when I read you did not love me. I saw how impossible it will be to cease to love you, no matter what you do to me. I do not know *why* it is; I simply know it is, and perhaps some day I may teach *you* how to love. I do not imagine you know how very well, at present—no, Thyrsis, I don't.

I know your true self now, and I love it better than ever I loved the other. I say it with a certain grimness. I know you, your real self, and I love it.

Know, oh, my Beloved, that in the last three months you have grown to me from a boy into a man, into my husband! When I think of you as you were at first you seem a child compared to what you are now.

XXI

Dearest Love:

Last night, as I went to sleep, I was thinking of you and our problem, and there were all sorts of uncertainties; but one thing I have to tell you, my Corydon —that it came to me how sweet and true, and how pure and good you have been; and I loved you very, very much indeed. I thought: I should like to tell her that, and ask her always to be so noble and unselfish. Can

you not realize how all your deficiencies are as nothing to me, in the sight of that one unapproachable perfection? For my Corydon is all devotion and love, and pure, pure, maiden goodness! And there is quite whole heart full of feeling for you in that, and I wish I had you here to tell you.

XXII

My Corydon:

I am coming more and more to realize myself, and what is the single faculty I have been given. I think of a dear clergyman friend I used to have, and I realize what a *loving* heart is—what it is to delight in a human soul for its own sake, and to be kind to it, fond of it. And I know that there could not be a man with less of that than I have. Certainly I know this, I never did love a soul for its own sake, and don't think I could. I love beauty, and truth, and power, and I hate everything else, if it come across my way. If I had to live the life of that clergyman friend I should be insane in a month. I see this as something very hateful; but there is only one thing I can do, to see that I hate my own self more than I hate any other self—and work, work, for the thing I love.

You asked me once to tell you if your death would make any difference to me. If you were to die to-morrow I should feel that a sacred opportunity was gone out of my life, that all my efforts must have less result forever after. But I do not think I should stop working a day.

I love you because you are something upon which I may exert the force of my will. I honestly believe that the truest word, the nearest to my character, I ever

spoke. If I care about you it is for one thing, and one only—because you are a soul hungry for life, because you are capable of sacrifice and high effort, because you are sensitive and eager. I love you and honor you for this; I take you to my bosom, I give all my life to your service; and I shall make you a perfect woman, or else kill you.

You must understand what I want; I want no concrete thing, no dozen languages to throw you into despair. I want effort, effort, *effort!* That's all. And I believe that you might be a stronger soul than I at this moment, if only you chose to hunt yourself out and fight! That is truly what I feel about you, and that is why I love you.

XXIII

Dearest Thyrsis:

I have no more to say, my precious one; I bow in joy before your will, your certainty, your power. Let it be so, I shall adore you as I so long to do.

You are giving me all I could ask for. What more could I wish from you, dear Thyrsis, than to know you will never leave my side? I will try not to do any more bemoaning of my shortcomings. To-night I reached a wonderful security and almost sublimity, until I could have fallen on my face and praised God for His mercy. I talked out loud to myself, I exhorted myself, I explained to myself what is my beauty and possibility in life—the *reason* for which I was born. I was quite lifted out of myself, by a conviction that came like a benediction, that the essence of my soul was good and pure, and that if anybody upon earth had the power to reach God, it was myself.

Dear God, *how* I have spent the years of my life! like an imbecile! But you—if you take me, I shall go mad—I shall love you like a tigress! I shall implore you to invent any way that will enable me to realize life! Oh, if you take me, how madly I shall love you! I fancy myself seeing you now, and I don't know what I should do—I love you so dreadfully! I think of you, and everything about you seems so wondrously beautiful to me!

I almost have a feeling that I have no right to love you so much. Oh, tell me, do you want me to love you as I can? Already you seem part of me, mine—mine! And it is wonderful how you help me.

XXIV

THYRSIS:

I spent the whole day in the park without a bite to eat, because I did not want to take the trouble to come home after it, and I only had five cents. I have tried, oh, tried to control myself and make myself saner. I am seized with occasional fits of the horrors, and of wild cravings for you, until I could scream. It is so unbearable, and I almost want to die. Oh, but I do *not* want to die! My imagination has become so fevered in the last few days—if I do not see you soon, I know not what will become of me!

I have never loved you so wildly—though I have always longed for you. I sometimes feel now as if my brain were utterly wrecked. I know not what is the matter; I gasp, when I think of you. I am convinced of heaven and hell almost in the same breath—experience each in rapid succession. One touch of your hand and one look, I think would cure me. I seem as if in

thunder-storm—pitchy blackness with flashes of light -and in the flashes I see you, my beloved!

XXV

'HYRSIS:

I am atrociously weary of being able to depend upon yself not at all; but oh, how marvellously sweet and ood you are to me! I shall never be able to pay you r your help!

Dear Heaven, what a cup of bitterness I have drunk, nce I last saw you! Dearest, you have really torn e to pieces, unwittingly. But now I am healed, and may go on in your blessed sight, with my terrors gone orever.

And then I actually wonder if you have an earthly orm! It will be very strange to see you and touch ou, I sometimes wake up with a start at the thought f it!

XXVI

'HYRSIS:

Here I am, the most restless and miserable and un-omfortable and pining of creatures—a very Dido! re you satisfied, now that you have made it almost im-ossible for me to put my mind on anything but you, ou? I spend hours reading one page of my book.

I was reading peaceably just now, and I suddenly nought how I would feel if I saw you coming in at ne door. I started and could hardly believe that I ill really see you—in something besides visions. When ight comes I usually get fidgety, and can hardly realize do not need to worry over phantoms. Then I go on ith "Classicism and Romanticism in Music," and I

think of you—and read a line and think of you! You see, it doesn't do for me to be too intense, for I just devour myself, and that is all. My only idea of a vent is to knock my head against something.

I suppose it is the inevitable result of caring for someone you cannot see. Here I might be studying now, but what do I do? I go around seeking rest—and I write you a dozen times a day, and use up all the stamps in the house.

Oh well, I dare say if you wished me to love you you have accomplished your purpose most successfully. There is nothing in life but you, and to suddenly acquire a new self is most startling, and something hard to believe. Thyrsis, I simply cannot realize that I may go to you and find peace and security.

XXVII

My dearest Corydon:

I have just a few words to say. I have two weeks left in which to shake off my shoulders the fearful animal that has been tearing me. *For just three weeks to-day*, not a line written!

The task seems almost beyond my powers. God will people ever know how I have worked over this book.

But unless you develop some new doubt, or I persist in writing letters, I ought to get it done now. I shall see you as soon as I have finished, and meantime I shall write no letters.

XXVIII

Dear Thyrsis:

I would give a great deal to let you know how I have struggled and suffered.

I have had almost *more* than I could bear—the more horrible because the more unreasonable. You must know it. If it disturbs you, please put the letter away until a favorable time. I account my trouble greatly physical—I have never been in such a nervous state. The murky despair that has come over me—that I have writhed and struggled in, as in the clutches of some fiend! It seems to me I have experienced every torment of each successive stage of Dante's Inferno. I know what is the emotion of a soul in all the bloom and hope of youth, condemned *to die*.

I woke up in the middle of the night last night—and felt as if a monster sat by to throw a black cloth over me and smother me. I got up and shook myself, and my heart was beating violently.

I managed to get myself free. This morning I am better. God in Heaven only knows—I would rather be torn limb from limb, yes, honestly, than endure the blackness of soul that I have had through all these years of strife and failure by myself.

XXIX

Dearest Thyrsis:

Perhaps if I have written to you a few words, I shall be able to put my mind on study—as so far I have not done. I actually to-night have been indulging in all sorts of romantic moods about you. I felt in a singing mood, and when I came up from dinner I put on a beautiful dress, just for fun, and I looked quite radiant. I dreamed of you, and imagined that you were at my feet, in true Romeo fashion—and I was your Juliet. I imagined—I couldn't help thinking of this, and I knew I ought to be doing something else! Oh, but how

I want a poor taste of joy! You were my Romeo tonight—you were beautiful and young and loving; and well, I had one dream of youth and happiness before my miseries begin.

I have felt that we were very near to each other lately. You have shown me the tenderness of your heart, and I love you quite rapturously. I love your goodness, your sympathy—perhaps when I see you I can tell you!

XXX

Dearest Thyrsis:

I received a postal just now, saying that you were coming soon. I had my usual queer faintness. It was like receiving word from the dead—it seemed such centuries—aeons—since I heard from you! I send you this batch of notes I have written you at various times a sort of mental itinerary, for my mind has traveled into all sorts of queer places, back and forth. I tell you that without your continual influence, I am lost in doubt and uncertainty. Please try to understand these notes and my fits of love and fear.

XXXI

Dear Thyrsis:

I am in one of my cast-iron moods this morning—in a fighting mood, I do not care with whom or what. You, even you, have not altogether understood me—you have often given me a dog's portion. I have been a slave, a cowering kitten before you, and you (unwittingly I know) have done much to destroy all my courage and hope and love—by what you call making me aware of your higher self. Fortunately I *know*

what your higher self is, quite as well as you do, if not a little better—and I know that it is the self that most strengthens my love and courage, the self that most fills me with life. I have a right to life as well as you, and a right to the love in you that most inspires me. I feel I am capable of judging this, in spite of all my lack of education, and my inability to follow you in your intellectual life.

I have thought lately that you were able to make yourself believe that you were anything you wished to think yourself. Whenever you wring my heart and deprive me of strength, I shall go somewhere alone, and when I have controlled myself, come back to you.

You say you are master—but it must be master of the right. I want strength, and why you should think it right ever to have helped to throw me into more despair, I do not know. The reason I have written all this is because such ideas have come to me lately, and I fear that sometimes you might resort to your unloving methods, with the thought of its being right. I tell you I would rather stay at home, than ever go through with some of the pangs you have cost me, in what you called your higher moods. You must not gainsay me, that I am also capable of respecting high moods and bowing before them; but it would seem to me that they are only high if they are a source of inspiration and joy to me.

Because we love each other, would that be any reason why we must dote upon each other, or sink from our high resolves? I cannot see why our love for each other should not always be a means of our reaching our higher selves. You need not answer this letter—but when you come back, tell me whether what I say impresses you as being right or wrong—if there is not

some justification in it. But perhaps I should wait. I have no right to disturb you now.

XXXII

THYRSIS:

I woke up this morning with the feeling that I did not love you. That same thing has happened to me two or three times, and I do not understand it.

It must be because at the present moment you do not love *me*! You are writing your book, and telling yourself that you cannot love me as you ought! Is this so? It is only a surmise on my part, and I do not know, but I should not be surprised if you were. I only know that the one thing that can bring us together is love, and I do not love you now. Perhaps you can explain it to me. I write this absolutely without emotion.

I tell you there have been things horribly wrong about you. You have done anything but inspire love in my heart—you have never seen me with love in my heart. Until lately, I never have felt any love for you; before, I simply compelled myself to think I loved you, because my life seemed to depend upon it. There have been many times when, as I look back, you seem to me to have been base.

Well may you preach, while you are alone, and are monarch of yourself. I shall have to have more of a chance than has ever come to me, before I will bear your displeasure or your exhortations. If you come to me and speak to me of the high, proud self that I must reach, every vestige of love for you will leave my heart, and I would as soon marry a stone pillar!

Great Heaven, what strange moods I have! I picture

our meeting each other, unmoved by love; you determined, energetic, indifferent to all things, myself included; and I disappointed, but with a hardness in my heart—no tears!

I am indulging now in the most lifeless and gloomy of broodings; if you do not come back to me, the only soul I can love, if you are not joyful and strong, sincere, sympathetic, and loving, all of these—I shall know it is a farce for me to ever hope to gain any life with *you*. I do not believe that any woman can grow without love, and a great deal of it. Why do you suppose I am writing all this—I, who have felt such deep and true love for you? I have no courage—the dampness of the day has settled into my soul—and I shall be joyless until there is no more cursed doubt of you and your love for me.

XXXIII

Dear Corydon:

Against resolutions, I am writing to you again. I thought of you—there is a boat up the lake to-day with some hunters, and if I finish this letter, I can send it in by them as they pass. I have many things to tell you, and you must think about them.

This is one of my paralyzing letters. It will reach you Monday. I can't tell where I may be then. I have been wrestling with the end of the book, and I am wild with rage at my impotence. The fact has come to me that no amount of will is enough, because all my life is cowardly and false. I have found myself wanting *to sneak through this work*, and come home and enjoy myself; and you can't sneak with God, and that's all.

I cannot come home beaten, and so here I am, still

struggling—and with snow on the ground, and the shack so cold that I sit half in the fire-place.

I think of you, and at times when my soul is afire, I imagine I can do anything. I see that you are helpless, but I think that I can change your whole being and *make* you what I wish. But then that feeling dies out, and I think of you as you *are*, and with despair I do not allude to any of your "deficiencies"—music learning, and other stuff. I mean your life-force, or your lack of it. I see that you have learned nothing of the unspeakable, unattainable thing for which I am panting. And it has come to me that I dare not marry you, that I should be binding my life to ruin. My head is surging with plans, and a whole infinity of future and I simply cannot carry any woman with me on this journey.

As I say this, I see the tears of despair in your eyes I can only tell you what I am—God made me for an *artist*, not a *lover!* I have not deep feelings—I do not care for human suffering; I can *work*, that is all Art is no respecter of persons, and neither am I—I labor for something which is not of self, and requires denial of self. And as I think about you, the feeling comes to me that it is not this you want, that I should make you utterly wretched if I married you. You love *love;* you do not wish to fling yourself into a struggle such as my life must be. I see that in all your letters —your terror of this highest self of mine. If you married me, you would have to fight a battle that would almost kill you. You would have to wear your heart out, night and day—you would have to lose yourself and your feelings—fling away everything and live in self-contempt and effort. You would have to know it—I can't help it—that I love life, and that to

uman hearts I owe no allegiance; that to me they are imply impatience and vexation.

Do you want such a life? If you can learn to love for what it is—a wild, unnatural, but royal life—ery well. If you are coming to me with pleading yes, secretly wishing for affection, and in terror of ne when you don't get it, then God help you, that is ll!

You are a child, and you can not dream what I mean. But every day I learn something more of a great savage orce of mine, that will stand out against the rest of his world, that is burning me up, that is driving me nad. One of two things it will do to you—it will make ou the same kind of creature, or it will tear the soul ut of you. Do you understand that? And nothing ill stop it—it cares for nothing in the world but the tterance of itself! And if you wish to marry me, it will e with no promise of mine save to wreak it upon you! 'o take you, and make you just such a creature, kill r cure—nothing else! Not one instant's patience—ut just one insistent, frantic demand that you suc-eed—and fiery, writhing disgust with you when you o not succeed—disgust that will make you scream—nd make you live! Do you understand this—and do ou get any idea of the temper behind this? And how seems to you, I don't know—it is the only kind of ruth I am capable of; I shall simply fling naked the orce of my passionate, raging will, and punish you ith it each instant of your life—until you understand , and love it, and worship it, as I do.

Now, I don't know what you will think about this tter—and I don't care. It is here—and you must ake it. It does not come to you for criticism, any ore than it would come for criticism to the world. It

will rule the world. If I marry you I must live all my soul before you, and you must share it; if you think you can do this without first having suffered, having first torn loose your own crushed self, you are mistaken. But remember this—I shall demand from you just as much fire as I give; you may say you *cannot*, you may weep and say you cannot—I will gnash my teeth at you and say you *must*.

Perhaps I'm a fool to think I can do this. At any rate, I don't want to do anything else; I am a fool to think of doing anything else, and you to let me.

I *cannot* be false to my art without having a reaction of disgust, and you cannot marry me, unless you understand that. When I sat down to this letter I called myself mad for trying to tie my life to yours. Now I am interested in you again. You may wish to make this cast still; and oh, of course I shall drop back as usual, and you'll be happy, and I'll be your "Romeo"!

Ugh—how I hated that letter! "*Romeo*" indeed! Wouldn't we have a fine sentimental time—you with your prettiest dress on, and I holding you in my arms and telling you how much I loved you!

XXXIV

My dear Thyrsis:

I shall be your wife. This thought takes hold of me firmly and calmly, and I have no tears, nor fright, nor uncertainty. I suffered, of course, while I read your letter, and my self-control toppled, but no "tears of despair" came into my eyes. I am not despairing—I shall be your wife, and I shall feel that for many years one of my greatest efforts will be to prevent you from

coming my "Romeo." I am very weak and human, id you become that easily—do you know it?

Rejoice, I have gained my self-control, and well, I n going to be your wife. Or else (it comes to me uite as a matter of course, without any feeling of it ing unnatural or unusual) I shall not care to live. ut after all, I do not fear that I shall die—I shall be our wife. You may even gainsay it, you may *even* ll me I shall ruin your life, you may *even* tell me at you refuse to take me—but sooner or later I shall your wife. I say it with perfect certainty, and most composure.

It is unfortunate that at such a time as this I can- t see you—it is quite cruelly wicked. There is so uch to say, not all in *your* favor either. Some day I all learn to bring out and keep before me that higher lf of yours, which *now* I do not fear. I also have a gher self, though it does not show itself very often. is a self which can meet that self of yours with- t flinching, but which loves it, and stretches out arms to it—which knows that without that self of ours it cannot, *will* not live. It is hard to realize such thing, but I beseech you no longer, I am going with u. You see now, I have no fear of your not taking —I simply have no fear of this.

If I had, I could not write you this way. But you ve been the means of showing me I *can* awaken, and at I was not meant to live the life of the people ound me. Chance tried hard to put me to sleep for- er, but you have roused me. Dear me, how I smile myself at my confidence! But I am so sure—this eling would not be in my heart if it had no meaning! was not meant for this life I am leading. I am not raid because I have no proof that I am a genius, and

no prospect of being one at present. I do not know whether what you have must come as an inspiration direct from God, I do not know whether I am *capable* of winning any of this life that you are seeking; but I do know this—I'm going to have the chance to try, and you are going to give it to me. Do you suppose I could tell you that I am willing to stay at home and let you leave me?

I have not even any fear now of your wishing to leave me. Why, I wouldn't hold my life at a pennyworth if you were out of it!

"You are my only means of breathing, you fool," I thought. I sometimes wonder how you could think of leaving me, when I feel as I do at present. I ask myself why it is that you know nothing of it, and why it does not make you put out your hand in gladness to me—how you could write me that all my letters showed you I did not want to struggle to lead your life!

My words are failing me now—this is probably the reason you know nothing about me.

Besides, when I have written you before this, I have been worrying and doubting and afraid. I am not of these now; and I do not believe I am deluding myself—in fact I *know* I am not. *I shall be your wife.* It is indeed a pity I cannot talk to you now—yes, a very great pity. It is also rather incomprehensible, that you can imagine leaving me *now.* And all my letters have told you that I wish to be petted and cuddled, did they? If you were here, I do not know that it would do any good to give my feelings vent, it would profit me nothing to strike you, and what could I do? I cannot hate you—it is not natural that one should hate one's husband.

Some day, oh, *some* day, I tell myself—you will no nger play and trifle with me and my soul!

Did you really think you are going to put me to eep again? Surely my life is something; and you ave given me some reason for its existence. I can ardly tell you what I wish to say; people run in and it, and I am bothered—I suppose this is one of my sks. But do you not see that you have taken the sponsibility of a soul into your hands? I cannot live thout you. What is it—do creatures go around the brld struggling and saying they must live, and are ey only pitiful fools for trying?

And are you one of God's chosen ones? Will you tell e, "Corydon, you simply cannot live my life—you are t fit?" Dear Thyrsis, I actually believe that if you ould tell me that now, I should laugh with joy, for I uld see that I had gained one victory, that of proving you your own weakness and stupidity. And I should t let you discourage me. I should throw my arms ound your neck, and cling to you until you had omised to take me. After all, it is a small boon to k the privilege of trying to live, it cannot but be glory to you to help me; and if I do not make you ste your time or money, how can I hinder you?

Ask yourself how you have treated me—have I not ffered a little? Though I may have been miserably ak, have I not now a little courage? Why do the oments blind you so, that you can speak to me as ough I were a sawdust doll?

There is only one thing that I will let myself do. know that you are strong and brave, and that I can if I go with you; and I am going with you—there ply is no other alternative—for I love you! Yes, r, I saw it very plainly as I read your letter to-day.

I seem to feel very differently about it all now. I kno we *cannot* sit still and love each other—this costs n no pang. You need not love me one bit; I may simpl belong to you, we may simply belong to each othe

I see how I fall into blindness of the high thing at home. How almost impossible it is for me to d anything, while I have the earthly ties of love! I stud —but how? How is it possible to live the physical li of other people—to be sympathetic and agreeable an conciliatory, and gain anything for your own sou How is such a creature as myself to get what it want unless it goes away where there are no contrary an disturbing influences—where it has no ties, no oblig tions? The souls that have won, how did they do it- did they go alone, or did they stay in the parlor an serve tea?

Such thoughts as these would make me grovel at you feet, if need be, in an agony of prayer. The mean I cry—and you are the means! What is there fo me, then, but to beseech you to have faith in me? suppose, as yet, you have little or no cause—thoug once or twice I have risen to you, even though perha you did not know it. I am almost happy now—fo I feel that this *useless* strife is at an end, this cravin and wondering if you wish to leave me. And for a that, I despise you, too—for your blind and wanto cruelty in wishing to crush what you have create How do you expect God to value your soul, when yo so lightly value mine?

But after all, will it help me to beseech you? T thing I honor in you is your desire to be right—an I know that you will act toward me as your sense right prompts you. You will act toward me as yo feel you *must* do, to be true. Yes, be true to yoursel

ease; I am happy to trust in yourself so. If you
lieve that I will mar your life, I do not wish to go
th you. I do not know why, but I feel that something
is come to me to prevent my despair from returning;
shall take care of my soul—there *must* be something
r me in this life. I have a feeling that perhaps you
ll think I am writing this last mute acceptance of
ur will, without knowing what I am doing. But I
ow that I shall struggle without you, I shall not die.
And I wish that you would do one thing—see me as
on as you can; let it be early in the morning, and it
all be decided *on that day* whether I am to marry you
not. I shall leave you, not to see you again—or
owing that I am to be your wife. I am sick unto
ath of fuming and sighing, tears and fears.
What will you do, Thyrsis? I cannot write any
re.
I unfold the letter again. *What, in the name of God,
you going to do?*

Book IV

THE VICTIM APPROACHES

A silence had fallen upon them. She sat watchi
where the light of the sun flickered among the birch
and he had the book in his hand, and was turning t
pages idly. He read—

"I know these slopes; who knows them if not I?"

And she smiled, and quoted in return—

"Here cam'st thou in thy jocund youthful time,
Here was thine height of strength, thy golden prin
And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields."

§ 1. It was early one November afternoon, in his abin in the forest, that Thyrsis wrote the last of his instrel's songs. He had not been able to tell when would come to him, so he had made no preparations; ut when the last word was on the paper, he sprang to s feet, and strode through the snow-clad forest to e nearest farm-house. The farmer came with a agon, and Thyrsis bundled all his belongings into his unk, and took the night-train for the city.

He came like a young god, radiant and clothed in ory. All the creatures of his dreams were awake thin him, all his demons and his muses; he had but call them and they answered. There was a sound trumpets and harps in his soul all day; he was like a an half walking, half running, in the midst of a great orm of wind.

He had fought the good fight, and he had conquered. he world was at his feet, and he had no longer any ar of it. The jangling of the street-cars was music him, the roar and rush of the city stirred his pulses this was the life he had come to shape to his will!

And so he came to Corydon, glorious and irresistible. is mind was quite made up—he would take her; he as master now, he had no longer any doubts or fears. e was thrilled all through him with the thought of r; how wonderful it was at such an hour to have me one to communicate with—some one in whose

features he could see a reflection of his own exaltatio
He recollected the words of the old German poet—

"Der ist selig zu begrüssen
Der ein treues Herze weiss!"

He went to Corydon's home. In the parlor he can
upon her unannounced; and she started and stared
him as at a ghost. She did not make a sound, but
saw the pallor sweep over her face, he saw her tremb
and sway. She was like a reed shaken by the wind-
so fragile and so sensitive! He got a sudden sense
the storm of emotion that was shaking her; and
frightened him, while at the same time it thrilled hi
strangely.

He came and took her hands in his, and gently touch
her cheek with his lips. She stared at him dumbly.

"It's all right, sweetheart," he whispered. "It's
right." And she closed her eyes, and it seemed as
to breathe was all she could do.

"Come, dearest," he said. "Let us go out."

And half in a daze she put on her hat and coat, a
they went out on the street. He took her arm to stea
her.

"Well?" she asked.

"It's all right, dearest," he said.

"You got my letter?"

"Yes, I got it. And it was a wonderful letter.
couldn't have been better."

"Ah!"

"And there's no more to be said. There's no
fusing such a challenge. You shall come with me."

"But Thyrsis! Do you *want* me to come?"

"Yes," he said, "I want you."

And he felt a tremor pass through her arm. He pressed it tightly to his side. "I love you!" he whispered.

"Ah Thyrsis!" she exclaimed. "How you have tortured me!"

"Hush, dear!" he replied. "Let's not think of that. It's all past now. We are going on! You have proven your grit. You are wonderful!"

They went into the park, and sat upon a bench in the sun.

"I've finished the book!" he said. "And in a couple more days it'll be copied. I've a letter of introduction to a publisher, and he wrote me he'd read it at once."

"It seems like a dream to me," she whispered.

"We won't have to wait long after that," he said. "Everything will be clear before us."

"And what will you do in the meantime?" she asked.

"Mother wants me to stay with her," he said. "I've only got ten dollars left. But I'll get some from the publisher."

"Are you sure you can?" she asked.

"Oh, Corydon!" he cried, "you've no idea how wonderful it is—the book, I mean. You'll be amazed! It kept growing on me all the time—I got new visions of it. That was why it took me so long. I didn't dare to appreciate it, while I was doing it—I had to keep myself at work, you know; but now that it's done, I can realize it. And oh, it's a book the world will heed!"

"When can I see it, Thyrsis?"

"As soon as it's copied—the manuscript is all a scrawl. But you know the minstrel's song at the end? My Gethsemane, I called it! I found a new form for it—it's all in free verse. I didn't mean it to be that

way, but it just wrote itself; it broke through the ba and ran away with me. Oh, it marches like t thunder!"

He pulled some papers from his coat-pocket. was going over it on the train this morning," he sai "Listen!"

He read her the song, thrilling anew with the jo of its effect upon her. "Oh, Thyrsis!" she cried, i awe. "That is marvellous! Marvellous! How coul you do it?"

And yet, for all the delight she expressed, Thyrs was conscious of a chill of disappointment, of a doub lurking in the background of his mind. It was inev table, in the nature of things—how could the boo mean to any human creature what it had meant to him Seven long months he had toiled with it, he had bee through the agonies of a child-birth for it. And a other person would read it all in one day!—It was t old, old agony of the artist, who can communicate small a part of what has been in his soul.

§ 2. He wanted to talk about his book, but Cor don wanted to talk about him. She had waited so lon and suffered so much—and now at last he was her "Oh, Thyrsis!" she cried. "There's just no use my trying—I can't do anything at all without you

"You won't have to do it any more," he said. "W shall not part again."

"And you are sure you want me? You have no m doubts?"

"How could I have any doubts—after that lett Ah, that was a brave letter, Corydon! It made me thi of you as some old Viking's daughter! That is t way to go at the task!"

"And then I may feel certain!" she said.

"You may stop thinking all about it," he replied. We'll waste no more of our time—we'll put it aside nd get to work."

They spent the day wandering about in the park nd talking over their plans. "I suppose it'll be all ght now that I'm with you," said Thyrsis. "I mean, here's no great hurry about getting married."

"Oh, no!" she answered. "We dare not think of that, ntil you have money."

"How I wish we didn't have to get married!" he exaimed.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because—why should we have to get anybody else's ermission to live our lives? I've thought about it a ood deal, and it's a slave-custom, and it makes me shamed of myself."

"But don't you believe in marriage, dear?"

"I do, and I don't. I believe that a man who exposes a woman to the possibility of having a child, ught to guarantee to support the woman for a time, nd to support the child. That's obvious enough—no ne but a scoundrel would want to avoid it. But marage means so much more than that! You bind yourlf to stay together, whether love continues or whether stops; you can't part, except on some terms that ther people set down. You have to make all sorts of romises you don't intend to keep, and to go through orms you don't believe in, and it seems to me a cowardly ing to do."

"But what else can one do?" asked Corydon.

"It's quite obvious what *we* could do. We don't tend to be husband and wife; and so we could simply o away and go on with our work."

"But think of our parents, Thyrsis!"

"Yes, I know—I've thought of them. But if ever one thought of his parents, how would the world ev move?"

"But, dearest!" exclaimed Corydon, "if we didn marry, they'd simply go out of their senses!"

"I know. But then, they might threaten to go ou of their senses if we *did* marry? And would that wor also?"

"We must be sensible," said the girl. "It means s much to them, and so little to us."

"Yes, I suppose so," he answered. "But all th same, I hate it; when you once begin conforming, yo never know where you'll stop."

"*We* shall know," declared the other. "Whatever w may have to do to get married, we shall both of u know that neither would ever dream of wishing to ho the other for a moment after love had ceased. An that is the essential thing, is it not?"

"Yes," assented Thyrsis. "I suppose so."

"Well, then, we'll make that bargain between u that will be *our* marriage."

"That suits me better," he replied.

She thought for a moment, and then said, with laugh, "Let us have a little ceremony of our own."

"Very well," said he.

"Are you ready for it now?" she inquired. "Yo mind is quite made up?"

"Quite made up."

She looked about her, to make sure that no one w in sight; and then she put her hand in his. "I ha been to weddings," she said. "And so I know how th do it.—I take thee, Thyrsis, to be the companion my soul. I give myself to thee freely, for the sake

ve, and I will stay so long as thy soul is better with
e than without. But if ever this should cease to be,
will leave thee; for if my soul is weaker than thine,
have no right to be thy mate."

She paused. "Is that right?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "that is right."

"Very well then," she said; "and now, you say it!"

And she made him repeat the words—"I take thee,
orydon, to be the companion of my soul. I give my-
lf to thee freely, for the sake of love, and I will stay
long as thy soul is better with me than without. But
ever this should cease to be, I will leave thee; for
my soul is weaker than thine, I have no right to be
y mate."

"Now," she exclaimed, with an eager laugh—"now
e're married!" And as he looked he caught the glint
a tear in her eyes.

§ 3. But the world would not be content to leave
on that basis. When they parted that afternoon,
was with a carefully-arranged program of work—
ey were to visit each other on alternate days and go
with their German and music. But in less than a
ek they had run upon an obstruction; there was no
iet room for them at Corydon's save her bedroom.
d one evening when Thyrsis came, she made the an-
uncement that they could no longer study there.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Well," explained Corydon, "they say the maid might
ink it wasn't nice."

She had expected him to fly into a rage, but he only
iled grimly. "I had come to tell you the same sort
thing," he explained. "It seems you can't visit me

so often, and you're never to stay after ten o'clock a night."

"Why is that?" she inquired.

"It's a question of what the hall-boy might think, said he.

They sat gazing at each other in silence. "You see, said Thyrsis, at last, "the thing is impossible—we've got to go and get married. The world will never giv us any peace until we do."

"Nobody has any idea of what we mean!" exclaime Corydon.

"No idea whatever," he said. "They've nothing i them in anyway to correspond with it. You talk to the about souls, and they haven't any. You talk to the about love, and they think you mean obscenity. Every body is thinking obscenity about us!"

"Everybody but our parents," put in Corydon.

To which he answered, angrily, "They are thinkin of what the others are thinking."

But everybody seemed to have to think something and that was the aspect of the matter that puzzle them most. Why did everybody find it necessary t be thinking about it at all? Why did everybody con sider it his business? As Thyrsis phrased it—"Wh the hell can't they let us alone?"

"We've got to get married," said she. "That's th only way to get the best of them."

"But is that really getting the best of them?" he ob jected. "Isn't that their purpose—to make us g married?"

This was a pregnant question, but they did not fo low it up just then. They went on to the practic problem of where and when and how to accomplish the purpose.

"We can go to a court," said he.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "We'd have to meet a lot f men, and I couldn't stand it."

"But surely you don't want to go to a church!" he aid.

"Couldn't we get some clergyman to marry us uietly?"

"But then, there's a lot of rigmarole!"

"But mightn't he leave it out?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said. "They generally believe in , you see."

He decided to make an attempt, however.

"Let's go to-morrow morning," he said. "I'm going ver to have the sound-post set in my violin, and that'll ake an hour or so. Perhaps we can finish it up in the eantime."

"A good idea," said Corydon. "It'll give me to-night o tell mother and father."

§ 4. So behold them, the next morning, emerging rom the little shop of the violin-dealer, and seeking or some one to fasten them in the holy bonds of mat- mony! They were walking down a great avenue, and here were many churches—but they were all rich hurches. "I never thought about it before," said hyrsis. "But I wonder if there are any poor churches the city!"

They stopped in front of one brown-stone structure hat looked a trifle less elaborate. "It says Presby- erian," said Corydon, reading the sign. "I wonder ow *they* do it."

"I don't know," said he. "But he'd want a lot of oney, I'm sure."

"But mightn't he have a curate, or something?"

"Goose," laughed Thyrsis, "there are no Presbyterian curates!"

"Well, you know what I mean," she said—"an assistant, or an apprentice, or something."

"I don't know," said he. "Let's go and ask."

So, with much trepidation, they rang the bell of the parsonage on the side-street. But the white-capped maid who answered told them that the pastor was not in, and that there were no curates or apprentices about.

They went on.

"How much do you suppose they charge, anyway?" asked Thyrsis.

"I don't know—I think you give what you can spare. How much money have you?"

"I've got eight dollars to my name."

"Have you got it with you?"

"Yes—all of it."

"I get my twenty-five to-morrow," she added.

"Do you really get it?" he asked. "You can depend on it?"

"Oh yes—it comes the middle of each month."

"I've heard of people getting incomes from investments, and things like that, but it always seemed hard to believe. I never thought I'd meet with it in my own life."

"It's certainly very nice," said Corydon.

"Where does it come from?"

"There's a trustee of the estate who sends it. It's Mr. Hammond."

"That bald-headed man I met once?"

"Yes, he's the one. He's quite a well-known lawyer, and they say I'm fortunate to have him."

"I see," said Thyrsis. "I'll have to look into it some

day. You know you have to endow me with all your worldly goods!"

They went on down the avenue, and came to a Jewish temple with a gilded dome. "I wonder how that would do," said Corydon.

"I don't think it would do at all," said Thyrsis. "We'd surely have to believe something there."

So they went on again. And on a corner, as they stopped to look about them, a strange mood came suddenly to Thyrsis. It was as if a veil was rent before him—as if a bolt of lightning had flashed. What was he going to do? He was going to bind himself in marriage! He was going to be trapped—he, the wild thing, the young stag of the forest!

"What is it?" asked Corydon, seeing him standing motionless.

"I—I was just thinking," he said.

"What?"

"I was afraid, Corydon, I wondered if we were sure—if we realized——"

"If we *realized!*" she cried.

"You know—it'll be forever——"

"Why, Thyrsis!" she exclaimed, in horror.

And so he started, and laughed uneasily. "It was just a queer fancy that came to me," he said.

"But how *could* you!" she cried.

"Come, dearest," he said, hurriedly—"it's nothing. It seems so strange, that's all."

In the middle of the block they came to another church. "Unitarian!" he exclaimed. "Oh, maybe that's just the thing!"

And so they went in, and found a friendly clergyman, Dr. Hamilton by name, to whom they explained their plight. They answered his questions—yes, they were

both of age, and they had told their parents. Als with much stammering, Thyrsis explained that h worldly goods amounted to eight dollars.

"But—how are you going to live?" asked Dr. Ham ton.

Thyrsis was tempted to mention the masterpiece, bu he decided not to. "I'm going to earn money," h said.

"Well," responded the other, "I suppose it's a right. I'll marry you."

And so the sexton was called in for a witness, and th clergyman stood before them and made a little speec and said a prayer, and then joined their hands t gether and pronounced the spell. The two trembl just a little, but answered bravely, "I do," in the prop places, and then it was over. They shook hands wi the doctor, and promised to come hear one of his se mons; and with much trepidation they paid him tw dollars, which he in turn paid to the sexton. And th they went outside, and drew a great breath of relie "It wasn't half as bad as I expected," the bridegroo confessed.

§ 5. Thyrsis invested in a newspaper, and as th went back to get the violin they read the advertis ments of furnished rooms. In respectable neighbo hoods which they tried they found that the prices we impossible for them; but at last, upon the edge of tenement district, they found a corner flat-house, wi a saloon underneath, where there were two tiny be rooms for rent in an apartment. The woman, who w a seamstress, was away a good deal in the day, a Corydon learned with delight that she might use t piano in the parlor. The rooms were the smallest th

had ever seen, but they were clean, and the price was only fifty cents a day—a dollar and a half a week for Thyrsis' and two dollars for Corydon's, because there was a steam-radiator in it.

There was a racket of school-children and of street-cars from the avenue below, but they judged they would get used to this; and having duly satisfied the landlady that they were married, and having ascertained that she had no objection to "light housekeeping," they engaged the rooms and paid a week's rent in advance.

"That leaves us two and a half to start life on!" said Thyrsis, when they were on the street again. "Our housekeeping will be light indeed!"

They walked on, and sat down in the park to talk it over.

"It's not nearly so reckless as it would seem," he argued. "For I have to earn money for myself anyhow. And then there's the book."

"When will you hear about it?"

"I called the man up the day before yesterday. He said they were reading it."

"Have you said anything to him about money?"

"Not yet."

"Will they pay something in advance?"

"They will, I guess, if they like the story. I don't know very much about the business end of it."

"We mustn't let them take advantage of us!" exclaimed Corydon.

"No, of course not. But I hate to have to think about the money side of it. It's a cruel thing that I have to sell my inspiration."

"What else could you do?" she asked.

"It's something I've thought a great deal about," said he. "It kept forcing itself upon me all the time I

was writing. Here I am with my vision—working day and night to make something beautiful and sacred something without taint of self. And I have to take it to business-men, who will go out into the market-place and sell it to make money! It will come into competition with thousands of other books—and the publishers shouting their virtues like so many barkers at a fair I can hardly bear to think of it; I'd truly rather live in a garret all my days than see it happen. I don't want the treasures of my soul to be hawked on the streets."

"But how else could people get them?" asked Corydon.

"I would like to have a publishing-house of my own and to print my books with good paper and strong bindings that would last, and then sell them for just what they cost. So the whole thing would be consistent, and I could tell the exact truth about what I wrote. For I know the truth about my work; I've no vanities, I'd be as remorseless a critic of myself as Shelley was. I'd be willing to leave it to time for my real friends to find me out—I'd give up the department-store public to the authors who wanted it. And then, too, I could sell my books cheaply, so that the poor could get them. I always shudder to think that the people who most need what I write will have it kept away from them, because I am holding it back to make a profit!"

"We must do that some day!" declared Corydon.

"We must live very simply," he said, "so we can begin it soon. Perhaps we can do it with the money we get from this first book. We could get everything we need for a thousand dollars a year, and save the balance."

The other assented to this.

"I've got the prospectus of my publishing-house all written," Thyrsis went on. "And I've several other plans worked out—people would laugh if they saw them, I guess. But before I get through, I'm going to have a reading-room where anyone can come and get my books. It'll be down where the poor people are; and I'm going to have travelling libraries, so as to reach people in the country. That is the one hope for better things, as I see it—we must get ideas to the people!"

Thus discoursing, they strolled back to the home of Thyrsis' mother, and he went in to get his belongings together. Corydon went with him; and as they entered, the mother said, "There's an express package for you."

So Thyrsis went to his room, and saw a flat package lying on the bed. He stared at it, startled, and then picked it up and read the label upon it. "Why—why!—" he gasped; and then he seized a pair of scissors and cut the string and opened it. It was his manuscript!

With trembling fingers he turned it over. There was a letter with it, and he snatched it up. "We regret," it read, "that we cannot make you an offer for the publication of your book. Thanking you for the privilege of examining it, we are very truly yours." And that was all!

"They've rejected the book!" gasped Thyrsis; and the two stared at each other with consternation and horror in their eyes.

That was a possibility that had never occurred to Thyrsis in his wildest moment. That anyone in his senses could reject that book! That anyone could read a single chapter of it and not see what it was!

"They only had it five days!" he exclaimed; and in-

stantly an explanation flashed across his mind. "
don't believe they read it!" he cried. "I don't be
lieve they ever looked at it!"

But, read or unread, there was the manuscript—re
jected. There was no appeal from the decision; ther
was no explanation, no apology—they had simply re
jected it! It was like a blow in the face to Thyrsis
he felt like a woman whose love is spurned.

"Oh the fools! The miserable fools!" he cried.

But he could not bring much comfort to his sou
by that method. The seriousness of it remained. Th
publishing-house was one of the largest and most pros
perous in the country; and if they were fools, how man
more fools might there not be among those who stoo
between him and the public? And if so, what would h
do?

§ 6. So these two began their life under the shado
of a cloud. At the very first hour, when they shoul
have been all rapture, there had come into the chambe
of their hearts this grisly spectre—that was to haun
them for so many years!

But they clenched their hands grimly, and put th
thought aside, and moved their worldly goods to the tw
tiny rooms. When they had got their trunks in, ther
was no place to sit save on the beds; and though Cory
don had cast away all superfluities for this pilgrimag
still it was a puzzle to know where to put things.

But what of that—they were together at last! Wha
an ecstasy it was to be actually unpacking, and to b
mingling their effects! A kind of symbol it was of thei
spiritual union, so that the most commonplace thing
became touched with meaning. Thyrsis thrilled whe
the other brought in an armful of books to him—a

this wealth was to be added to his store! He owned no books himself, save a few text-books, and some volumes of poetry that he knew by heart. Other books he had borrowed all his life from libraries; and he often thought with wonder that there were people who would pay a dollar or two for a book which they did not mean to read but once!

Also there were a hundred trifles which came from Corydon's trunk, and which whispered of the intimacies of her life; the pictures she put upon her bureau, the sachet-bags that went into the drawer, the clothing she hung behind the door. It disturbed him strangely to realize how close she was to be to him from now on.

And then, the excursion to the corner-grocery, and the delight of the plunge into housekeeping! A pound of butter, and some salt and pepper, and a bunch of celery; a box of "chipped beef", and a dozen eggs, and a quart of potatoes; and then to the baker's, for rolls and sponge-cakes—did ever a grocer and a baker sell such ecstasies before? They carried it all home, and while Corydon scrubbed the celery in the bath-room, Thyrsis got out his chafing-dish and set the beef and eggs to sizzling, and they sat and sniffed the delicious odors, and meantime munched at rolls and butter, because they were so hungry they could not wait.

What an Elysian festivity they made of it! And then to think that they would have three such picnics every day! To be sure, the purchases had taken one half of Thyrsis' remaining capital; but then, was it not just that spice of danger that gave the keen edge to their delight? What was it that made the sense of snugness and intimacy in their little retreat, save the knowledge of a cold and hostile world outside?

The next morning Thyrsis took his manuscript to

another publisher, and then they went at their work. Corydon laughed aloud with delight as they began the German—for what were all its terrors now, when she had Thyrsis for a dictionary! They fairly romped through the books. In the weeks that followed they read "Werther" and "Wilhelm Meister" and "Wahlverwandschaften"; they read "Undine" and "Peter Schlemil" and the "Leben eines Taugenichts"; they read Heine's poems, and Auerbach's and Freitag's novels and Wieland's "Oberon"—is there anybody in Germany who still reads Wieland's "Oberon?" Surely there must somewhere be young couples who delight in "Der Trompeter von Sekkingen," and laugh with delight over "der Kater Hidigeigei!"

Also they went at music. Corydon had been taught to play as many "pieces" as the average American young lady; but Thyrsis had tried to persuade her to a new and desperate emprise—he insisted that there was nothing to music until one had learned to read it at sight. So now, every day when their landlady had gone out, he moved his music-stand into the little parlor, and they went at the task. Thyrsis proposed to achieve it by a *tour de force*—the way to read German was to read it, and the way to read music was to read music. He would set up a piece they had never seen before, and they would begin; and he would pound out the time with his foot, and make Corydon keep up with him—even though she was only able to get one or two notes in each bar, still she must keep up with him. At first this was agony to her—she wanted to linger and get some semblance of the music; but Thyrsis would scold and exhort and shout, and pound out the time.

And so, to Corydon's own amazement, it was not many weeks before she found that she was actually read-

ing music, that they were playing it together. In this way they learned Haydn's and Mozart's sonatas, they even adventured Beethoven's trios, with the second violin left out. Then Thyrsis subscribed to a music-library, and would come home twice a week with an armful of new stuff, good and bad. And whenever in all their struggles with it they were able to achieve anything that really moved them as music, what a rapture it brought them!

§ 7. This was indeed the nearest they could ever come to creative achievement together; this was the one field in which their abilities were equal. In all other things there were disharmonies—they came upon many reefs and shoals in these uncharted matrimonial seas.

Thyrsis was swift and impatient, and had flung away all care about external things; and here was Corydon, a woman, with all a woman's handicaps and disabilities. She was like a little field-mouse in her care of her person—she must needs scrub herself minutely every morning, and have hot water for her face every night; her hair had to be braided and her nails had to be cared for—and oh, the time it took her to get her clothes on, or even to get ready for the street! She would struggle like one possessed to accomplish it more quickly, while Thyrsis chafed and growled and agonized in the next room. There was nothing he could do meantime—for were they not going to do everything together?

Then there was another stumbling-block—the newspapers! Thyrsis had to know what was going on in the world. He had learned to read the papers and magazines like an exchange-editor; his eye would fly from column to column, and he would rip the insides out of one in two or three minutes. To Corydon it was agony

to see him do this, for it took her half an hour to read a newspaper. She besought him to read it out loud—and was powerless to understand the distress that this caused him. He stood it as long as he could, and then he took to marking in the papers the things that she needed to know; and this he continued to do religiously, until he had come to realize that Corydon never remembered anything that she read in the papers.

This was something it took him years to comprehend; there were certain portions of the ordinary human brain which simply did not exist in his wife. She had lived eighteen years in the world, and it had never occurred to her to ask how steam made an engine go, or what was the use of the little glass knobs on the telegraph-poles. And it was the same with politics and business, and with the thousand and one personalities of the hour. When these things came up, Thyrsis would patiently explain to her what she needed to know: and he would take it for granted that she would pounce upon the information and stow it away in her mind—just as he would have done in a similar case. But then, two or three weeks later, the same topic would come up, and he would see a look of sudden terror come into Corydon's eyes—she had forgotten every word of it!

He came, after a long time, to honor this ignorance. People had to bring some real credentials with them to win a place in Corydon's thoughts; it was not enough that they were conspicuous in the papers. And it was the same with facts of all sorts; science existed for Corydon only as it pointed to beauty, and history existed only as it was inspiring. They read Green's "History of the English People" in the evenings; and every now and then Corydon would have to go and

plunge her face into cold water to keep her eyes open. The long parliamentary struggle was utter confusion to her—she had no joy to watch how "freedom slowly broadens down from precedent to precedent." But once in a while there would come some story, like that of Joan of Arc—and there would be the girl, with her hands clenched, and hot tears in her eyes, and the fires of martyrdom blazing in her soul!

These were the hours which revealed to Thyrsis the treasure he had won—the creature of pure beauty whose heart was in his keeping. He was humbled and afraid before her; but the agony of it was that he could not dwell in those regions of joy with her—he had to know about stupid things and vulgar people, he had to go out among them to scramble for a living. So there had to be a side to his mind that Corydon could not share. And it did not suffice just to tolerate the existence of such things—he had to be actively interested in them, and to take their point of view. How else could he hold his place in the world, how could he win in the struggle for life?

This, he strove to persuade himself, was the one real difficulty between them, the one thing that marred the perfection of their bliss. But as time went on, he came to suspect that there was something else—something even more vital and important. It seemed to him that he had given up that which was the chief source of his power—his isolation. The center of his consciousness had been shifted outside of himself; and try as he would, he could never get it back. Where now were the hours and hours of silent brooding? Where were the long battles in his own soul? And what was to take the place of them—could conversation do it, conversation no matter how interesting and worth while?

Thyrsis had often quoted a saying of Emerson's, that "people descend to meet." And when one was married, did not one have to descend all the time?

He reasoned the matter out to himself. It was not Corydon's fault, he saw clearly; it would have been the same had he married one of the seraphim. He did not want to live the life of any seraph—he wanted to live his own life. And was it not obvious that the mere physical proximity of another person kept one's attention upon external things? Was not one inevitably kept aware of trivialities and accidents? Thyrsis had an ideal, that he should never permit an idle word to pass his lips; and now he saw how inevitably the common-place crept in upon them—how, for instance, their conversation had a way of turning to personality and jesting. Corydon was sensitive to external things, and she kept him aware of the fact that his trousers were frayed and his hair unkempt, and that other people were remarking these things.

Such was marriage; and it made all the more difference to an author, he reasoned, because an author was always at home. Thyrsis had been accustomed, when he opened his eyes in the morning, to lie still and let images and fancies come trooping through his mind; he would plan his whole day's work in that way, while his fancy was fresh and there was nothing to disturb him. But now he had to get up and dress, thus scattering these visions. In the same way, he had been wont to walk and meditate for hours; but now he never walked alone. That meant incidentally that he no longer got the exercise he needed—because Corydon could never walk at his pace. And if this was the case with such external things, how much more was it the case with the strange impulses of his inmost soul! Thyrsis was now like a

hunter, who starts a deer, and instead of putting spurs to his horse and following it, has to wait to summon a companion—and meanwhile, of course, the deer is gone!

From all this there was but one deliverance for them, and that was music. Music was their real interest, music was their religion; and if only they could go on and grow in it—if only they could acquire technique enough to live their lives in it! This would take years, of course; but they did not mind that, they were willing to work every day until they were exhausted- if only the world would give them a chance! But alas, the world did not seem to be minded that way.

§ 8. Thyrsis had waited a week, and then written the second publisher, and received a reply to the effect that at least two weeks were needed for the consideration of a manuscript. And meantime his last penny was gone, and he was living on Corydon's money. It was clear that he must earn something at once; and so he had to leave her to study and practice in her own room, while he cudgelled his brains and tormented his soul with hack-work.

He tried his verses again; but he found that the spring had dried up in him. Life was now too sombre a thing, the happy spontaneous jingles came no more. And what he did by main force of will sounded hollow and vapid to him—and must have sounded so to the editors, who sent them back.

Then he tried book-reviewing; but oh, the ghastly farce of book-reviewing! To read futile writing and sham writing of a hundred degrading varieties—and never dare to utter a truth about them! To labor instead to put one's self in the place of the school-girl

reader and the tired shop-clerk reader and the sentimental married-woman reader, and imagine what they would think about the book, and what they would like to have said about it! To take these little pieces of dishonesty to an office, and sit by trembling while they were read, and receive two dollars apiece for them if they were published, and nothing at all if one had been so lacking in cunning as to let the editor think that the book was not worth the space!

However, Thyrsis had cunning enough to earn the cost of his room and his food for two weeks more. Then one day the postman brought him a letter, the inscription of which made his heart give a throb. He ripped the envelope open and read a communication from the second publisher:

"We have been interested in your manuscript, and while we do not feel that we can undertake its publication, we should like an opportunity to talk with you about it."

"What does *that* mean?" asked Corydon, trembling.

"God knows," he answered. "I'll go and see them this morning."

When he came back, it was to sink into a chair and stare in front of him with a savage frown. "Don't ask me!" he said, to Corydon. "Don't ask!"

"Please tell me!" cried the girl. "Did you see them?"

"Yes," said Thyrsis—"I saw a fat man!"

"A *fat* man!"

"Yes—a fat man. A fat body, and a fat mind, and a fat soul."

"Please tell me, Thyrsis!"

"He said my book wouldn't sell, because the public had got tired of that sort of thing."

"That sort of thing!"

"It seems that people used to buy 'historical romances', and now they've stopped. The man actually thought my book was one of that kind!"

"I see. But then—couldn't you tell him?"

"I told him. I said, 'Can't you see that this book is original—that it's come out of a man's heart?' 'Yes,' he said, 'perhaps. But you can't expect the public to see it.' And so there you are!"

Thyrsis sat with his nails dug into his palms. "It's just like the book-reviews!" he cried. "He knows better, but that doesn't count—he's thinking about the public! And he's got to the point where he doesn't really care—he's a fat man!"

"And so he'll not publish the book?"

"He'll not have anything more to do with me. He hates me."

"*Hates* you?"

"Yes. Because I have faith, and he hasn't! Because I wouldn't stoop to the indignity he offered!"

"What did he offer?"

"He says that what the public's reading now is society novels—stories about up-to-date people who are handsome and successful and rich. They want automobiles and theatre-parties and country-clubs in their novels."

"But Thyrsis! You don't know anything about such things!"

"I know. But he said I could find out. And so I could. The point he made was that I've got passion and color—I could write a moving love-story! In other words, I could use my ecstasy to describe two society-people mating!"

There was a pause. "And what did you do with the manuscript?" asked Corydon, in a low voice.

"I took it to another publisher," he answered.

"And what are you going to do now?"

"I've been to see the editor of the 'Treasure Chest.'"

The "Treasure Chest" was a popular magazine o fiction, a copy of which Thyrsis had seen lying upo the table of their landlady. He had glanced throug the first story, and had declared to Corydon that if h had a stenographer he could talk such a story at th rate of twenty thousand words a day.

"And did the editor see you?"

"Yes. He's a big husky 'advertising man'—he look like a prize-fighter. He said if I could write, to g ahead and prove it. He pays a cent for five words— a hundred dollars for a complete serial. He pays o acceptance; and he said he'd read a scenario for m So I'm going to try it."

"What's it to be about?" asked Corydon.

"I'm going to try what they call a 'Zenda' story, said Thyrsis. "The editor says the readers of th 'Treasure Chest' haven't got tired of 'Zenda' stories.

And so Thyrsis spent the afternoon and evenin wandering about in the park; and sometime after mi night he wrote out his scenario. The advantage of "Zenda" story was that, as the adventures happene in an imaginary kingdom, there would be no need t study up "local color". As for the conventional art ficial dialect, he could get it from any of the "r mances" in the nearby circulating library. He did n dare to take the scenario the next day, but waited decent interval; and when he returned it was to r port that the story was considered to be promising, a that he was to write twenty thousand words for test.

§ 9. So Thyrsis shut himself up and went to work. Sometimes he wrote with rage seething in his heart, and sometimes with laughter on his lips. This latter was the case when he did the love-scenes—because of the "passion and color" he bestowed upon the fascinating Countess and the clever young American engineer. He could have written the twenty thousand words in three days; but he waited ten days, so that the editor might not think that he was careless. And three days later he went back for the verdict.

The editor said it was good, and that if the rest was like it he would accept the story. So Thyrsis went to work again, and finished the manuscript, and put it away until time enough had elapsed. And meanwhile came a letter from the literary head of the third publishing-house, regretting that he could not accept the book.

It was such a friendly letter that Thyrsis went to call there, and met a pleasant and rather fine-souled gentleman, Mr. Ardsley by name, who told him a little about the problems he faced in life.

"You have a fine talent," he said—"you may even have genius. Your book is obviously sincere—it's *vêcu*, as the French say. I suspect you must have been in love when you wrote it."

"In a way," said Thyrsis, flushing slightly. He had not intended that to show.

The other smiled. "It's overwrought in places," he went on, "and it tends to incoherency. But the main trouble is that it's entirely over the heads of the public. They don't know anything about the kind of love you're interested in, and they'd laugh at it."

"But then, what am I to do?" cried Thyrsis.

"You'll simply have to keep on trying, till you hap pen to strike it."

"But—how am I to live?"

"Ah," said Mr. Ardsley, "that is the problem." H smiled, rather sadly, as he sat watching the lad. "Yo see how *I've* solved it," he went on. "I was young onc myself, and I tried to write novels. And in those day I blamed the publishers—I thought they stood in m way. But now, I see how it is; a publisher is engage in a highly competitive business, and he barely mak interest on his capital; he can't afford to publish book that won't pay their way. Here am I, for instance— it's my business to advise this house; and if I advi them wrongly, what becomes of me? If I take the your manuscript and say, 'It's a real piece of work they'll ask me, 'Will it pay its way?' And I have answer them, 'I don't think it will.'"

"But such things as they publish!" exclaimed t boy, wildly.

And Mr. Ardsley smiled again. "Yes," he said. "B they pay their way. In fact, they save the business

So Thyrsis went out. He saw quite clearly now t simple truth—it was not a matter of art at all, b a matter of business. It was a business-world, and n an art-world; and he—poor fool—was trying to an artist!

For three days more he toiled at his pot-boiler; a then, late at night, he went out to get some fresh a and to try to shake off the load of despair that w upon him. And so came the explosion.

Perhaps it was because the wind was blowing, a Thyrsis loved the wind; it was a mirror of his o soul to him, incessant and irresistible and mysterio And so his demons awoke again. He had gone throu

ll that labor, he had built up all that glory in his pirit—and it was all for naught! He had made him- lf a flame of desire—and now it was to be smothered nd stifled!

He had written his book, and it was a great book, nd they knew it. But all they told him was to go and rite another book—and to do pot-boilers in the mean- me! But that was impossible, he could not do it. [e would win with the book he had written! He would ake them hear him—he would make them read that ook!

He began to compose a manifesto to the world; and wards morning he came home and shut himself in and rote it. He called it "Business and Art;" and in it told about his book, and how he had worked over it. e told, quite frankly, what the book was; and he asked there was anywhere in the United States a publisher ho published books because they were noble, and not cause they sold; or if there was a critic, or book- ver, or philanthropist, or a person of any sort, who uld stand by a true artist. "This artist will work ll day and nearly all night," he wrote, "and he wants ss than the wages of a day-laborer. All else that ever mes to him in his life he will give for a chance to llow his career!"

Then Corydon awoke, and he read it to her. She tened, thrilling with amazement.

"Oh, Thyrsis!" she cried. "What are you going to with it?"

"I'm going to have it printed," he said, "and send to all the publishers; and also to literary men and magazines."

"And are you going to sign your name to it?" she ied.

"I've already signed my name to it," he answered.

"And when are you going to do it?"

"As soon as the book comes back from the nex publisher."

Then he sat down to breakfast; and afterwards without resting, he finished the pot-boiler, and took i to the editor. After a due interval he went again trembling and faint with anxiety. He had sold onl one book-review, and he was using Corydon's mone again. People who hated him had predicted that h would do just that, and he had answered that he woul die first!

He came home, radiant with delight. "He says he' take it!" he proclaimed. "Only I've got to do a ne ending for the fourth installment—he wants somethin more exciting. So I'm going to have the countes caught in a burning tower!"

And he wrote that, and went yet again, and can home with a hundred dollars buttoned tightly in h inside vest-pocket. He was like a man who has e caped from a dungeon. The field was clear before hi at last! His manifesto was going out to the world!

Book V

THE BAIT IS SEIZED

They sat, gazing down the slope of the little val
She was turning idly the pages of the book, and sh
read to him—

"*Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-night!—*
Only, methinks, some loss of habit's power
Befalls me wandering through this upland dim.
Once pass'd I blindfold here, at any hour;
Now seldom come I, since I came with him."

"*It was here we first read the poem,*" *he sai*
"*Every spot brings back some line of it.*"
"*Even the old oak-tree where we used to sit,*" *sh*
smiled——
"*Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our tree is there!*"

§ 1. Thyrsis was half hoping that the next pub-sher would decline the manuscript; and he was only ildly stirred when he got a letter saying that although ıe publisher could not make an offer for the book, ıe of his readers was so much interested in it that e would like to have a talk with the author. Thyrsis eplied that he was willing; and to his surprise he arned that the reader was none other than that Prof. sborne, who in the university had impressed upon m his ignorance of the art of writing.

He paid a call at the professor's home, and they ıd a long talk. There was nothing said about their ormer interview. Evidently the other recognized that hyrsis had succeeded in making good his claim to e allowed to hew his own way; and Thyrsis was content ith that tacit surrender.

They talked about the book. The professor first sured him that it would not sell, and then went on explain to him why; and so they came to a grapple. "The thing is sincere, perhaps even exalted," said rof. Osborne; "but it's overstrained and exaggerated."

"But isn't it alive?" asked Thyrsis.

The other pondered; he always spoke deliberately, ıoosing his words with precision. "Some people might ink so," he said. "For myself, I have never known ıy such life."

"But what's that got to do with it?" cried Thyrsis.

"It has much to do with it—for me. One has to ıdge by what one knows——"

"But can't one be taught?"

The professor meditated again. "I have lived forty five years," he said, "and you have lived less than hal that. I imagine that I have read more, studied more thought more than you. Yet you ask me to submi myself to your teaching!"

"No, no!" cried Thyrsis, eagerly. "It is not as i it were a matter of learning—of scholarship—of knowl edge of the world. There is an intensity of experienc that is not dependent upon time; in the things of th imagination—in matters of inspiration—surely on does not have to be old or learned."

"That might be true," admitted the other, hesitat ingly.

"You read the poetry of Keats or Shelley, for in stance. They were as young as I am when they wrot it, and yet you do not refuse to acknowledge its worth Is it just because they are dead, and their poems ar classics?"

So these two wrestled it out. Thyrsis could brin the other to the point of acknowledging that ther might be genius in his work, but he could not brin him to the point of *doing* anything about it. The poe went away, seeing the situation quite clearly. Pro Osborne was an instructor; it was his business to know and if he should abdicate before one of his pupil then what would become of authority? He had certai models, which he set before his class; these models con stituted literature. If anyone might disregard the and proceed to create new models according to his ow lawless impulse—then what anarchy would reign in classroom! Under such circumstances, it was remark able that the professor had even been willing to adm of doubts; as Thyrsis walked home he clenched h

ands and whispered to himself, "I'll get that man some ay!"

§ 2. The road now lay clear before Thyrsis, and ccordingly he set grimly to work. He had his docuent printed upon a long slip of paper, and got sevral packages for Corydon to address. And one evening ney took them out and dropped them into the mailox. "And now we'll see!" he said.

They soon saw. When he came in for lunch the next ay, Corydon came to the door, in great excitement. S-sh!" she whispered. "There's a reporter here!"

"A reporter!" he echoed.

"Yes—a woman."

"What does she want?"

"She wants an interview about the book."

"Where is she from?"

"She's from the 'Morning Howl'. She's read the ircular."

"But I never sent it there!"

"I know; but she says a friend gave it to her. She nows all about it."

So Thyrsis went in, like a lamb to the slaughter. He was new to interviews, and he yielded to the graces f the friendly and sympathetic lady. Yes, he would e glad to tell about his book; and about where and ow he had written it, and all the hopes he had based pon it.

"And your wife tells me you've just been married!" aid the lady, with a winning smile, and she proceeded o question him about this. They had become good riends by that time, and Thyrsis told her many things hat he would not have told save to a charming lady. And then she asked for his picture, explaining that she

could give so much more space to the "story" if she had one. And then she begged for a picture of Corydon, and was deeply hurt that she could not have it.

She prolonged the interview for an hour or so, and came back again and again in the effort to get this picture of Corydon. Finally she rose to go; but out in the hall, as she was bidding them good-bye, she suddenly exclaimed that she had left her gloves, and went back and got them, and then hurried away. And it was not until an hour or two later that Thyrsis made the horrible discovery that the photograph of Corydon which had stood upon his bureau was standing upon his bureau no longer!

So next morning, there were their two photographs upon the second page of the 'Morning Howl', and a two-column headline:

"Youthful Genius Offers Himself for Sale!"

Thyrsis rushed through this article, writhing with horror and dismay. The woman had made him into what they called a "human interest" feature. There was very little about his book, but there was much about the picturesque circumstances under which he had written it. There was a description of their personal appearance—of Corydon's sweet face and soulful black eyes, and of his broad forehead and sensitive lips. There was also a complete description of their domestic *ménage*, including the chafing-dish and the odor of lamb-chops. There was a highly diverting account of how they had "eloped" with only eight dollars in the world; together with all the agonies of their parents as imagined by the sympathetic lady.

They had been butchered to make a holiday for the

eaders of a yellow journal! "This is a wonderfully nteresting world," the paper seemed to say—"well vorth the penny it costs to read about it! Here on the rst page is Antonio Petronelli, who cut up his sweet-eart with a butcher-knife, and packed her in a trunk. And here are seven people burned in a tenement-house; nd an interview with Shrike, the plunger, who made hree millions out of the wheat-corner. But most di-erting of all are these two little cherubs who ran away nd got married, and now want the world to support hem while they write masterpieces of literature!"

And could not one see the great public devouring the ale—the Wall Street clerks in the cars, and the shop-irls over their sandwiches and coffee, and the loungers n the cafés of the Tenderloin! Could not one picture heir smiles—not contemptuous, but genial, as of people vho have learned that it is indeed an interesting world, nd well worth the penny it costs to read about it!

§ 3. Corydon shed tears of rage over this humilia-ion, and she wrote a letter full of bitter scorn to the ewspaper woman. In reply to it came a friendly note o the effect that she had done the best thing in the vorld for them—that when they knew more about life nd the literary game, they would recognize this!

The tangible results of the adventure were three. 'irst there came a letter, written on scented note-paper, rom a lady who commended their noble ideals and ished them success—but who did not sign her name. econd, there came a visit from a brother poet—a an about forty years of age, shabby and pitiful, with atery, light blue eyes and a feeble straggly moustache, nd a manner of agonized diffidence. He stood in the oorway and shifted from one foot to the other, and

explained that he had read the article, and had come because he, too, was an unrecognized genius. He had written two volumes of poetry, which were the greatest poetry ever produced in English—Milton and Shakespeare would be forgotten when the world had read these volumes. For ten years he had been trying to find some publisher or literary man to recognize him; and perhaps Thyrsis would be the man.

He came in and sat on the bed and unwrapped his two volumes—several hundred typewritten pages, elaborately bound up in covers of faded pink silk. And Thyrsis read one and Corydon the other, while the poet sat by and watched them and twisted his hands nervously. His poetry was all about stars and blue-bells and moonlight, about springtime and sighing lovers about cold, rain-beaten graves and faded leaves of autumn—the subjects and the images which have been the stock in trade of minor poets for two thousand years and more. Thyrsis, as he read, could have marked fifty phrases which were feeble imitations of things in Tennyson and Longfellow and Keats; and he read for half an hour, in the vain hope of finding a single vigorous line.

This interview was a very painful one. He could not bear to hurt the poor creature's feelings, and he did not know how to get rid of him. The matter was made still more difficult by the presence of Corydon, who did not know the models, and therefore thought the poetry was good. She let the visitor go on to pour out his heart; until at last came a climax that Thyrsis had been expecting all along. The man explained that he was a bookkeeper, out of work, and with a wife and three children on the verge of starvation; and then he tried to borrow some money from them!

The third result was the important one. It was letter from a publishing-house.

"We are on the lookout for vital and worth-while ooks," it read, "and we are not afraid to venture. Ve have been much interested in the account of your ork, and we should be very glad if you would give s a chance to read it immediately."

Thyrsis had never heard of this publishing-house, ut that did not chill his delight. He hurried down-own with the manuscript, and came back to report. 'he concern was lodged in two small rooms in an ob-cure office-building. The manager, a Mr. Taylor, as a man not particularly prepossessing in appear-nce, but he was a person of intelligence, and was evi-ently interested in the book. Moreover he had romised to read it at once.

And that same week came the reply—a reply which et the two almost beside themselves with happiness. I have read your manuscript," wrote Mr. Taylor. And I have no hesitation in pronouncing it a work of enius. In fact, I am not sure but what it is the reatest piece of literature it has ever been my fortune s a publisher to come upon. It is vital, and passion-tely sincere, and I will stake my reputation upon the rophecy that it will be an instantaneous success. I ope that we may become the publishers of it, and will e glad if you will come to see me at once and talk ver terms."

Thyrsis read this aloud; and then he caught Corydon i his arms, and tears of joy and relief ran down her heeks.

He went to see the publisher, and for ten or fifteen inutes he listened to such a panegyric upon his book s made his cheeks burn. Visions of freedom and

triumph rose before him—he had come into his own at last! And then Mr. Taylor proceeded to outline his business proposition—and as Thyrsis realized the nature of it, it was as if he had been suddenly plunged into an Arctic sea. The man wanted him to pay one-half the cost of the plates of his book, and in addition to guarantee to take one hundred copies at the wholesale price of ninety cents per copy!

"Is that—is that customary in publishing?" asked the other.

"Not always," Mr. Taylor replied; "but it is our custom. You see, we are an unusual sort of publishing-house. We do not run after the best-sellers and the trash—we publish real books, books with a mission and a message for the world. And we advertise them widely—we make the world heed them; and so we feel justified in asking the author to help us with a part of the expense. We pay ten per cent. royalty, of course, and in addition the author has the hundred copies of his book, which he can sell to friends and others if he wishes."

"What would it cost for my book?" Thyrsis asked.

And the man figured it up and told him it could be done for about two hundred and fifty dollars. "I'll make it two hundred and twenty-five to you," he said—"just because of my interest in your future."

But Thyrsis only shook his head sadly. "I wish I could do it," he said, "but I simply haven't the money—that's all."

And so he took his departure, and carried his manuscript to another publisher, and then went home, crushed and sick.

§ 4. But the more Thyrsis thought of this plan, the more it came to possess him. If he could only get

that book printed, it could not fail to make its impression! He had thought many times in his desperation of trying to publish it himself; and if he did that, he would have to pay the cost of the plates, of the printing and everything; whereas by this method he could get it for much less, and would have a hundred copies which he could send to critics and men of letters, in order to make certain of the book's being read.

When the manuscript came back from the next publisher, with a formal note of rejection, Thyrsis made up his mind that he would concentrate his efforts upon this plan. So he got down to another pot-boiler.

An old sea-captain had told him a story of some American college boys who had stolen a sacred idol in China. Thyrsis saw a plot in that, and the editor of the "Treasure Chest" considered it a "bully" idea. So he toiled day and night for a couple more weeks, and earned another hundred dollars. And then he did something he had never done in his life before—he went to some relatives to beg. He pleaded how hard he had worked, and what a chance he had; he would pay back the money out of the first royalties from the book—which could not possibly fail to earn the hundred dollars he asked for.

Besides this, he had some money left from his first story; and so he went to Mr. Taylor, who was affable and enthusiastic as ever, and paid his money and signed the contracts. He was told that his book would be ready for the spring-trade; which meant that he would have to possess his soul in patience for three months. Meantime he had forty dollars left—upon which he figured that he could have eight weeks of uninterrupted study.

But alas, for the best-laid plans of men! It was on a Tuesday morning that he paid out his precious two

hundred and twenty-five dollars; and on the next Thursday morning, as he was glancing through the newspapers, he gave a cry of dismay.

"Corydon," he called. "What's the name of that lawyer, your trustee?"

"John C. Hammond," she replied.

"He shot himself in his office yesterday!" exclaimed Thyrsis; and he read her the account, which stated that Hammond had been speculating, and was believed to have lost heavily in the recent slump in cotton.

Corydon was staring at him with terror in her eyes. "What does it mean?" she cried.

"I don't know," said Thyrsis. "We'll have to inquire!"

They went out and telephoned to Corydon's father, and Thyrsis got hold of a college friend, a lawyer, and the four went to the office of the dead man. It was weeks before they became sure of the whole sickening truth, but they learned enough on that first day to make them fairly certain. John C. Hammond had got rid of everything—not only his own funds, but the funds belonging to the eight or ten heirs of the estate. The house in which he lived and everything in it was held in the name of his wife; and so there was not a penny to pay Corydon her four thousand dollars!

The girl was almost prostrated with misery; she vowed that she would go back to her parents, that she would go to work in an office. And poor Thyrsis could only hold her in his arms and whisper, "It doesn't matter, dear—it doesn't matter! The book will be out in the spring, and I can do pot-boilers for two!"

§ 5. But in the small hours of the night Thyrsis lay awake in his little room, and the soul within him was

sick with horror. He was trapped—there was no use trying to dodge the fact, he was trapped! His powers were waning hour by hour, his vision was dying within him; every day he knew that he was weaker, that the grip of circumstance was tighter upon him. Ah, the hideous cruelty of the thing—it was like a murder in the night-time, like a torturing in some secret dungeon! He was burning up with his inward fires—there was a new book coming to ripeness within him, a book that would be greater even than his first one. And he could not write it, he could not even think about it! And there was the soul of Corydon calling to him, there were all the heights of music and poetry—and instead of climbing, he must torture his brain with hack-writing! He must go down to the editors, and fawn and cringe, and try to get books to review; he must study the imbecilities of the magazines and watch out for topics for articles; he must rack his brains for jokes and jingles—he, the master of life, the bearer of a new religion, the proud, high-soaring eagle, whose foot had never known a chain!

When such thoughts came to him, he would dig his nails into the palms of his hands, he would grit his teeth and curse the world. No, they should not conquer him! They should never bend him to their will! They might starve him, they might kill him—they might kill Corydon, also, but he would never give up! He would fight, and fight again, he would struggle to the last gasp—he would do his work, though all the powers of hell rose up to stop him!

One thing became clear to him that night, they could not afford two rooms. They must get along with one, and with the dollar and a half one at that. The steam-radiator had proved a farce, anyway—there was never

any steam, and they had had to use gas-heaters. And now, what things Corydon could not get into his room, she would have to send back to her parents. The cost of the other room was the price of a book-review, and that sometimes meant a whole day of his precious time.

He talked it over with his wife, and she agreed with him. And so they underwent the humiliation of telling their landlady, and they obtained permission to keep Corydon's trunk in the hall, as there was no place for it in the tiny room. Such things as would not go upon the little dressing-stand, or hang behind the door, they put into boxes and shoved under the bed. And now when midnight came, Thyrsis would go out for a walk while Corydon went to bed; and then he would come in and make his own bed upon the floor, with a quilt which the landlady had given them, and a pair of blankets they had borrowed from home, and his overcoat and some of Corydon's skirts when it was cold. Sometimes it would be very cold, and then he would have to sleep in his clothing; for there was no room save directly under the window, and they would not sleep with the window down. In the morning Corydon would turn her face to the wall while Thyrsis washed and dressed; and then he would go out and walk, while she took her turn.

And so he parted with the last shred of his isolation. He had to do all his work now with his wife in the room with him. And though she would sit as still as a mouse for hours, still he could not think as before; also, when she was worn out at night, he had to stop work and let her sleep. Under such circumstances it was small wonder that he was sometimes nervous and irritable; and, of course, there could be nothing hid between

them, and when he was out of sorts, Corydon would be plunged into a bottomless pit of melancholy.

Then the strain and worry, and the night and day toil, began to have effects upon their health. Thyrsis had a strong constitution, but now he began to have headaches, and sometimes, if he worked on doggedly, they grew severe. He blamed this upon their heater; he knew little about hygiene, but he had studied physics, and he knew that a gas-heater devitalized the air. They had tried living in the room without heat, but in mid-winter they could not stand it. So on moderate days they would sit with the window up and their overcoats on; and when it was too cold for this, they would burn the heater for an hour or so, and when they began to feel the effects of the poisons, they would go out and walk for a while and let the room air.

But then again, Thyrsis wondered if the headaches might not be due to the food he was eating. They were anxious to economize on food; but they did not know just how to set about it. Thyrsis had read the world's literature in English, French and German, in Italian, Latin and Greek; but in none of that reading had he found anything about the care of his own body. Such subjects had not been taught at school or college or university, and he knew of no books about them. Both he and Corydon had come from families which had the traditions of luxurious living, brought down from old days when there were plenty of negro servants, and when the ladies had been skilled in baking and preserving, and the men with chafing-dish and punch-bowl. At his grandfather's table Thyrsis had been wont to see a great platter of fried chicken at one end, and a roast beef at the other, and a cold ham on a side table; and he had hot bread three times a

day, and cake and jam and ice-cream—and he had been taught to believe that such things were needed to keep up one's working-powers.

But now he had read how Thoreau had lived upon corn-meal mush; and he and Corydon resolved to patronize the less expensive foods. The price of meat and eggs and butter in the winter-time was in truth appalling; so they would buy potatoes and rice and corn-meal and prunes and turnips. They paid the landlady for the use of her gas-range, and would cook a sauce-pan full of some one of these things, and fill up with it three times a day. Then, at intervals, some one would invite them out to dinner; and because they were under-nourished they would gorge themselves—which was evidently not an ideal method of procedure. So in the end Thyrsis made up his mind to consult a physician about it; and this was a visit he never forgot—for it led directly to the most momentous events of his whole lifetime.

§ 6. The doctor announced that he had a little dyspepsia, and gave him a bottle full of a red liquid that would digest his food. Also he warned him to eat slowly and to rest after meals. And Thyrsis, after thanking him, had started to go; when the doctor, who was an old friend of both families, asked the question, "How is Corydon?"

"She's pretty well," said Thyrsis.

"And are you expecting any children yet?" asked the other, with a smile.

Thyrsis started. "Heavens, no!" he said.

"Why not?" asked the doctor.

"We aren't going to have any."

"But why? Are you preventing it?"

Thyrsis hesitated a moment. "We're not living that way," he said.

The doctor stared at him. "Come here, boy," he said, "and sit down."

Thyrsis obeyed.

"Now tell me what you mean," said the other.

"I mean that we—we're just brother and sister," said Thyrsis.

"But—why did you get married?"

"We got married because we wanted to study."

"To study what?"

"Well, everything—music, principally."

"And how long do you expect to keep that up?"

"Oh, for a good many years—until we've accomplished something, and until we've got some money."

And the doctor sank back and drew his breath. "I don't wonder your stomach's out of order!" he said.

"What do you mean?" asked Thyrsis.

But the man did not answer that question. Instead he asked, "Don't you realize what you'll do to Corydon?"

"What?"

"You'll wreck her whole life—her health, to begin with."

"But how, doctor? She's perfectly happy. It's what we both want to do."

"But doesn't she love you?"

"Why, yes—but not that way."

The doctor smiled. "How do you know?" he asked.

"Because—she's told me so."

"And if it was otherwise—do you think she'd tell you that?"

"Why, of course she would."

"My boy," said the man, "she'd die first!"

Thyrsis was staring at him, amazed.

"Let me tell you a little about a good woman," said the other. "I've been married for thirty years—really married, I mean; we've got five children. And in all those thirty years my wife has never made an advance of that sort to me!"

After which the doctor went on to expound his philosophy of sex. "Love is just a little thing to you," he said; "you've got your books and your career. And you want it to be the same with Corydon—you've succeeded in persuading her that that's what she wants also. You're going to make her a copy of yourself. But you simply can't do it, boy—she's a woman. And a woman's one interest in the world is love—it's everything in life to her, the thing she's made for. And if you deprive her of love, whole love, I mean, you wreck her entirely. Just now is the time when she ought to be having her children, if she's ever to have any—and you're trying to satisfy her with music and philosophy!"

"But," cried Thyrsis, horrified, "I know she doesn't feel that way at all!"

"Maybe not," said the other. "Her eyes are not opened. It's your business to open them. What are you a man for?"

"But—she's all right as she is——"

"Isn't she nervous?"

"Why, yes—perhaps——"

"Isn't she sometimes melancholy? And doesn't she like you to kiss her? Doesn't she show she's happy when you hold her in your arms."

Thyrsis sat mute.

"You see!" said the other, laughing. "The girl is in love with you, and you haven't sense enough to know it."

Again Thyrsis could find no words. "But if we had a child it would ruin us!" he cried, wildly. "I've not a cent, and my whole career's at stake!"

"Well," said the other, "if it's as bad as that, don't have any children yet."

"But—but how *can* we?"

"Don't you know how to control it?"

Thyrsis was staring at him, open-eyed. "Why, no!" he said.

"Good lord!" laughed the other. "Where have you been keeping yourself?"

And then the doctor proceeded to explain to him the "artificial sterilization of marriage." No whisper of such a thing had ever come to the boy before, and he could hardly credit his ears. But the doctor spoke of it as a man of the world, to whom it was a matter of course; he went into detail as to the various methods that people used. And when finally Thyrsis rose to leave he patted him indulgently on the shoulder, and laughed, "Go home to your wife, my boy!"

§ 7. The effect of this conversation upon Thyrsis was alarming to him. At first he tried to put the thing aside, as being something utterly inconceivable between him and Corydon. But it would not be put aside.

The doctor had planted his seed with cunning. If he had told Thyrsis that he was doing harm to himself, Thyrsis would have said that it was not true, and stood by it; for he knew about himself. But the man had made his statements about Corydon—and how could he be sure about Corydon?

The crucial point was that it set him to thinking about her in this new way; a way which he had not dreamed of previously. And when once he had begun

to think about her so, he found he could not stop. Fo hitherto in his life, whenever he had thought of passion it had been as a temptation; he had known that it wa wrong, and all that was best in him had risen up t oppose it. But now all that was changed—the imag of Corydon the doctor had called up was one tha broke down all resistance, and left him at the merc of his impulses.

These impulses awoke—and with a suddenness an force that terrified him. He thought of her as hi wife, and this thought was like a rush of flame upo him. His manhood leaped up, and cried aloud for it rights. He discovered, almost instantly, that he love her thus, that he desired her completely. This wa true now, and it had been true from the beginning; h had been a fool to try to persuade himself otherwis What else had been the meaning of the passionate pro tests in his letters to her? Of the images he had used— of carrying her away in his arms, of breaking her t his will? And she loved him, too—she desired him com pletely! Why else had it been that those passage were precisely the ones that satisfied her? Why wa it that she was always most filled with joy when he wa aggressive and masterful?

Ah God, what an inhuman life it was they had bee living all these months! In that inevitable proximity— shut up in a little room! And with the most intima details of her life about him—with her kisses alway upon his lips, her arms always about him, the subt perfume of her presence always in his senses! W it any wonder that they were nervous and restless— always sinking into tenderness, and exchanging endea ments, and then starting up to scourge themselves?

He went home, and there was Corydon preparir

supper. He went to her and caught her in his arms and kissed her. "I love you, sweetheart!" he whispered. And as she yielded to his embraces, he kissed her again and again, upon her lips and upon her cheeks and upon her neck. Ah, she loved him—else how could she let him kiss her like that!

But it was not so quickly that the inhibitions of a lifetime could be overcome. A sudden fear took hold of Thyrsis. What was he doing? No, she must have no idea of this—at least not until he had reasoned it out, until he had made up his mind that it was right.

So he drew back—and as he did so he noticed in her eyes a look of surprise. He did not often greet her in that way!

"I'm hungry as a bear," he said, to change the subject; and so they sat down to their supper.

Thyrsis had important writing to do that evening, and he tried his best, but he could not put his mind upon anything. He was all in a ferment. He pleaded that he had to think about his work, and went out for a long walk.

A storm was raging, and the icy gale beat upon him. It buffeted him, it flung him here and there; and he set himself to fight it, he drove his way through it, lusty and exultant. And music surged within him, lusty and exultant music. All the pent-up passion of his lifetime awoke in him, the blood ran hot in his veins; from some hidden portion of his being came wave after wave of emotion, sweeping him away—and he spread his wings to it, he rose to the heights upon it, he laughed and sang aloud in the glory of it. He had known such hours in his own soul's life, but never anything like it with Corydon. He cried out, what a child he had been! He had taken her, he had sought

to shape her to his will; and he had failed, she was not yet his—and all because he had left unused the one great power he had over her, the one great hold he had upon her. But now it would be changed—she should have him! And as he battled on with the elements there came to him Goethe's poem of passion:

"Dem Schnee, dem Regen,
Dem Wind entgegen!"

§ 8. So for hours he went. But when he had come home, and stood in the vestibule, stamping the snow from him, there came a reaction. It was Corydon he had been thinking of—Corydon, the gentle and innocent! How could he say such things to her? How could he hint of them? Why, he would fill her with terror. It was not to be thought of!

He went upstairs, and found that she was asleep. So he crept into his little bunk; but sleep would not come to him. The image of her haunted him. He listened to her breathing—he was as close to her as that, and still she was not his!

It was nearly day before he slept, and so he awoke tired and restless. And then came rage at himself—he went out and walked again, and stormed and scolded. He would not permit this, he had work to do. And he made up his mind that he would not allow himself to think about the matter for three days. By that time the truth would be clearer to him; and he meant to settle this question with his reason, and not with his blind desire.

He adhered to his resolution firmly. But when the three days were past, and he tried to think about it it was only to be swept away in another storm of emo-

tion. It seemed that the more tightly he pent this river up, the fiercer was its rush when finally it broke loose. For always his will was paralyzed by that suggestion that he might be doing harm to Corydon!

At last he made up his mind that he must speak to her; and one afternoon he came and knelt beside her and put his arms about her. "Sweetheart," he said, "I've something to ask you about."

Now to Corydon the mind of Thyrsis was like an open book. For days she had known that something was disturbing him. But also she had known that he was not ready to tell her. "What is it?" she asked.

"It's something very important," he said.

"Yes, dear."

"You know, I went to see the doctor the other day."

"Yes."

"And he told me — he thinks we are doing each other harm by the way we are living."

"What way, Thyrsis?"

"By not being really married. He says you are suffering because of it."

"But Thyrsis!" she cried, in astonishment. "I'm not!"

"He says you wouldn't know it, Corydon. It would keep you nervous and upset."

"But dear," she said, "I'm perfectly happy!"

"Are you sure of it?"

"Perfectly sure."

"And — and if it was ever otherwise — you would tell me?"

"Why, yes."

"And are you sure of *that*?"

She hesitated; and when she tried to answer, her voice was a whisper — "I think so, dear."

There was a pause. "Thyrsis," she exclaimed, suddenly, "I would have a child!"

"No, you needn't," he said; and he told her what the doctor had said.

It was quite as new to her as it had been to him, and even more startling. "I see," she said, in a low voice.

"Listen, Corydon," he whispered, "do you think you love me at all that way?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I never thought of such a thing."

"Do you think you could learn to love me so?"

"How can I tell, Thyrsis? It's so strange to me. It —it frightens me."

He looked up at her; and he saw that a flush was mottling her throat, and spreading over her cheeks. He saw the wild look in her eyes also; and he turned away.

"Very well, dearest," he said. "I don't want to disturb you."

So he tried to go back to his work. But he could not do his real work at all. He could practice the violin or read German with Corydon, but when he tried to plan his new book—that involved turning his thought loose to graze in a certain pasture, and they would not stay in that pasture, but jumped the fence and came back to her. And so he found himself taking more long journeys, in which he walked in the midst of the storm of his desire.

So, of course, all the former naturalness was gone between them. No longer could they kiss and toy with one another as children in a fairy-world. They had suddenly become man and woman—fighting the age-long duel of sex. They would talk about the question, and the more they talked about it, the more it came

to dominate the thoughts of both of them; and this broke down the barriers between them—Thyrsis became bolder, and more open in his speech. He lost his awe of her maidenhood and her innocence—he wooed her, he lured her on; he rejoiced in his power to agitate her, to startle her, to speak to her about secret things. He would clasp her in his arms and shower his kisses upon her; and she would yield to him, almost fainting with bliss—and then shrink from him in sudden alarm.

Then he would go out into the night and battle again with the wintry winds. That frightened shrinking of hers puzzled him. Everything was so strange to him; and how could he be sure what was right? He wanted to do what was right, with all his soul he wanted it; if he were to do wrong, or to make her think less of him, he could never forgive himself all his life. But then would come the wild surge of his longing, and his man's power would cry out within him. It was his business to overcome her shrinking, to compel her to yield. The question of the doctor rang in his ears as a taunt—"Why are you a man?" Why *was* he a man?

§ 9. In the end these emotions reached a point where Thyrsis could no longer bear them. They were a torment to him, they deprived him of all rest and sleep. One afternoon he had held her a long time in his arms, and it hurt him; he turned away, and put his hands to his forehead. "Dearest," he cried, "I can't stand this any longer!"

"Why?" she asked. "What do you mean?"

"I mean it's just tearing me to pieces!"

She stared at him in fright. "Thyrsis!" she exclaimed. "You are unhappy!"

He sunk down upon the bed and hid his face in hi arms. "Yes," he whispered, "I am unhappy!"

And so, all at once, he broke down her resistance What had swayed him had been the thought of her suf fering; and the thought of his suffering now conquered her.

Only she did not take days to debate it. She fle to him instantly, and wrapped her arms about him.

"Thyrsis," she whispered, "listen to me! I had n idea of that!"

"No, sweetheart," he said. "I'm sorry—I'm ashame of myself——"

"No, no!" she cried, vehemently. "Don't say that I love you, Thyrsis! I love you, heart and soul!"

He turned and gazed at her with his haggard eyes

"I will do anything for you," she rushed on. "You shall have me! I will be your wife!"

Then, however, as he clasped her to him, there cam once more the shrinking. "Only give me a little time dear," she whispered. "Let me get used to it. Let i come naturally."

But the only way he could have given her time woul have been to go away. Here he was, in her room—with every reminder of her about him, with every incitemen to his desire. And he had but two things to choos between—to go out and walk and think about her, or t come home and sit with her and talk about their love

They had their supper, and then again she was in hi arms. He told her about this trouble—he showed how the love of her was consuming him. Far into the night they sat talking, and he poured out his heart to her he bore her with him to the mountain-tops of his de sire. He took down a book of Spenser's, and read he the "Epithalamium"; he read her Shelley's "Epip

sychidion," which they both loved. All the power of Thyrsis' genius was turned now to passion, and the hidden forces of him were revealed as never had they been revealed to her before. He became eloquent; he talked to her as he had lived with himself; he awed her and frightened her, as he had that evening upon the hill-top. Then at last, as the tide of his feeling swept him away again, he clasped her to him tightly, and hid his face in her neck. "I love you! Oh, I love you!" he cried.

She had sunk back and closed her eyes. "My Thyrsis!" she whispered.

"You love me?" he asked. "You are quite sure?"

"I am quite sure!" she said.

He kissed her; again and again he kissed her, until he had made sure of her desire. Then suddenly, he began with trembling fingers to unfasten the neck of her dress.

For a moment she did not comprehend what he meant. Then she gave a start. "Thyrsis!" she cried.

And she sprang up, staring at him with fright in her eyes.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Thyrsis!" she gasped. "What—what were you going to do?"

And at her question, shame swept over him. He was horrified at himself. How could he find words to tell her what he had been going to do?

He turned away with a moan, and put his hands over his face. "Oh God, I can't stand this!" he exclaimed.

Suddenly he went to his hat and coat. "I must go out!" he said.

"What do you mean?" cried Corydon.

"I mean I've got to go somewhere!" he replied. "
can't stand it—I can't stay here."

"Thyrsis!" she cried, wildly. And she sprang to hi
and flung her arms about him. "No, no!" she crie
"No!"

"But what am I to do?"

"Wait! Wait!"

And she pressed him tightly to her. "Thyrsis!" sh
whispered. "Can't you understand? Don't be
stupid, dear!"

"Stupid!"

"Yes, sweetheart—can't you see? I'm only a chil
And it's so strange! It frightens me! Try to reali
how I feel!"

"But what am I to do?"

"Do? Why you must *make* me, Thyrsis!" And
she said this she hid her face upon his shoulder a
sobbed. "You are a man, Thyrsis, you are a man, a
I am only a girl! Do what you want to! Don't p
any attention to me!"

And those words to Thyrsis were like the crashi
of a peal of thunder. He clutched her to him, with
force that crushed her, that made her cry out. T
soul of the cave-man awoke in him—he lifted his ma
in his arms and bore her away to a secret place.

"Put down the light," she whispered, and he did th
And then again he began to unfasten her dress.

She submitted at first, she let him have his wa
But later, when his hands touched the soft garment
her bosom, he felt a sharp tremor pass through her.

"Thyrsis!" she whispered.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Wait dear, wait!"

"Why wait?" he cried.

"Just a moment—please, dear!"

But he answered her—"No! Not a moment! No!"

She clung to him, trembling, pleading. "Please, arest, please! I'm afraid, Thyrsis."

But nothing could stop him now. She was his—his do what he pleased with! And he would bend her to s will! The voice of his manhood shouted aloud to m now, and it was like the clashing of wild cymbals his soul.

He went on with what he was doing. She shrunk ray from him, but he followed her, he held her fast.

Then she began to sob—"Oh Thyrsis, wait—spare e! I can't bear it! No, Thyrsis—no!"

But he answered her, "Be still! I love you! You e mine." And for every sob and every shudder and ery moan of fear he had but one response—"I love u! You are mine!"

He knew that he loved her now—and he knew what s love meant. Before this they had been strangers; t now he would penetrate to the secret places, to the ly of holies of her being.

Never in all his life had Thyrsis known woman. To n woman had been the supreme mystery of life, a eature of awe and sacredness—not to be handled, arcely even to be thought about. Now the awful ban as lifted, the barriers were down; what had been hid- n was revealed, what had been forbidden was per- tted. So all the chained desire of a lifetime drove n on; it was almost more than he could bear. The uch of her warm breasts, the faint perfume of her thing, the pressure of her soft, white limbs—these ings set every nerve of him a-tremble, they turned madness loose in him. A blinding whirl of emotion zed him, he was like a leaf swept away in a gale;

his words came now in wild sobs, "I love you! I lov you!"

So with quivering fingers he stripped her before him and she crouched there, cowering and weeping. He too her in his arms; and that clasp there was no misunder standing, for all the mastery of his will was in it. No did she try to resist him—she lay still, but shaking lik a leaf, and choking with sobs. And so it was that h wreaked his will upon her.

§ 10. And then came the reaction—the most awfu experience of his life. Thyrsis was sitting upon th bed, and staring in front of him, dazed. He was ex hausted, faint, shuddering with horror. "Oh, my Go my God!" he whispered.

What had he done? Corydon, the gentle and pur —she had trusted herself to him, and how had he treate her? He had tortured her, he had defiled her! Oh, i was sickening; brutal, like a butchery! He sunk dow in a heap, moaning, "My God! I can't bear it! I can bear it!"

And then a strange thing happened—the strange of all strange things! An unforeseeable, an unimagi able thing!

Corydon had started up, and was listening; and no suddenly he felt her arms stealing about hir "Thyrsis!" she whispered. "Thyrsis!"

"Oh, what shall I do?" he sobbed.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, it was so horrible! horrible!"

"Thyrsis!" she panted, swiftly. "Don't say that

"How could I have done it?" he rushed on. "Wha a monster I am!"

"No! no!" she cried. "You don't understan

Thyrsis! I love you! Don't you know that I love ou?"

And she tightened her clasp about him, she stole into is arms again. "Forgive me!" she whispered. "Please, lease—forgive me, Thyrsis!"

He stared at her, dazed. "Forgive *you*?"

"I had no right to behave like that!" she cried. "I as afraid—I couldn't control myself. But oh, Thyrsis, love you!"

And she pressed herself upon him convulsively; she as troubled no longer. "Yes!" she panted. "Yes! don't mind it any more! I am yours! I am yours! ou may do whatever you please to me, Thyrsis—I ve you!"

She covered him with kisses—his face, his neck, his dy. She drew him down to her again, whispering ecstasy, "*My husband!*"

He was lost in amazement. Could this be Corydon, e gentle and shrinking? No, she was gone; and in r stead this creature of desire—tumultuous and andoned! She was like some passion-goddess out of e East, shameless and terrible and destroying! She as like a tigress of the jungle, calling in the night r its mate. She locked him fast in her arms—she as swept away in a whirlwind of emotion, as he had en swept before. And all her being rose up in one ng of exultation—"Mine! Mine! Mine! Mine!"

"Ah, Thyrsis!" she cried. "My Thyrsis! I belong you now! You can never escape me now! You can ver leave me—my love, my love!"

And as Thyrsis listened to this song, his passion d. Reason awoke again, and a cold fear struck into s heart! What was the meaning of *this?*

Long hours afterward, as she lay, half-asleep, in h
arms, she felt him give a sudden start and shudder.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said—"I just happened to think o
something. Something that frightened me."

"What was it?"

"I was thinking, dear—*suppose I should becom
domestic!*"

Book VI

THE CORDS ARE TIGHTENED

She had been reading in the little cabin, and a hus had fallen upon them.

"*Yes, thou art gone! And round me too the night*
In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade."

"*Gone!*" *she said, and smiled sadly.* "*Where is h gone?*"
And she turned the page and read again—

"*But Thyrsis nevermore we swains shall see;*
See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,
And blow a strain the world at last shall heed—
For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee!"

Then, after a pause, she added, "*How often I hav remembered those words! And how pitiful they are when I remember them!*"

§ 1. It was a tiny cupboard of a room in a tene-nt. They sat upon their bed to eat, and they hid eir soiled dishes beneath it. Dirty children screamed on the avenue in front, and frowsy-headed women d wolfish men caroused in the saloon below. Yet here ere came to them the angel with the flame-tipped ngs, and here they dreamed their dream of wonder.

In the glory of their new-found passion all life be-me transfigured to them; they discovered new mean-g in the most trivial actions. There was no corner so scure that they might not come upon the young god dden; they might touch his warm, tender flesh, and ar his silvery laughter, and thrill with the wonder of presence. They spoke a new language, full of fire d color; they read new meanings in each other's es. The slightest touch of hand upon hand, or of s to lips, was enough to dissolve them in tenderness d delight.

They rejoiced in the marvel of each other's being—the glory of their bodies, newly revealed. To Thyrsis pecially this was life's last miracle, a discovery so aught with bliss as to be a continual torment. The itements that were hidden in the softness and the or of unbound and tumbled hair; the exquisiteness maiden breasts, moulded of marble, rosy-tipped; the t contour of snowy limbs, the rhythmic play of mov-muscles—to dwell amid these things, to possess m, was suddenly to discover in reality what before d only existed in the realm of painting and sculpture.

Corydon also, in the glow of his delight, of h
rapture and his ravening desire, discovered anew th
wonder of herself, and came to a new consciousness o
her beauty. She would stand and gaze before her, wit
her hands upon her breasts, and her head flung back
and her eyes closed in ecstasy, so that he might com
to her and kiss her—might kiss her again and again
might touch her with his lover's hands and clasp he
with his lover's arms.

In most of these things she was his teacher. Fo
Corydon was one person, in body, mind and soul; i
her there were no disharmonies, no warring element
His friend the doctor had set forth his idea of "a goo
woman"; but Corydon's goodness proved to be after
no such pattern. Now that she was his, she was hi
she belonged to him, she was a part of him, and ther
could be no thought of a secret shame, of any reserv
or hesitations. Her body was herself, and it was joy
to her; it was joy the more, because she could give
for love; and she sought for new ways to utter th
completeness of her giving.

She was like a little child about it—so free, so spo
taneous, so genuine; Thyrsis marvelled at her utte
naturalness. For himself, in the midst of these things
there was always a sense of the strange and the ter
rible, a sense of penetrating to forbidden mysteries
but Corydon laughed in the sunlight of utter bliss—an
she laughed most at him, when she found that h
simple language had startled him.

For the maiden out of ancient Greece was now b
come a lover! And so she was revealed to Thyrsis-
she who might have marched in the Panathenaic proce
sions, with one of the sacred vessels in her hands, or ru
in the Attic games, bare-limbed and fearless. So

earned to think of her, singing in the myrtle groves f Mount Hymettus, or walking naked in the moon- ight in Arcadian meadows.

So he thought of her all through her life, whenever moment of joy came to her—whenever, for instance, he found her way to the water. They had dressed her n long skirts and put her in a drawing-room—but Corydon had got to the water in spite of them; and ll that any Nereid had ever known, that she had nown from the time the waves first kissed her feet.

And so it was also with love; she was born to be priestess of love's religion. She had waited for this our—that she might take his hand, and lead him into he temple, and teach him the ritual. It was a ministry hat she entered upon with the joy of all her being. Ah, let me teach you how to love!" she would cry. "Ah, et me teach you how to love!"

Love was to her an utter blending of two selves, the osing of one's personality in another's; it meant the orgetting of one's self, and all the ends of self. And hyrsis marvelled at the glory that came upon her, t each new rapture she discovered. All the language f lovers was known to her, all the songs of lovers ere upon her lips:

"Du bist mir ewig,
Bist mir immer—
Erb und Eigen
Ein und All!"

Such was her woman's gift: precious beyond all treas- res of earth, and given without price or question. nd Thyrsis trembled as he realized it; he lived upon his nces before her, and floods of tenderness welled up in

his heart. How utterly she trusted him, how com pletely she belonged to him! And what could he do t show himself worthy of it—this most wonderful drea of his life come true——

"If someone should give me a heart to keep,
With love for the golden key!"

Yet, amid all these raptures, Thyrsis was haunte by ghosts of doubt. Would he be able to do what hi heart yearned to do? Love meant so much to her— and could it mean that much to him? Why could not be to him the complete thing it was to her—wh must he argue and wonder and fear?

For Thyrsis' ancestors had not dallied in Arcadia meadows. They had come from the wilds of Palestin and the deserts of Northern Africa; they had argue and wondered and feared in Gothic cloisters, in Ne England meeting-houses; and the shadow of their soul hung over him still. He could not love love as Corydo loved it, he could not trust it as she trusted it. It coul never seem to him the utterly natural thing—there wa always a fear of pollution, a hint of satiety, a thrill o shame. Directly the first fires of passion had spen themselves, these anxieties came to him; he remembere how in his virgin youth he had thought of passion—a of something strange and uncomfortable, even gro tesque, suggesting too closely a kinship with the an mals. So he noticed that his feelings always wane before Corydon's. She wished him to linger—lov meant so much to her!

Then too, the code of passion was all unknown t him. What was right and what was wrong? Whe should one yield to desire, and when should one r

rain it? To Corydon such questions never came—to er there was no such possibility as excess; she was mplete and perfect, and nature told her. If there ere temptations and restraints and regrets, they were or Thyrsis; and he had to keep them for his own ecret, he could ask no help from her. For he discov-ed immediately that with his proud imperiousness, he uld not endure to have Corydon refuse herself to him. o this laid a new burden upon him, an appalling one. or were they not always together—her lips always lling him, the impulse towards her always with him?

There was another circumstance—the means they had take to prevent the consequences of their love. From e very first, Thyrsis had shrunk from the thought of is; but it was only later that he realized how much it pelled him. It offended all his sense of economy and irpose; it was something done, and at the same time ndone—and so it had in it the essence of all futility d wrongness. It took from passion its meaning and s excuse; and yet he could not say this to Corydon; d he knew also that he could no longer do without r. He was bound—bound fast! And every hour s chains would become tighter; what was now spon-neous joy would become a habit—a thing like eating d sleeping, a new and humiliating necessity of the sh!

§ 2. Such were their problems. They might have lved them all, perhaps—had they only had time. But hers came crowding upon them, others still more in-stent and perplexing. The world was pressing them, alous of their dream of delight.

Their little fund of money was gone, and so Thyrsis nt back to his hack-work. All day he sat by the

window and slaved at it, while Corydon lay upon th bed and read, or wandered about the park by herself Thyrsis' burden was twice as heavy now, for he had t earn for two; and when in the ecstasies of love sh cried out to him that she was his forever, the cru mockery of circumstance translated this to mean tha he would forever have to earn for two!

He wrote more book-reviews, and peddled them about sometimes he was forced to exchange them for book he reviewed, and then to sell the books for twenty o thirty cents apiece. He wrote up some ideas for po litical cartoons, and got three dollars for one of them He wrote a parody upon a popular poem, and got si dollars for that. He met a college friend, just re turned from a trip in the Andes, and he patiently co lected the material for a narrative, and sold it to minor magazine for fifteen dollars.

And meanwhile he toiled furiously at another pot boiler, a tale of Hessians and Tories and a red-cheeke and irresistible revolutionary heroine, to fill the insa tiable maw of the readers of the "Treasure Chest." O one occasion, when everything went wrong, Corydon too the half-dozen solid silver coffee-spoons and the heav gold-plated berry-spoon which had constituted her ou fit of wedding-presents, and sold them to a nearb jeweler for two dollars and a quarter.

But through all this bitter struggle they looked for ward to a glorious ending. In April the book woul be out—and then they would be free! They would g away to the country—perhaps to the little cabin o last summer! Ah, how they dreamed of that cabin, ho they hungered for it! They pictured it, covered i snow, with the ice-bound brook in front of it—bot

he cabin and the brook asleep, and dreaming of the pring-time.

Thyrsis was dreaming of it also, with tears in his yes and a mighty passion in his heart; for his new ook was calling to him—he had to fight hard to keep : from taking possession of his thoughts and driving he pot-boilers out of the temple.

There came the joyful excitement of reading the roofs of his book; also of inspecting the cover-de- ign, and the sample of the paper, and the "dummy". nd then—it was two weeks from now! Then it was nly ten days—then only one week. And finally the aptures of the first sample copy!

It was time the publishers had begun to advertise it, nd Thyrsis went to see Mr. Taylor about the matter. Ir. Taylor was vague in his replies. Then came publi- ation-day, and still no advertisements; and Thyrsis alled again, and insisted and expostulated, and learned o his consternation that they were not going to ad- ertise it; the season was a bad one, the firm had met ith unexpected expenses, and so on. When Thyrsis re- inded them of their promises, and threatened and tormed, Mr. Taylor informed him quietly that there as nothing in the contract about advertising.

So Thyrsis went home, and tried to forget his rage the work of disposing of his hundred copies. He ad prepared himself for the possibility of everything se failing, but here he had a plan whereby he felt that is deliverance was assured. He had made up a list f a hundred of the best-known men of letters in the ountry—college presidents and professors, editors and ergymen, novelists and poets and critics; and he had one more hack-work, and earned the twenty dollars would take to send to each of them a copy of the

book, together with his manifesto, and a little typ written note. This, he felt, would make certain of t book's being read; and once let the book be read by t real leaders of the country's thought, and his sie would be at an end!

So the packages went to the post-office, freighted wi the burden of his hopes and longings. And two or thr times a week Thyrsis went to see his publishers, a find out how the book was going. He was never able ascertain just what they were doing with it, or h they expected to sell it; Mr. Taylor would tell h vaguely that it was doing fairly well—the season w "slow", and he must give the book time to "catch on

And then came the reviews. A clipping-bureau h written, offering to furnish them at five cents apie and this was moderate, considering that there were on a dozen altogether. Most of these were from uni portant out-of-town papers, whose book-reviews a written by the high-school nieces and the elderly maide aunts of the publishers. Of the metropolitan new papers and literary organs, only three noticed the bo at all; and two of these gave perfunctory mentio evidently made up from the publisher's statement the cover.

The third writer had connected the book with t interview in the "Morning Howl", and he wrote a bu lesque review of it, in which he hailed it as the "Gre American Novel". His method was to retell the stor quoting the most highly-wrought passages, with ju enough comment to keep it in the vein of farce. T Thyrsis this mockery came like a blast of fire in t face; he did not know that it was the regular meth of the newspaper—a method by means of which it h

nade itself known as the cleverest and most readable paper in the country.

§ 3. All this was the harder for him, because it ame at a black and spectral hour of his life. It was ot enough that the book was falling flat, and that ll their hopes were collapsing; a new and most terrible alamity befell them. For three months now they had een dissolved in the bliss of their young dream of ove; and now suddenly had come a thunderbolt, splitting the darkness about them, and revealing the grim and of Fate closing down!

For several years of her life Corydon had carried a rying burden—once each month she would have to lie own for three or four days and be a semi-invalid. And ast month this had not happened; the time had come nd gone, and she was as well as ever. She had told hyrsis about it, and how it disturbed her; it might ean nothing, it had happened several times before to er; but then again—it might mean that she had conceived.

The idea had been too frightful to contemplate, owever, and they had put it aside. It was not possible —the doctor had told them how to prevent it; he had old them that "everybody" did it, and that they could eel safe.

But now came the second month; and Corydon, filled ith a vague terror, waited for the day. And horrible eyond all telling—the day came and went once more! nd two days came—three days! And so finally Coryon went to see the doctor.

When she came home again, and entered the room, hyrsis saw it all in her face, without her uttering a

word. He went sick, all at once; and Corydon sa down upon the bed.

"Well?" he asked, in a hoarse voice.

"It's true," she said.

"And what did he say?"

"He said—he said I was in splendid shape. and th I would have a fine baby!"

And Thyrsis stared at her, and then suddenly bu into wild laughter, and hid his head in his arms. Su was their mood that she could not feel sure wheth he was laughing or crying.

Now, indeed, they were facing the reality of life. the problems with which they had ever wrestled we as child's play to this problem; they could sit and re the deadly terror in each other's eyes. Corydon's was trembling, and her face was white and drawn a old. So swiftly had fled her young dream of joy!

"Thyrsis," she said, in a low voice, "it means ruin

"Yes," he answered.

And she clenched her hands tightly. "I will myself first!" she whispered. "I will not drag y down!"

He made no reply.

"Listen, Thyrsis," she went on. "There is only thing to be thought of. I must get rid of it."

"Get rid of it?" he echoed. "How?"

"I don't know," she said. "But women often do i

"I've heard of it," he replied. "But isn't it dang ous?"

"I don't know," she said, "and I don't care."

There was a pause.

"Why don't you ask the doctor?" he inquired.

"The doctor? There was no use us asking hi Thyrsis."

"Why not?"

"Because—he doesn't understand. He likes babies. hat's his business."

They argued this. But in the end Thyrsis resolved at he must see the doctor himself. He must see him it was only to pour out his anguish. It was the octor's fault that this fearful accident had befallen em!

But the boy soon saw that it was as Corydon had id, there was nothing to be gained in that quarter. abies were indeed the doctor's business; they were e business of the whole world, from his point of view. eople got married to have babies; they were in the rld to have babies, and anything else was just non- nse. Nowadays babies were the only excuse that eople had for living—their morality began and ended th them. Moreover, babies were fine in themselves; ey were beautiful and fat and jolly. The pagan d gentleman sang a very pæan in praise of babies— e more of them there were, the more laughter upon rth.

Also, having them was the business of women—that, d not reading German poetry and playing the piano. hey all made a little fuss at the outset, but then they bmitted, and they soon found that Nature knew more an they. Babies completed women's lives, they settled eir nerves; they gave them something to think about, d saved them from hysteria and extravagance and ntimentalism, and all the rest of the ills of the hour.

Then the doctor fixed his keen eyes upon him. "Are u and Corydon thinking about an abortion?" he de- anded.

"I—I don't know," stammered Thyrsis. The word unded ugly.

"I got that impression from her," said the othe
"And now let me tell you—if you do that, it'll be som
thing you'll never forgive yourself for as long as yo
live. In the first place, you may lose your wife. It
a very dangerous thing, and a woman is seldom th
same after it. You might make it impossible for h
ever to have a child again, and so blast her whole lif
You'll have to trust her in the hands of some vi
scoundrel—you understand, of course, that it's
crime?"

"I suppose so," said Thyrsis.

"It's a crime not only against the law—it's a crim
against God. And it's the curse of our age!"

There was a pause.

"What's the matter with Corydon, anyway?" d
manded the doctor.

"She's so young!" cried Thyrsis.

"Nonsense! She's nineteen now, isn't she? And sh
couldn't be in better condition."

"But she's so undeveloped—mentally, I mean."

"There's nothing in the world will develop her lik
maternity. And can't you see that she wants th
baby?"

"Wants it!" shouted Thyrsis.

"Why, of course! She's dead in love with you, bo
And she wants the baby! Why shouldn't she have it

"If I could only make you understand—" protested
Thyrsis, feebly.

"Yes!" exclaimed the doctor. "That's what they a
say! Not a day passes that some woman doesn't s
in this office and say it! Each case is different fro
any other case that ever was or could be. They te
me how much they suffer, and what a state their nerv
are in, and how busy they are, and how poor they ar

—their social duties, and their artistic duties, and their eligious duties, and their philanthropic duties! And ney weep and wring their hands, and tell me agonizing tories, and they offer me any sum I could ask—many time I might earn a thousand dollars by something nat wouldn't take me ten minutes, if only I didn't ave a conscience!—Go away, boy, and get those ideas ut of your head!"

§ 4. So Thyrsis went away, with a new realization f the seriousness of his position, with a new sense of ne grip in which he was fast. It was a conspiracy f Nature, a conspiracy of all the world! It was a nare!

All through this love-adventure, even when most un- er the sway of his emotions, Thyrsis' busy mind had een groping and reaching for an understanding of . Little by little this had come to him—and now the icture was complete. He had beheld the last scene f the panorama; he had got to the moral of the tale!

He had been the sport of cosmic forces, of the blind nd irresistible reproductive impulse of Nature. Step y step he had been driven, he had played his part ac- ording to the plan. He had hesitated and debated and esolved and decided—thinking that he had something o do with it all! But now he looked back, and saw imself as a leaf swept along by a torrent. And all ne while the torrent had known its destination! He had ad many plans and many purposes, but always Nature ad had but one plan and one purpose—which was the hild!

Twelve months ago Thyrsis had been a boy, care- ree and happy, rapt in his dream of art; and now here e was, a married man, with the cares of parenthood

on his shoulders! If anyone had told him that such a trick could be played upon him, he would have laughed at them. How confident he had been—how certain of his mastery of life! And now he was in the Snare!

Dismayed as he was, Thyrsis could not but smile as he realized it. The artist in him appreciated the technique of the performance. How cunningly it had all been managed—how cleverly the device had been hidden, how shrewdly the bait had been selected!

He went back over the adventure. What a fuss he and Corydon had made about it! What a vast amount of posturing and preluding, of backing and filling! And how solemnly they had taken it—how earnestly they had believed in the game! What convictions had weighed upon them, what exaltations had thrilled them—two pitiful little puppets, set here and there by unseen hands! Rehearsing from prologue to curtain the age-long drama, the drama of Sex that had been played from the beginning of the world!

He marvelled at the prodigality that Nature had displayed—at the treasures she had squandered to accomplish her purpose! She would create a million eggs to make one salmon; and she had created a million emotions to make one baby! What poems she had written for them—what songs she had composed for them! She had emptied the cornucopiæ of her gifts into their lap! She had strewn the pathway with roses before them, she had filled their mouths with honey, and their ears with the sound of sweet music; she had blinded them, she had stunned them, she had sent them drunken and reeling to their fate!

And the elaborate set of pretenses and illusions that she had invented for them! The devices to lull their suspicions—the virtues and renunciations, the humili-

s and the consecrations! Corydon had been fright-
ed and evasive; Nature had made him suffer, so as
break her down! And he had been proud and de-
nt; and so Corydon, the meek and gentle, had been
rned into a heroine of revolt! Nay, worse than that;
ose very powers and supremacies that he had thought
re his protection—were they not, also, a part of the
are? His culture and his artistry, his visions and
s exaltations—what had they been but a lure for
e female? The iris of the burnished dove, the ruff
out the grouse's neck, the gold and purple of the
tterfly's wing! Even his genius, his miraculous, in-
fable genius—that had been the plume of the par-
dge, the crowning glory before which his mate had
pitulated!

These images came to Thyrsis, until he burst into
ld, sardonic laughter. He saw himself in new and
otesque lights; he was the peacock, spreading his
rgeousness before a dazzled and wondering world;
was the young rooster, strutting before his mate,
d thrilling with the knowledge of his own import-
ce! He was each of the barnyard creatures by
rn, and Corydon was each of the fascinated females.
nd somewhere, perhaps, stood the farmer, smiling
mplacently—for should there not be somewhere a
rmer in this universal barnyard?

But then, the laughter died; for he thought of Mæter-
ck's "Life of the Bee", and shuddered at the fate of
e male-creature. He was a mere accident in the
heme of Nature—she wasted all his splendors to ac-
mplish the purpose of an hour. And now it had
en accomplished. He had had his moment of ecstasy,
s dizzy flight into the empyrean; and now behold him
lling, disembowelled and torn, an empty shell!

But no—it was not quite that way, Thyrsis told himself, after further reflection. In the human hive the male creature was not only the bearer of the seed, he was also the worker. And so there was one more function he had to perform. All those fine frenzies of his, his ideals and his enthusiasms—they had served their purpose, and would fade; but before him there was still a future—a drab and dreary future of perpetual pot-boiling!

He recalled their bridal-night. All that had puzzled him in it and startled him—how clear it was now! Corydon had shrunk from him, just enough to lure him; and then, suddenly, her whole being had seemed to change—she had caught him, and held him fast. For he had accomplished her purpose; he had gotten her with child! And so he must stand by her—he must bring her food, that she might give the child life! And for that purpose she would hold him; for that she would use every art of which she was mistress—the whole force of her being would go into it!

She would not know this, of course; she would do it blindly and instinctively, as she had done everything so far. She would do it by those same generous and beautiful qualities that had made him hers! Therein lay the humor of his whole adventure—there lay the deadly nature of this Snare. The cords of it were woven out of love and tenderness, out of ecstasy and aspiration; and they were wound about his very heart-strings, so that it would kill him to pull them loose. And he would never pull them loose—he saw that in a sudden vision of ruin! She would be noble to the uttermost limit of nobleness. She would threaten to destroy herself—and so he would save her! She would bid him cast her away—and so he would stand by her to

he end! And the end would be simply the withering and hrivelling of those radiant qualities which he called his genius—qualities which were so precious to him, but bout which Nature knew nothing!

So grim an aspect had life come to wear to this boy f twenty-one! He stripped all the flesh of illusion rom its fair face, and saw the grinning skull beeath. And he mocked at himself, because of all those irtues by which he had been caught—and which yet e knew were stronger than his will. Through faith nd love he had been made a captive; and through faith nd love would he waste away and perish!

§ 5. MEANTIME, Corydon was prosecuting an inuiry into these matters upon her own account, and getting at quite other points of view. There were some, t seemed, who took this game less seriously than she nd Thyrsis; and these managed to go free—they roke the cords of the Snare, they slipped between the ngers of the hand of Fate. Corydon had heard a ertain scientist refer to man as "Nature's insurgent on"; and now came the discovery that Nature had nsurgent daughters also.

Being in an "interesting condition," Corydon was entitled to the confidences of the married women acquaintnces of the family. They were eager to know all bout her, and what she was going to do; and they told er their own experiences. She brought these to Thyris, who was thus admitted to a view of the inner workngs of the "race-suicide" mill.

It was as the doctor had said; each one of these iddle-class ladies considered herself a special case, but heir stories all seemed to fit together. Nature's boundss and irrational fecundity was an exceedingly trying

feature of the life of middle-class ladies. In the first place, the having of babies was a tedious and painful matter. One became grotesquely disfigured, and had to hide away and sever all social relationships. One lost one's grace and attractiveness, and hence the power to hold one's husband. And then, there were all the cares and the inconveniences of children. What was one to do with them, in a city where the best hotels and apartment-houses barred them out?

Then, too, even supposing the best of intentions—there was the cost of living. At present prices it was impossible for a man who had only a salary to support more than one or two children; and with prices increasing as they were, one could not be sure of educating even these. And meanwhile, the Nature of Things had apparently planned it that a woman should bear a child once a year for half her life-time!

So all these middle-class ladies used devices to prevent conception. But these were not always successful—husbands were frequently inconsiderate. And so came the abortion-business, which the doctor had described as the curse of the age.

Now and then one could accomplish the thing by some of the innumerable drugs that were advertised for the purpose. But these always made one ill, and seldom did anything else. Corydon met one young person, the wife of a rising stockbroker, who had presented her husband with twins in the first year of their marriage, and who declared that she was apparently designed to populate all the tenements in the city. This airy and vivacious young lady lay back in her automobile and prattled to Corydon, declaring that she was "always in trouble." She had tried to coax her family physician in vain, and had finally gone elsewhere. She had got

uite used to the experience. All that troubled her owadays was how to make excuses to her friends. ne could not have "appendicitis" forever!

But there was another side to the matter. There was ne woman who had had a hemorrhage; and another hose sister had contracted blood-poisoning, and had ied in agony. There were even some who pleaded and horted like the doctor, and talked about the thing's eing murder. All of which arguments and fears Coryon brought to her husband, to be pondered and dissed.

They spent whole days wandering about in the park agony of soul. They had one brief month in which decide the question—the question of life or death the possible child. Truly here, once more, was an sue to which Thyrsis might apply the words of arlyle—

"Choose well, your choice is
Brief and yet endless!"

§6. This was also the month in which the fate of e book was decided. Each day, as he went for the ail, Thyrsis' heart would beat high with expectation; nd each day he would be chilled with bitter disappointent. He was still hoping for a real review, or for me signs of the book's "catching on". Nor did he ally give up until he chanced to have a talk about it ith his friend, Mr. Ardsley; who explained to him at here, too, he had fallen into a trap.

His "publishers" were not really publishers at all. hey did not make their profit by selling books—they ade it out of authors. There were many vain and olish people who wrote books which they were

anxious to see in print, so that they might be known as literary lights among their friends. Many of them had money, and would buy a number of copies; and the "publishers" had the expenses guaranteed in advance, and so would make a profit upon the sale of even one or two hundred copies. All this being well known, the reviews never paid any attention to the announcements of this concern, nor did "the trade" handle their books. As for Thyrsis' volume, they had printed it very cheaply—it was to be doubted if it had cost them what he had paid them. And they had even published it as a "net price" book—thereby taking three cents more off the royalty to which he was entitled!

Mr. Ardsley had declared that he would be lucky if his book sold three hundred copies; and so he felt that it was quite a tribute to the merits of his work when, after six months more of waiting, he received a royalty statement from the concern showing a sale of seven hundred and forty-three copies, and enclosing a check for eight-nine dollars and sixteen cents. This check Thyrsis paid over to his rich relative, and a week or two later, when he sold a short story, he sent the balance of the hundred dollars that he owed. And so he figured that the privilege of writing his first book and offering it to the hundred great men of letters of the country, had cost him the sum of one hundred and thirty-five dollars and eighty-four cents!

Meantime, of course, Thyrsis was hearing from these great men of letters. When he counted up at the end he found that he had received replies from sixteen of them; whether the other eighty-four received his book, or what they did with it, he never knew. Of these sixteen, six wrote formal acknowledgements, and two others said that they found nothing to appeal to them in his

book; so there were left eight who gave him comfort. Several of these were among the really vital men of the time, as Thyrsis found out later, when he came to read their books, and to know them as something other than newspaper names. Several of them wrote him long and really helpful criticisms of his work, recognizing the merits he knew it had, and pointing out defects which he was quick to acknowledge. Four of them even told him that he had undoubted genius, and predicted great things for him. But that was as far as any of them went. They wrote their opinions, and there they stopped, as if at a blank wall. No one among them seemed to feel that he could take any action upon his opinion, however favorable; not one comprehended that what the boy was groping for was neither praise nor blame, but a chance for life. Not one had any advice of a practical sort to offer; not one had any personal or human thing to say; not one even asked to see him! And lest this should be due to oversight, or to false delicacy, Thyrsis wrote, in his desperation, and reminded them that the "genius" they recognized was being killed by starvation. To this, one did not reply, and another advised him to take up newspaper work, as "a means of getting in touch with the public"!

It was a ghastly thing to the boy as he came to realize it—this utter deadness and coldness of "the world". Thyrsis himself was all afire with love—with love, not only for his vision and his art, but for all humanity, and for humanity's noblest dreams. His friends were poets and sages of past time, men of generous faith and quick sympathies; and in all the world of the living, was there not one such man to be found? Was there nothing left upon earth but critical discernment and epistolary politeness?

The question pursued him still more, after the one interview which resulted from all this correspondence. There was a distinguished Harvard professor who had told him that he had rare powers and must go on; and hearing that the professor was in New York, Thyrsis asked the privilege of calling.

It was in one of the city's most expensive hotels—for the professor had married a rich wife, and was what people called "socially prominent". The other did not know this; but it seemed an awful thing to him that anyone should be sitting in a brocaded silk-covered chair in a palace of luxury like this, while possessed of the knowledge that his genius was starving.

"You tell me to go on, professor," he said. "But how *can* I go on?"

The professor was fingering his gold eyeglasses and studying his visitor.

"You must get some kind of routine work," he declared—"enough to support you. You can't expect to live by your writing."

"But if I do that, I can't write!" cried Thyrsis.

"You'll have to do the best you can," said the other.

"But I can't do *anything!* The emotions of it eat me all up. I daren't even let myself think about my work when I have to do other things."

"I should think," commented the professor, "that you would find you are still more hindered by the uncertainties of hack-work."

"I do find that," the boy replied. "That is just what is the matter with me."

"I'm afraid you'll be forced to a compromise in the end."

"But I won't! I won't!" cried Thyrsis, wildly. "I will starve first!"

The other said nothing.

"Or I will beg!" added Thyrsis.

The other's look clouded slightly—as the boy, with his quick sensitiveness, noted instantly. "Of course," said the professor, "if you are not ashamed to do that——"

"But why should I be ashamed? Greater men than I have begged for their art."

"Yes, I know that. And naturally—I honor that feeling in you. If you have that much fervor—why, of course, you will do it. But I'm afraid you'll find it a humiliating experience."

"I wouldn't expect to find it a picnic," answered Thyrsis, and took his departure—having perceived that the professor's leading thought was a fear lest he should begin his begging that day.

So there it was! There was the eminent critic, the writer of exquisite appreciations of literature! The darling of the salons of Boston—which called itself the Athens of America and the hub of the universe! A man with a brain full of all the culture of the ages—and with the heart of a mummy and the soul of a snob! He had approved of Thyrsis' consecration with his lips—because he did not dare to disapprove it, because the ghosts of a thousand paupers of genius had stood over him and awed him into silence. But in his secret heart he had despised this wan and haggard boy who threatened to beg; and the boy went out of the palace of luxury, feeling like an outcast rat.

§ 7. From this interview Thyrsis went to meet Corydon in the park; and after he had told her what had happened, they began one more discussion of their great

problem. This had to be the final one; for the month of respite had passed, and the time for action was come!

Through their long arguments, Thyrsis had gradually come to realize that the decision rested with him. Corydon was in his hands; she had become a burden upon him, and she would rather she were dead; and so he had to take the responsibility and issue the command. So through many an hour while Corydon slept he had marshalled the facts and tested them, hungering with all his soul for knowledge of the right.

To bring a child into the world would shatter every plan they had formed. And yet, again and again, he forced himself to face the idea. They had always meant to have children ultimately; and now the gift was offered—and suppose they rejected it, and it should never be offered again! However unpropitious the hour might be, still the hour was here—the task was already one-third done. And if there were cares and responsibilities, expenses and pains of child-birth—at least they would be for a child; whereas, in the other case, there were also cares and responsibilities, expenses and pains —and for naught!

Throughout all this long pilgrimage of love, Thyrsis had been struck by the part which blind chance had played. It was blind chance that had brought Corydon to the country where he had gone. It was blind chance that he had read his book to her. And then—the chance that he had gone to see a doctor about diet! And that dark accident in the night, that had opened the gates of life to a new human soul! And now, strangest of all—the chance by which this last issue was to be decided! By a walk in the park, and a casual meeting with a nurse-maid!

"God knows I want to do what is right!" Thyrsis

ad said. "But I just don't know what to say!"—
nd then they sat down upon a bench, and the nurse-
aid came and sat beside them.

It was five or ten minutes before Thyrsis noted what
as going on. He was lost in his sombre brood-
g, his eyes fixed upon vacancy; when suddenly he
eard Corydon exclaim: "Isn't he a little love!" He
rned to look.

The nurse-maid was in charge of a carriage, and in
e carriage was a baby; and the baby was smiling at
orydon, and Corydon was smiling back. She was
oking her finger at it, and it was catching at the finger
ith its chubby paws. "Isn't he a little love!" Cory-
on repeated.

Thyrsis stared at her. But then, quickly, he hid his
ought. He even pretended to be interested.

"Isn't he pretty?" she asked him.

Now as a matter of fact he seemed to Thyrsis to be
ite conspicuously ugly. He had red hair, and a flat
se, and was altogether lacking in aristocratic at-
ibutes. But Thyrsis answered promptly, "Yes, dear,"
d continued to watch.

And Corydon continued to play. Apparently she
ew something about babies—how to amuse them and
w to handle them, and had even heard rumors about
w to feed them. She was asking questions of the
rse-maid, and displaying interest—Thyrsis would
ve been no more amazed had he found her in converse
th a Chaldean astrologer. For a full quarter of an
ur she had managed to forget her agonies of spirit,
d to play with a baby!

They got up to go. "You like babies, don't you,
arest?" asked Thyrsis, as they walked.

"Why, yes," she said.

And then there was a silence, while he pondered. Here, he perceived in a flash, was the great hand of Nature again!

Since the first day of their marriage Thyrsis had been haunted by the sense of a dark shadow hanging over them, of a seed of tragedy in their love. He had his great task to do, and Corydon could not do it with him. The long road of his art-pilgrimage stretched out before him; and some day he must take his staff and go.

And now here, of a sudden, was the solution of the problem! The answer to the riddle of all their disharmonies! Let Corydon have her baby—and then he might have his books! As he pondered, there came to him the words of the old doctor—"She wants that baby!"

So before he reached home, his mind was made up. Cost what it might, she should have the baby. But he would not tell her his reason—that must be a secret between himself and Mother Nature. And then it seemed to him that he could hear Mother Nature laughing behind her curtain—and laughing not only at Corydon, but at him. He recalled with a twinge all his earlier cynicism, his biological bitterness; he had taken up the burden of his virtues again!

§ 8. In many ways this decision, once arrived at, was a relief to them. It lifted the weight of a great fear from their lives; it gave them six months more of respite—and in six months, what might not Thyrsis be able to do? He had been toiling incessantly at his hack-work, and had saved nearly ninety dollars, which would be enough to keep them going until his new book was written.

This book was now fairly seething in him. A wonder-
l thing it was to be, far beyond his first; in the beauty
it and the glow of it he was forgetting all his disap-
intments, all the mockeries of fate and the hardness of
e world. If only he could get *this* book done, then
rely he would be saved, then surely men would be
rced to give him a chance!

So he waited not a moment after the decision was
ade; he even blamed himself for having waited so
ng. From the "higher regions" there had come a
ndfall in the shape of two railroad-passes; and a
uple of days later they stepped out upon the depot-
atform of a little town upon the shore of Lake
ntario.

Oh, the joy of being in the country again! The smell
the newly-plowed earth, the sight of the spring-time
rdure; and then the first glimpse of the lake, with its
rvellous clear-green water, and the fresh cold breeze
at blew from off it! There was challenge and ad-
nture in that air—Thyrsis thought of argonauts
d old sea-rovers, and his soul was stirred to high re-
ves. He took deep breaths of delight, and clenched
s hands, and imagined that he was at his book
eady.

They found a second-hand tent which could be bought
r eight dollars; four dollars more would pay for the
mber, and so they would live rent-free for the next
e months! They went far down the shore of the lake,
oking for a place to camp, and picked out a rocky
adland, a mile from the nearest farmhouse, and com-
tely out of sight of all the world. The rich woman
o owned it was in Europe, but the agent gave per-
ssion; and then Thyrsis looked at his watch and

made a wild suggestion—"Let's get settled this afternoon!"

"Why, it's nearly three o'clock!" cried Corydon. "It'll be dark!"

"There'll be a moon," he replied, "and we can work all night if want to."

"But suppose it should rain!"

"I don't see any signs of it. And what's the use of spending a night in the town, and wasting all that money?"

And so it was decided. They went to the store and purchased their housekeeping equipment. What a sense of power and prosperity it gave them as they made their selection—two canvas-cots and two pairs of blankets, a lamp and an oil-can and a tiny oil-stove, two water-buckets and an axe and a wash-basin, a camp-stool and a hammock and a box full of groceries! They got a team to carry all this, in addition to their lumber and their trunks. They stopped at a farm-house, and arranged to get their milk and eggs and bread and vegetables, and also to borrow a hammer and saw; and then till after sundown Thyrsis toiled at the building of the platform and the cutting of stakes and poles for the tent.

Corydon fried some bacon and heated a can of corn and they had a marvellous and incredible supper. Afterwards they raised the tent, and she held the poles erect while Thyrsis tied the guy-ropes. They had been advised to choose a sheltered place, back in the woods; but they were all for adventure and a view of the water, and so they were out on the open point. There were pine trees, however, and Thyrsis had strong ropes with which to anchor the tent fast. When he finished, about ten o'clock at night, he stood off and admired the job by

ıe light of the moon, and declared that a storm might ear the tent to pieces, but could never blow it over. They hauled in their trunks and the rest of their be-ngings, and set up the cots and spread the blankets. hen by the light of the oil-lamp they gazed about.

"Oh, Thyrsis," she cried, "isn't it glorious!"

"It's our home," he said. "A home we made all for ırselves!"

"And a home without a landlady!" she added.

"And with no saloon underneath!" said he. "And) street-cars and no screaming children in front of !"

Instead there was the night with its thousand eyes, ıd the lake, with the moon-fire flung wide across it, ıd the pine-trees singing in the wind.

"Brr! it's cold!" exclaimed Corydon.

"We'll have to sleep with our clothes on for a while," id he. And yet they laughed aloud in glee. "It's all : want!"

"It's all we ever could want!" declared Corydon.)h, let's work hard and earn money enough, so that : can stay here beneath the open sky, and not have go back into slavery!"

Then, in the morning, the joy of a plunge in the icy ke, and of a run in the woods, and of breakfast eaten the warm sunlight! There was much work still to done; Thyrsis had to build a stand of shelves and a ble for the tent, and a table and a bench outside; and en all their belongings had to be unpacked and set in der. Such fun as they had laying out the imaginary rtitions in their house; two bedrooms and a library, kitchen and a pantry—and all outdoors for a living-om!

They would count this the beginning of their love;

at last they were free to love, and to be happy as they chose. There was no longer anyone to criticize them, scarcely anyone to know about them; their only contact with the world was when they went for the mail and for provisions. They learned that the washer-woman who came for their clothes was ashamed for the poverty in which they lived, and that some of the neighbors suspected them of being oil-smugglers; on two occasions came sheriffs from distant counties to compare Thyrsis with the photographs and descriptions of long-sought bank-burglars and murderers. But although Thyrsis had often declared that he would rob a bank to secure his freedom to work, he had not yet done it, and so these experiences only added piquancy to their adventure.

It was a life such as might have been lived in the Garden of Eden. They cooked and ate and studied out doors, in a sunny glade when it was cool, and in the shade of a great oak-tree when it was warm. They wandered about in the forest, they bathed naked in the crystal lake—diving from the rocky headland, and afterwards standing upon it and drying themselves in the sun. Corydon was now free to fling away the conventionalities which had hampered her in the city; by way of signalizing her enfranchisement she cut short her hair—that untamed, rebellious hair which had taken so long to dry and to braid and to keep in order!

So they lived, in daily touch with the great heart of Nature. They saw the sun rise on one side of the rocky headland, and set upon the other; they watched the great storms sweep across the lake, and the lightnings stab into the water. Sometimes, at night, the gale would shake their tent until they could not be sure if it was wind or thunder; but the stays held fast, and

ey slept untroubled. And then the storm would pass, id in the morning there would be the lake, sparkling the sunlight; and the sky, clear as crystal, with the hite gulls wheeling about, and grey-blue herons stand- g near the shore.

There were bass to be caught from the rocky point. o we must have at least one meal of fish every day," clared Thyrsis.

"I'm willing," said Corydon—"if you'll catch them."

"And then, there are lots of squirrels about."

"Squirrels!" cried she.

"Yes. I can knock one over with a stone now and en—you'll see."

"But, Thyrsis! To eat them!"

"Did you ever taste one?" he laughed.

"But it's cruel!" she exclaimed; and he thought to nself, How like the little Corydon of old!

"Wait till I've skinned him and fried him in bacon ease," he answered.

And even so it proved. Corydon was troubled by e crisp little toes turned up in the air, but when these d been cut off, she yielded to the allurements of odor d taste. "I'm nothing but a digesting machine now- ays!" she lamented.

To which Thyrsis replied in the words of the village- l in "Faust," " 'She feeds two when she eats!' "

They had been obliged to give up their attempt to e on prunes and turnips. For the doctor had warned em that Corydon must have plenty of "good nourish- g food"; and this warning was backed up by all her men acquaintances—and also by Corydon's own in- voices. The appetite that she developed was ap- lling to them—not only as to quantity but as to ality. She would find herself unable to eat anything

they had in their pantry, and with a craving for the wildest and most impossible things; or she would not know what she wanted—and would travel to the store and gaze about at the provisions, until a sudden illumination came. Sometimes she would be so hungry for it that she could not wait to get home, but would sit down by the road-side and devour the contents of the market-basket. To these cravings she yielded religiously, because she had been told that they represented vital needs of her system. Some one had told her an appalling tale about a pregnant woman who had been possessed by a desire for bananas; and because she had not gratified it, the baby when born had cried for five weeks—until they had fed it a banana!

These strange experiences lent new interest to their intimacy. They went through all the journey of maternity together. Pretty soon the changes in her body began to be noticeable; and day by day they would watch these. How wonderful it all was, how incredible! Thyrsis would sink upon his knees before her, and clasp his arms about her and laugh "She's going to have a little baby!" And Corydon would blush and protest; she did not like to be teased about it—she was still only half reconciled to it. "I'm only a child myself!" she would cry. "I've no education—nothing! And I'm not fit for it!" Then he would have to comfort her, telling her that life was long, and that the child would be something to study.

They discussed the weighty question of the name which they should give the child. In this, as in other matters, they were without precedents and limitations, and they found that excess of freedom is sometimes an embarrassment. They were impelled towards literary reminiscence; and Thyrsis soon realized that this

as a matter in which the sensuous temperament would ave to have its way. "After all," argued Corydon, "to ou a name is a name. If you can call the baby and ve it answer, isn't that all you care about?"

"Yes," he assented, "I suppose so; if the name's too handy for calling, I can have a nickname."

To Corydon, on the other hand, a name was a vital ing; a child that was lovely under one name might unendurable under another. She had been reading ssian, and the poems of the neo-Celtic enthusiasts; after much pondering and consultation she an- ounced that Cedric and Eileen were the two names om which they would choose.

§ 9. Many moods of tenderness came to them. He ved to fondle her, to exchange endearments with r. They gave each other foolish names, after the shion of lovers the world over; and they would go on modify these names, and add prefixes and suffixes, til the most ingenious philologist could not have fig- ed out where the names had started. They made new ords, also; they invented a whole language for use in ese times of illumination, and which Thyrsis denoted the name of "dam-fool talk".

One was always discovering new qualities in Corydon. e had as many moods as the lake by which they lived, d it seemed to him that with each mood her whole rsonality changed—she would even look like another ing. There was the every-day Corydon, demure, and ther silent; and then there was the Corydon who lived the arms of Nature—who swam in the water, a sister the mermaids, and made herself drunken with the nlight; and then would come a mood of mischief, and ughter would break from her, and her wit would be

such that Thyrsis would sigh for a stenographer. She would make herself a Grecian costume out of a sheet and dance to music of her own making; or she would put trinkets upon her forehead, and be a gypsy-queen —she could be anything that was wild and exotic and unpremeditated. She had dances for that mood also— she would laugh and caper as merrily as any young witch. But then, again, there would come the Corydon of melancholy and despair; her features would shrink up, her face would become peaked and pitiful, she would seem like a child of ten. Sometimes Thyrsis could laugh her out of such a mood by telling her of her "beady black eyes"; and she did not like to desecrate her eyes.

And now there was a new Corydon—the Corydon who had been chosen of the Lord, the worker of a miracle. This gave new awe to her presence, it set a crown upon her forehead. One morning, in mid-summer, they had come out from their bath, and she stood upon the rock in the sunshine; and suddenly he saw her give a start, and stand transfixed, staring in front of her.

"What is it?" he asked.

Her voice thrilled as she whispered, "Thyrsis! It moved!"

"Moved?" he echoed.

"I felt the child move!" she cried.

And so he came and put his hands upon her body, and together they stood waiting, breathless, as if listening for a far-off sound.

"There! There!" she cried. "Did you feel it?"

Yes, he had felt it. And in all his life had he ever felt anything stranger? The first sign of the new life that was to be—the first hail out of the darkness of

nentity! And truly, to hear that hail was to be rapt to regions of wonder unspeakable!

It was to be a new human soul; a creature like themlves, with a mind of its own, and a sense of responsility. It would be a man or a woman, independent, lf-creating, and knowing naught about this strange ception. And yet, it would be their life also; they had used it—but for them it would never have been! indly, unwittingly, following the guidance of some wer greater than themselves, they had called it into ing. And in some mysterious and incredible way it uld share their qualities; it would be a blending of eir natures, a symbol of their union, of the strange e that had blazed up in them and fused them together. ruly, had they not come here to the essence of love, at great blind force which had ruled and guided all ings from Time's beginning?

They had come to the very making of life, it seemed. nd yet, they wondered—were they really there? This w soul that was to be—had they in truth created it? r had it existed before this? And whence did it come? it was really the dignified and divine thing that it uld someday imagine itself to be, was it not uncanny at it should have come thus—a nameless, half-human, lf-animal thing, kicking inside the body of a woman?

It was Being, in all its ineffable mystery, its monrous and unendurable strangeness. They lived face to ce with it, they saw a thousand aspects of it. Sometnes Corydon would be obsessed with the sense of eer weight she carried; a burden fastened upon her d not to be got rid of—an imposition and torment to r. Then again, she would see herself in grotesque d even comical lights—as akin to all the animals, a usin of the patient cow. And then would come a

moment of sudden wonder, when she would be transfigured, a being divine, conferring the boon of life upon another.

It was in this last way that Thyrsis thought of her. There was about her a sense of brooding mystery, as of one who walks in the midst of supernatural presences. She would sit for hours gazing before her, like Joan of Arc listening to her voices; and he would be touched with awe, and would kiss her tenderly and with reverence.

This brought new meanings into their love, new meanings into his life; he would clench his hands and vow afresh his battle with the world. How hideous a thing it was that at this time she should be tormented by fears of want and failure! That she should have to go without comforts, that she should even fear to ask for necessities—because she knew how fast his little store of money was going! Other women had children, and they did not have to be haunted by the doubt if it was right to have them, if there would be any place for them in the world. And some of these were selfish and idle women, too—and yet they had everything they needed. And here was Corydon, beautiful and noble, the very soul of devotion—Corydon must be harrowed and tortured! He did not really mind the world's treatment of himself, but for this treatment of her—ah, some day the world should pay for that! Someday it should do penance for its mockery and its blindness, that had been a blasphemy against the holy spirit itself!

At such times as this he would put his arms about her, and try to whisper something of the pity and grief that filled his heart. He would try to tell her how much he really loved her, how utterly he was devoted to her. Some day she should have her rights, some day he would

pay her for all that she had dared for him. And
en the tears would come into Corydon's eyes, and she
ould answer that she feared nothing and cared about
thing, so long as she had his love.

§ 10. After these things, Thyrsis would go at his
ook again. He would go at it doggedly, desperately.
Ie had scarcely taken time to get settled in the tent
nd to get their housekeeping régime under way, before
e had heard the call of the book and wandered away
) wrestle with it. The writing of it was a matter of
fe and death with him now—of life and death, not
nly for himself, and for Corydon, but for the unborn
oul as well. His money would last him only six or
ight weeks, and then he would have to take to pot-boil-
ng again. So every hour was precious; this time there
ould be no blundering permitted.

Thyrsis was not writing now about minstrels and
rincesses; he was not painting enraptured pictures
f joy and love. The pain of life had become too real
o him. His six months of contact with the world had
lled him with bitterness; and he was forging a sharp
pear, that he could drive into the heart of folly and
tupidity.

It was the story of Hathawi, the dreamer, which he
ad come upon in a Hindoo legend. "The Hearer of
Truth," was to be the title of the book; and for it
Thyrsis was working out a new style. In the original
t had been a fanciful tale; but he meant to take it
ver to the world of everyday reality, to give it the
tmosphere of utter verihood. He meant to use a style
f biblical simplicity, bare of all ornament, dealing with
he most elemental things. And this might seem easy,
ut in reality it was the hardest thing in the world—

it was like blank verse. One might toil all day for a single phrase into which to pack one's meaning.

He wished to show Hathawi from the beginning; the solitary child, the seer of life's mystery, who went away into a lonely place to brood. He dwelt in the high mountains, where the lightning played and the storm-winds shook him; he disciplined his will by fasting and prayer, so that the self in him died, and he could perceive eternal things, and aspects of being that are hidden. He went into the forests and dwelt with the wild things, and learned to understand their language—not only their beauty and their power, which are plain; not only their fears and their hatreds, which are painful to discover; but also their love, which is deepest of all. He learned to know the life which is in lifeless things—in water and air and fire; the joys and sorrows of the flowers, and the venerable wisdom of great trees, and the worship which is in the floods of sunlight. And having learned these things, Hathawi came back into the world.

He found that he was able to read the souls of men; but at first he could not believe what he read—it was so terrible, and so far from nature. He preferred to stay among the poor, because they were closer to the heart of things, and their falsehoods were simple. But he discovered that the evil and misery of men's life came from above, and so he went into the "great world" to dwell.

And everywhere he went, men's innermost thoughts were revealed to him, and to themselves through him. He acted upon men and women like wine—an impulse seized them to speak the truth, the truth that they had hidden even from their own hearts. Afterwards, when they realized what they had done, they hated Hathawi

nd feared him; but they said nothing, because each nought that the secret was his own.

But then, as his power grew, Hathawi began to reveal nen in more public ways, and a scandal arose. There vas whispered a story of a great statesman who had eclared at a banquet what was his real work in the vorld; and one day a bishop arose in his cathedral and aid that he taught the dogmas of his church, because hey were necessary to keep the people in subjection. Then came the famous episode of a policeman who bade he prisoner go free and arrested the judge instead. Other policemen were called upon to hinder their com-ade, but they declared that he was right; and then news-paper reporters, when ordered to write about it, avowed hat they would write only what they believed. After vhich came a convention of one of the great political parties; and the presidential candidate made a speech, outlining his actual beliefs, and so destroyed his party. This, of course, was a national calamity, for all states-nen declared that the people could not be deceived by one party; and then, too, it was reported that Hathawi meant to attend the convention of the other party!

Because of this they shut him up in jail, charging him with being a vagrant, which he undoubtedly was. But he won over all the jailers and the prisoners to his doctrine, and so the jail was emptied. Moreover, it was found that some of those who loved him most truly had come to share his power of hearing truth. The madness was spreading everywhere; agitators were busy among the people, and public safety was threatened. So a certain very rich man, who in Hathawi's presence had vowed himself a wolf, engaged an assassin to strike him down in broad daylight upon the street.

Then in order to suppress the disturbance, they

spirited the body away and burned it, and scattered the ashes. But this was a bad thing for them to do, for the ashes became seeds of the new contagion, and all through the great city, in the strangest and most unaccountable way, men would suddenly begin to speak the truth. And, of course this made business impossible—the merchants and traders had to move away; and how was it possible to preserve authority, when sooner or later all the lawyers and the judges and the politicians would speak truth? So the people arose and declared that they were weary of lies, and they erected a statue of Hathawi at one of the places where his ashes had fallen, and declared that every candidate for office must make his speeches there. After that it was a long time before there were any officials elected—because no man could be found to whom prominence and power were not more precious than public welfare. But meanwhile the people thrived exceedingly.

Finally, however—the climax of the story—the news of all this had spread to other nations, and the rulers of these nations perceived that it was anarchy, and could by no means be permitted—their own people were threatening to rise. It must be clearly shown that a state without a government would be plundered by enemies; and so they prepared to plunder it. And so arose a great agitation in Hathawi's home-state, and men called for a dictator, and for preparations of defence. But the followers of Hathawi cried out, saying "Let us submit! Let us open our city to these men, and let them do their will—for the power of the truth is greater than even they." And so it was decided.

When the hostile rulers heard of this a great fear took possession of them. They remembered the fate of certain famous diplomatists they had already sent over

and they dared not trust themselves near the statue of the Hearer of Truth. So their plans of invasion came to naught; and among their own people there was laughter and bitter mockery; and behold, one morning, a statue of Hathawi which some one had set up in a public-square! Here the lovers of truth gathered by thousands, and the soldiers who were sent to shoot them laid down their arms and joined them; and so, all over the world, was the end of the dominion of the lie.

§ 11. Such was the outline of Thyrsis' story. He judged that it might be a very great story, or a comparatively commonplace one—it all depended upon the power with which it was visioned. He must get into himself and wrestle the thing out. This was to be his act of creation—his baby!

It was the first time since his marriage that Thyrsis had tried really to do what he called work. All things else had been mere echoes of the work he had done the previous summer; but now he had to do something new, something that was an echo of nothing else. Every day that he faced the task, his agony and despair of soul grew greater; for he found that he *could* not do the work. He could not even begin to do it—he could not even try to do it! He was helpless, bound hand and foot!

It was not his fault, it was not Corydon's fault; it was a tragedy inherent in the very nature of things—in the two natures that were in himself. There was the man, who loved a woman, and hungered to see her happy; and there was the artist, to whom solitude was the very breath of life. To write this book—to write it really—he would have to spend weeks of brooding over it, thinking about nothing else day and night;

he would have to shape his whole existence to that end, to be free from every distracting circumstance, from everything that called him out of himself. And how could he hope for such a thing, while he was living in a tent with another person?

Thyrsis had his artist's standard of perfection. Of course, he could never actually be satisfied with what he did; but at least he could feel that it was the best he was equal to—he could get a real and honest sense of exhaustion for himself. But now, the moment that he faced the problem fairly, he saw he could never get that real and honest sense of exhaustion again. He was dragged up to the issue and forced to face it instantly. The pressure of circumstances upon him was overwhelming; and he had to make up his mind to do something he had never done before—instead of really writing his books, to do the best he could with them!

Yet, inevitable as this was, and clearly as he saw it, he *could* not make up his mind to it. In reality, he never did make up his mind to it. He did it, and in his inmost heart he knew that he was doing it; but all the time he was trying to deny it, was wrestling with agony and despair in his soul in the effort to do something else.

He would go away in the morning and try to think about the book; and just when he would get started, it would be time for dinner, and there would be the image of Corydon waiting for him. And so he would go home, and go back in the afternoon—and when he had got started again, it would be dark. The next day, having explained his trouble, he would take his lunch away with him; but in the forenoon there would come a drenching thunder-storm, and he would have to go back again. Or he would try to work in the tent

t night; and the wind would howl and blow the lamp o that he could not put his mind on anything. Nor lid it avail him to rail at himself, to tell himself that e was a fool for being at the mercy of such mishaps. t was none the less a fact that he was at the mercy f them, and that he could no longer give himself up o the sway of his imagination.

And always there was Corydon, yearning for his com-anionship. It had always been their idea that they hould do the work together; so completely would they e fused in the fire of love, that she would share his oul states and write parts of his books. But now that dea had to be abandoned; and this was *her* tragedy.

"I have to sit and think of my health!" she would xclaim.

"It isn't your health, dear," he would plead; "it's he health of the child!"

"I know that. But then, am I always to sit at home nd be placid, while you go away to wrestle with the ngels?"

"Not always, Corydon," he said. "This will ass——"

"If I do," she cried, "I only stay to wrestle with the emons. And is that so very good for a pregnant oman?"

"My dear!" he protested.

"It's just as I said!" she went on. "I ought not to ave had the child! I'm only a school-girl, with a chool-girl's tasks. And I try and try, but I can't help t—everything within me rebels at the cares of mother-ood."

"That's one mood, dear," he said. "But you know hat's not true always."

"It's all the clearer to me," she insisted, "since we've

had to give up our music. I can't work at the piano any more—I may never be able to."

"But even if you could, Corydon, I couldn't afford to get you one now."

"No, of course not. And you have to give up your violin!"

"Much time I have to practice it in our present plight!"

"I know—I know! But don't you see, we lose our last hope of growing together? I've a vision that haunts me all the time—you going away to do your work, and staying for longer and longer periods—and I sitting at home to mind the baby!"

Day after day he would come back, and she would ask him how the book was going; and he would have to answer that it was not going at all. Then, in his desperation, he would make up his mind to write what he could—to be content with this glimpse of one scene, and with that feeble echo of what he knew the next scene ought to be; and he would bring the result to Corydon, and would discover with a secret pang that she did not know the difference. But then he would ask himself—how *could* she know the difference? The difference did not exist! His vision of the thing had existed in himself, and in himself alone; if he never uttered it, the world would never know what it might have been—and would never care. Ah, what a future was that to look forward to—to filling the ears of the world with lamentations concerning the books that he might have written! And all the time knowing that the ears of the world were deaf to every sound he made!

§ 12. He thought that he realized the bitterness of this tragedy all at once; but the real bitterness was

hat he had to realize more and more of it every day. t was a tragedy he had to live in the house with. He ad to watch it working itself out in all the little af- airs of life; he had to see it manifesting itself in his wn soul, and in the soul of Corydon, and even in the oul of the child. Worst of all to him, the artist, he ad to see it working itself out in what he wrote—in ook after book that went out to represent him to the vorld, and that did not represent him at all, but only epresented the Snare in which he had been caught! t was one of the facts about this Snare, that there was o merciful Keeper to come and put the victim out of is misery with a blow upon the head; that he was left lone, to writhe and twist and tear himself to pieces, nd to perish of slow exhaustion. It was not a murder —it was a crucifixion!

He could not have told for whom his heart bled most, or himself, or for Corydon. Here she was, with her grim problems and her bitter necessities; needing ad- vice and comfort, needing companionship—needing a husband! And she had married an artist—a reed that would grow "nevermore again as a reed with the reeds by the river!" That could not grow, even if it had wanted to! For it was quite in vain that the world cried out to him to settle down and become as other men; he could not. The thing that was tearing at his vitals would continue to tear; the only choice he had was be- tween self-expression and madness.

So, wrung as his heart was, he had to go away and work as he could. If he yielded to his desire and stayed by her, then the book would not be written in time; and so all their hopes would be gone—they would never win their freedom then! And he would explain this to her; with their relentless devotion to the truth, they

would talk it all out between them. They would trace every cord and knot of the Snare. And Corydon would grant that he was right, and that she must submit. He must stay away all day—and all night, if need be—till the book was done.

Not that they were always able to settle their problems in the cold light of reason. Sometimes Thyrsis, with his artist's ups and downs, would be nervous and irritable; he would manifest impatience over trifles, and this would give rise to tragedies. There was a vast amount of fetching and emptying of water to be done for their little establishment; and sometimes a man who was carrying the destinies of the human race in his consciousness was not as prompt as he might have been in attending to these humble tasks. And moreover, the water all had to be dipped up from the lake; and sometimes, when it was stormy, it was a difficult matter to get it as free from specks as was needed for the ablutions of a fastidious young lady like Corydon.

"If you'd only take a little trouble!" she would say.

"Trouble!" he would exclaim. "Do you think I enjoy hearing you complain about it?"

"But Thyrsis, this is dirtier than ever!"

"I know it. The wind is blowing harder."

"But if you'd only reach out a little ways——"

"I reached out till I nearly fell into the water!"

"But Thyrsis, how can I ever wash my face?"

And so it would go. Thyrsis would be absorbed in some especially important mental operation, and it would be a torment to him to have such things forced upon his attention. Corydon, it seemed to him, was always at the mercy of externals; and she was forever dragging him out of himself, and making him aware of them. The frying-pan was not clean enough, or

is hair was unkempt; his trousers were ragged or his oat was too small for him. Was life always to con-ist of such impertinences as this?

And so Thyrsis, in a sudden burst of rage, gave the ater-bucket a kick which sent it rolling down the bank, nd then strode away to his work. But unfortunately is work was not of a sort which he could do with angry motions in his soul. And so very soon remorse over-ame him. He returned, to find that Corydon had ushed out to the end of the point, and flung herself own upon the rocks in hysterics. And this, of course, as not a good thing for a pregnant woman, and so he ad to set to work to soothe her.

But alas, to soothe her was never an easy task, be-ause of her sensitiveness, and her exalted ideals of im. However humbly he might apologize and beg orgiveness, there would remain her grief that it had een possible for a quarrel to occur between them. She ould drive him nearly wild by debating the event, and ehearsing it again and again, trying to justify her-elf to him, and him to himself. Thyrsis was robust, e wanted to let the past take care of itself; he would ell her of all the worries that were harassing him, and ould plead with her to grant him the privilege of any rdinary human creature, to manifest annoyance now nd then. And Corydon would promise it—she would romise him anything he asked for; but this was a boon did not lie within the possibility of her temperament grant. He could be angry at fate and at the world, nd could rage and storm at them all he pleased; but he ould never be harsh with Corydon without inflicting pon her pain that wrecked her, and wrecked him into he bargain.

Perhaps, he thought, it was her condition that ac-

counted for this morbidness. She was liable to fits of depression, and to mysterious illness—nausea and faintness and what not. Also, she had been told weird tales about prenatal influences; and he, not having been educated in such matters, could not be sure what were the facts. So, whenever she had been unhappy, there was the possibility that she had done some irreparable harm to the child! And that made more problems for an over-worked and sensitive artist.

He soon saw that he had to suppress forever the side of him that was stern and exacting. Such things had a place in his own life, but no longer in Corydon's. Instead, he would see how she suffered, and his heart would be wrung, and he would come back again and again to comfort her, and to tell her how he loved her, how he longed to do what was right. He would set before her the logic of the situation, so that if things went wrong she might realize that it was neither his fault nor hers—that it was the world, which kept them in this misery, and shut them up to suffer together. So it was, all through their lives, that their remorseless reason saved them; they would find in the analysis and exposition of the causes of their own unhappiness the one common satisfaction they had in life.

§ 13. These were the circumstances of the writing of "The Hearer of Truth". It was completed in six weeks, and it did not satisfy its author, the finishing of it brought him no joy. But that, though he did not realize it, was the one circumstance in its favor—the less it satisfied him, the more chance there was that the world would know what it was about.

He had the manuscript copied, and then he sent it off to a magazine in Boston, whose editor had been one

of his hundred great men, and had promised to read the new manuscript at once. Meantime Thyrsis sent for some books to review, and got to work at another plot to be submitted to the editor of the "Treasure Chest". For their own treasure-chest was now all but empty, and one could not live forever upon blueberries and fish.

Day by day they waited; and at last, one fateful afternoon, the farmer came with some provisions and their mail. There was a letter from Boston, and Thyrsis opened it and read as follows:

"I have read your manuscript, 'The Hearer of Truth', and I wish to tell you of the very great pleasure it has given me. It is noble and fine, and amazingly clever as well. I must say frankly that I was astonished at the qualities of maturity and restraint it shows. I think it quite certain that we shall wish to use it as a serial; but before I can say anything definite, the manuscript will have to be read by my associates. In the meantime I wished to tell you personally how highly I think of your work."

Thyrsis read this, and then, without a word, he passed it on to Corydon. As soon as the farmer's back was turned, the two fell into each other's arms, and all but wept. It was victory, beyond all question. The magazine might pay as much as five hundred dollars for the serial rights—and with that start, they would surely be safe. Besides that, it would mean recognition for Thyrsis—the world would have to discuss his work!

Doing pot-boilers was easy after such a triumph as that. They even treated themselves to holidays—they purchased a quart of ice-cream on one day, and

hired a boat and went picnicking on another. Thyrsis got out his fiddle once again, and even became so reckless as to inquire about the price of a "practice-clavier" for Corydon. Also he began inquiring as to the cost of houses; when they got the money they would build themselves a little cabin here—a cabin just the size of the tent, but with a room upstairs where Thyrsis could do his work. After that they would be free from all the world—they would never go back to be haunted by the sight of

"Sorrow barricadoed evermore
Within the walls of cities."

§ 14. So a month passed by; and Thyrsis wrote again to the editor, and was told that they were still discussing the story. And then, after two more weeks, there came another letter; and this was the way it read:

"I am sorry to have to tell you that the decision has been adverse to using your story. My own opinion of it has not changed in the least; but I have been unable to induce my associates to view it in the same light. They seem to be unanimous in the opinion that your work is too radical for us to put to the front. We have a very conservative, fastidious, and sophisticated constituency; and this is one of the limitations by which we are bound. I am more than sorry that things have turned out so, and I trust I need hardly say that I shall be glad to read anything else that you may have to submit to us."

And there it was! "A conservative, fastidious, and sophisticated constituency!" Thyrsis believed that he

would never forget that phrase while he lived. Could one get up a thing like that anywhere in the world save in Boston?

It was a bitter and cruel disappointment—the more so because it had taken six weeks of his precious time. But there was nothing to be done about it save to send off the manuscript to another magazine. And when it had come back from there he sent it to another, and to yet another—paying each time a total of eighty cents to the express-company, a sum which was very hard for him to spare. To make an ending at once to the painful episode, he continued to send it from one place to another, until "The Hearer of Truth" had had the honor of being declined by a total of fifteen magazines and twenty-two publishing-houses. The pilgrimage occupied a period of nineteen months—after which, to Thyrsis' great surprise, the thirty-eighth concern offered to publish it. And so the book was brought out, with something of a flourish, and met with its thirty-eighth rejection—at the hands of the public!

Book VII

THE CAPTURE IS COMPLETED

The shadow of a dark cloud had fallen upon the woods, and the voices of the birds were strangely hushed.

"There is a spell about this place for me," she said, and quoted—

> *"Here came I often, often in old days—*
> *Thyrsis and I, we still had Thyrsis then!"*

"Where is Thyrsis now?" she asked; and he smiled sadly, and responded:

> *"Ah me! this many a year*
> *My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday!*
> *Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart*
> *Into the world and wave of men depart!"*

§ 1. They returned to the city early in October—not so much because they minded the cold in the tent, as because their money was gone, and it was not easy to do hack-work at a distance. One had to be on the spot, to interview the editors, to study their whims and keep one's self in their minds; otherwise some one else got the work.

So Thyrsis came back to his "world"; and he found this world up in arms against him. All the opposition that he had ever had to face was nothing to what he faced now. Society seemed to have made up its collective mind that he should give in; and every force it could use was brought to bear upon him—every person he knew joined in the assault upon him.

He was bound to admit that they had all the arguments on their side. He had gone his own obstinate way, in defiance of all advice and of all precedent; and now he saw what had come of it—exactly what every common-sense person had foreseen. He and Corydon had tried their "living as brother and sister"—and here she was with child! And that was all right, no one proposed to blame him for it; it was what people had predicted, and they were rather pleased to have their predictions come true—to see the bubble of his pretenses burst, and to be able to point out to him that he was like all other men. What they wanted now was simply that he should recognize his responsibility, and look out for Corydon's welfare. Living in tenement-rooms and in tents, like gypsies and savages, was all right by way of a lark; it was all very picturesque and romantic in

a novel; but it would not do for a woman who was about to become a mother. Corydon had been delicately reared. She was used to the comforts and decencies of life; and to get her in her present plight and then not provide these things for her would be the act of a scoundrel.

All through his life the world had had but one message for Thyrsis: "Go to work!" From the world's point of view his languages and literatures, his music and writing were all play; to "work" was to get a "position". And now this word was dinned into his ears day and night, the very stones in the street seemed to cry it at him—"Get a position! Get a position!"

As chance would have it, the position was all ready. In the higher regions they were preparing to open a branch of a great family establishment abroad, and Thyrsis was invited to take charge of it. He would be paid three thousand dollars a year at the start, and two or three times as much ultimately; and what more could he want? He knew nothing about the work, but they knew his abilities—that if he would undertake it, and give his attention to it, he would succeed. He would meet people of culture, they argued, and be broadened by contact with men; as for Corydon, it would make her whole life over. Surely, for her sake, he could not refuse!

Thyrsis had foreseen just such things. He had braced himself to meet the shock, and the world found him with his hands clenched and his jaws set. There was no use in arguing with him, he had but one answer—"No! No! No!" He would not take that position, and he would not take any other position—neither now, nor at any future time. He was not a business-man, he was an artist; and an artist he would remain to the end. It might as well be understood at the outset; there was

othing that the world could do or say to him that ould move him one inch. They might starve him, they ight kill him, they might do what they could or would —but never would he give in.

"But—what are you going to do?" they cried.

He answered, "I am going to write my books."

"But you have already written two books, and noth- g has come of them!"

"Something may come of them yet," he said. "And it doesn't, I shall simply go on and write another, nd another, and another. I shall continue to write so ng as I have the strength left in me; I shall be trying write when I die."

And so, while they argued and pleaded and scolded nd wept, he stood in silence. They could not under- and him—he smiled bitterly as he realized how im- ssible it was for them to understand even the simplest ing about him. There was the dapper corporation wyer and his exquisite young wife, who came to argue out it; and Thyrsis asked them not to tell Corydon hy they had come. He saw them look at each other ignificantly, and he could read their thought—that he as afraid of his wife's importunities. And how could explain to them what he had really meant—that if ey had told Corydon they had come to persuade him give up his art, Corydon would probably have found impossible to be even decently polite to them!

§ 2. So Thyrsis went away, carrying the burden of e scorn and contempt of every human soul he knew. was in truth a dark hour in his life. He was at his t's end for the bare necessities. He had reached the y with less money in his pocket than he had had the ar before; and all the ways by which he had got

money seemed to have failed him at once. All the editor who published book-reviews seemed to have a stock o hand; or else to know of people whose style of writin pleased their readers better. And none of them seeme to fancy any ideas for articles that Thyrsis had t suggest.

Worst of all, the editor of the "'Treasure Chest turned down the pot-boiler which he had been writin up in the country. He would not say anything ver definite about it—he just didn't like the story—it ha not come up to the promise of the scenario. He hinte that perhaps Thyrsis was not as much interested i his work as he had been before. It seemed to be lack ing in vitality, and the style was not so good. Thyrsi offered to rewrite parts of the story; but no, said th editor, he did not care for the story at all. He woul be willing to have Thyrsis try another, but he was prett well supplied with serials just then, and could not giv much encouragement.

Corydon had yielded to her parents and gone to sta with them for a while; and Thyrsis had got his ow expenses down to less than five dollars a week—includ ing such items as stationery and postage on his manu scripts. And still, he could not get this five dollar In his desperation he followed the cheap food idea t extremes, and there were times when an invitation t an honest meal was something he looked forward to fo a week. And day after day he wandered about th streets, racking his brains for new ideas, for new plan to try, for new hopes of deliverance.

In later years he looked back upon it all—knowing then the depth of the pit into which he had fallen knowing the full power of the forces that were range against him—and he marvelled that he had ever had th

ourage to hold out. But in truth the idea of sur-
ender did not occur to him; the possibility of it did
ot lie in his character. He had his message to de-
ver. That was what he was in the world for, and for
othing else; and he must deliver what he could of it.
He would go alone, and his vision would come to him.
would come to him, radiant, marvellous, overwhelm-
g; there had never been anything like it in the world,
here might never be anything like it in the world
gain. And if only he could get the world to realize
—if only he could force some hint of it into the mind
one living person! It was impossible not to think
hat some day that person would be discovered—to
lieve otherwise would be to give the whole world up
r damned. He would imagine that chance person
ading his first book; he would imagine the publishers
d their advisers reading "The Hearer of Truth"—
ight it not be that at this very hour some living soul
as in the act of finding him out? At any rate, all
hat he could do was to try, and to keep on trying;
embody his vision in just as many forms as possible,
d to scatter them just as widely as possible. It was
e shooting arrows into the air; but he would go on
shoot while there was one arrow left in his quiver.

§ 3. Thyrsis reasoned the problem out for himself;
saw what he wanted, and that it was a rational and
nest thing for him to want. He was a creative artist,
gaged in learning his trade. When he had completed
training, he would not work for himself, he would
rk to bring joy and faith to millions of human beings,
rhaps for ages after. And meantime, while he was
the practice-stage, he asked for the bare necessities
existence.

Nor was it as if he were an utter tyro; he had given proof of his power. He had written two books, which some of the best critics in the country had praised. To this people made answer that it was no one's business to look out for genius and give it a chance to live. But with Thyrsis it was never any argument to show that a thing did not exist, if it was a thing which he knew *ought* to exist. He looked back over the history of art, and saw the old hideous state of affairs—saw genius perishing of starvation and misery and men erecting monuments to it when it was dead. He saw empty-headed rich people paying fortunes for the manuscripts of poems which all the world had once rejected; he saw the seven towns contending for Homer dead, through which the living Homer begged his bread. And Thyrsis could not bring himself to believe that a thing so monstrous could continue to exist forever.

There was no other department of human activity of which it was true. If a man wanted to be a preacher he would find that people had set up divinity-schools and established scholarships for which he could contend. And the same was true if he wished to be an engineer or an architect, or a historian, or a biologist; it was only the creative artist of whom no one had a thought —the creative artist, who needed it most of all! For his was the most exacting work, his was the longest and severest apprenticeship.

Brooding over this, Thyrsis hit upon another plan. He drew up a letter, in which he set forth what he wanted, and stated what he had so far done; he quoted the opinions of his work that had been written by men of-letters, and offered to submit the books and manuscripts about which these opinions had been written. He sent a copy of this letter to the president of each

f the leading universities in the country, to find out if here was in a single one of them any fellowship or cholarship or prize of any sort, which could be won y such creative literary work. Of those who replied o him, many admitted that his point was well taken, hat there should have been such provision; but one and ll they agreed that none existed. There were re-ards for studying the work of the past, but never for roducing new work, no matter how good it might be.

Then another plan occurred to him. He wrote an nonymous article, setting forth some of his amusing xperiences, and contrasting the credit side of the "pot-oiling" ledger with the debit side of the "real art" dger. This article was picturesque, and a magazine ublished it, paying twenty-five dollars for it, and so ving him another month's lease of life. But that was l that came of it—there was no rich man who wrote the magazine to ask who this tormented genius might .

Then Thyrsis, in his desperation, joined the ranks the begging letter-writers. He would send long ac-unts of his plight to eminent philanthropists—having idea that the secretaries of eminent philanthropists row out basketsful of such letters every day. He ould read in the papers of some public-spirited enter-ise—he would hear of this man or that woman who s famous for his or her interest in helpful things—d he would sit down and write these people that he s starving, and implore them to read his book. In er years, when he came to know of some of these wspaper idols, it was a comfort to him to feel certain at his letters had been thrown away unread.

Also he begged from everybody he met, under what-er circumstances he met them. If by any chance the

person might be imagined to possess money, sooner o later would come some hour of distress, when Thyrsi would be driven to try to borrow. On one occasion h counted it up, and there were forty-three individual to whom he had made himself a nuisance. With hal a dozen of them he had actually succeeded; but alway promising to return the money when his next chec came in—and always scrupulously doing this. Ther was never anyone who rose to the understanding of wha he really wanted—a free gift, for the sake of his art There was never anyone who could understand his utte shamelessness about it; that fervor of consecratio which made it impossible for a man to humiliate him, o to insult him—to do anything save to write himself dow a dead soul.

People were quite clear in their views upon this ques tion; a man must earn his own way in the world. An that was all right, if a man were in the world for him self. But what if he were working for humanity, an had no time to think about himself? Was that trul a disgraceful thing? Take Jesus, for instance; ough he to have kept at his carpenter's trade, instead o preaching the Sermon on the Mount? Or was it tha his right to preach the Sermon was determined b the size of the collection he could take among th audience?

And then, while he pondered this problem of "earnin one's own way," Thyrsis was noting the lives of th people who were preaching it. What were *they* doin to earn the luxuries they enjoyed? Even granting tha one recognized their futile benevolence as justifyin them personally—what about the tens of thousands o others who lived in utter idleness, squandering in self indulgence and ostentation huge fortunes of which the

ad never earned a penny? The boy could not go upon ne streets of the city without having this monstrous act flaunted in his face in a thousand forms. So many illions for folly and vice, and not one cent for his rt! This was the thing upon which he was brooding ay and night—and filling his soul with an awful bit- rness which was to horrify the world in later years.

§ 4. He might not come to see Corydon in her ome; but she would meet him in the street, and they ould walk in the park, a pitiful and mournful pair. hey had to walk slowly, and often he would have to lp her, for her burden had now become great. She ad altered all her dresses, and she wore a long cape, ad even then was not able to hide the disfigurement of r person. They would sit upon a bench in the cold, ad talk about the latest aspects of his struggle, what was doing and what he hoped to do. Corydon would ing him the opinions of a few more members of the urgeois world, and they would curse this world and ese people together. For there was no more thought giving up on Corydon's side than there was on his; was not for nothing that he had talked to her upon e hill-top in the moonlight.

Meanwhile, however, time was passing, and the pros- ct of her approaching confinement hung over them e a black thunder-cloud. It came on remorselessly, enacingly. The event was due about Christmas time, d there must be some money then—there must be some oney then! But where was it to be found?

Thyrsis had tried another story for the "Treasure est," but the editor had not liked his plot. Also he s taking "The Hearer of Truth" from one place to other; but with less and less hope, as he learned from

various editors and publishers how radical and subve
sive they considered it. He took it now mechanicall
as a matter of form—making it his rule always
count upon rejection, so that he might never be disa
pointed.

One of Corydon's rich friends had told her of
certain famous surgeon, and Corydon had gone to s
him. He had a beautiful private hospital, and his pric
were unthinkable; but he had seemed to be interest
in her, and when she told him her circumstances, he h
said that he would try to "meet her halfway." B
even with the reductions he quoted, it would cost the
nearly a hundred and fifty dollars; and how cou
Thyrsis get such a sum? Even if the surgeon we
willing to wait—what prospect was there that he cou
ever get it?

This again was the curse of their leisure-class u
bringing. They did not know how poor women had the
babies, and they shrunk from the thought of findi
it out. Corydon had met this man, and had been i
pressed by him; and Thyrsis realized, even if she d
not, that she had got her heart set upon the plan. A
if he did not make it possible, and then anything we
to go wrong with her, how would he ever be able to fo
give himself? This event would come but once, a
might mean so much to them.

So he said to himself that he would "raise t
money". But the days passed and became weeks, a
the weeks became months, and there was no sign of t
raising. And then suddenly came one of those shaf
of sunlight through the clouds—one of those will-o
the-wisps that were forever luring Thyrsis into t
swamps. Another editor liked "The Hearer of Truth
another editor said that it was a great piece of liter

ıre, and that he would surely use it! So Thyrsis ent to the great surgeon and told him that he would e able to pay him in a little while; and the arrangeıent was made for Corydon to come. And then the litor put the "great piece of literature" away in his esk, and forgot all about it for a month—while Thyrsis aited, day by day, in an agony of suspense.

The appointed time had come—the day when Coryon must go to the hospital; and still the editor had not eported, and there was only fifteen or twenty dollars, arned by weeks of verse-writing and reviewing. So ı desperation Thyrsis made up his mind to give up his iolin. He had paid ninety dollars for it three years efore; and now, after taking it round among the ealers, he sold it for thirty-five dollars.

So, to the very gateway of life itself, Thyrsis was ounded by these spectres of want; even to the hospiıl they came, and followed him inside. Here was a eautiful place, a revelation to him of the possibilities f civilization and science. But it was all for the rich nd prosperous, it was not for him; he felt that he had o business to be there.

What a contrast it all made with the tenement-room ı which he had to house! Here were glimpses to be ad of rich women, soft-skinned and fair, clad in orning-gowns of gorgeous hue; here were baskets of xpensive fruits and armfuls of sweet-scented flowers; nd here was he with his worn clothing and his hagard face, his hungry stomach and still hungrier heart! Iust not all these people know that he had had to sk for special rates, and then for credit on top of that? Iust they not all know that he was a failure—that ost worthless of all worthless creatures, the man who annot support his family? What did it mean to them

if he had written masterpieces of literature—wha would it avail with them that he was the bearer of new religion! Thyrsis had heard too much of th world's opinion of him; he shrunk from contact wit his fellow-creatures, reading an insult into every glanc He was like a dog that has been too much beaten, an cringes even before it is struck.

§ 5. But these thoughts were for himself; he di not whisper them to Corydon. However people migh despise him, they did not blame her, and there was n need of this bitterness in her cup. Corydon was beauti ful—ah God, how beautiful she looked, lying there i the snowy bed, with the snowy lace about her neck an arms! How like the very goddess of motherhood sh looked, a halo of light about her forehead. She, too must have flowers, to whisper to her of hope and joy and so he had brought her three pitiful little pink which he had purchased from a lame girl upon the cor ner. The tears started into Corydon's eyes as she sa these—for she knew that he had gone without a par of his dinner in order to bring them to her.

Everybody had come to love her already, he coul see. How gentle and kind they were to her; ah how skillfully they did everything for her! His hear was full of thankfulness that he had been able to brin her to this haven of refuge. And resolutely he pu aside all thoughts of his own humiliation—he swep his mind clear of everything else, and went with her t face this new and supreme experience of her life.

"You will stay with me?" she had pleaded; and h had promised that he would stay. She could not bear t have him out of her sight at all, and so they made hi a bed upon the couch, and he spent the night there; an

hrough the next day he sat with her and read to her. But now and then he would know that her thoughts had vandered, and he would look at her and see her eyes wide vith fear. "Oh, Thyrsis," she would whisper, "I'm nly a child; and I'm not fit to be a mother!"

He would try to comfort her and soothe her. But n truth, he too was full of fears and anxieties. He ad felt the dome-like shape within her abdomen, which hey said was the head of the child; and he could ot conceive how it was ever to be got out. But they old him that the thing had happened before. There as nothing for either of them to do but to wait.

They were in the hands of Nature, who had brought hem thus far, who had had her will with them so tterly. And now her purpose was to be revealed to hem—now they were to know the wherefore of all that hey had done. They were like two children, travelling hrough a dark valley; they walked hand in hand, lift-ng their eyes to the mountain-tops, and seeking the irst signs of the coming light.

§ 6. Outside, whenever they opened the window, hey could hear the noise of the busy city; and it seemed o strange that street-cars should jangle on, and news-oys shout, and tired men hurry home to their dinners —while such a thing as this was preparing. Thyrsis ave utterance to the thought; and the doctor, who as in the room, smiled and responded, "It happens wice every second in the world!"

This was the house-physician, who was to take charge f the case; a young man, handsome and rather dapper. Ie went about his work with an air of its being an old tory to him—an air which was at once reassuring and

disturbing. The two sat and watched him, while h made his preparations.

He had two white-gowned nurses with him, and h spoke to them for the most part in nods. One of them was elderly and grey-haired, and apparently his mai reliance; the other was young and pretty, and her hear went out to Corydon. She sat by the bedside and con fided to her that she was a pupil, and that this wa only her third "case".

"Will it hurt me much?" the girl asked, weakly.

And then suddenly, before there was time for an an swer, she turned white, and clutched Thyrsis' hand wit a low cry.

"What's the matter?" he whispered.

Her fingers closed upon his convulsively, and sh started up, crying aloud.

The doctor was standing by the window, opening case of instruments. He did not even turn.

"Doctor!" Thyrsis cried, in alarm.

He put the case down and came toward the bed. " guess there is nothing wrong," he said, with a sligh smile. He laid his hand upon the shuddering girl.

"It is all right," he said, "I shall examine her in few moments."

He turned away, while Thyrsis and the young nurs held Corydon's hand and whispered to her soothingly

She sank back and lay tossing from side to side moaning; and meantime the doctor went quietly on, ar ranging his basins and bottles, and giving his orders Then finally he came and made his examination.

"She is doing very well," he said, "and now, Mis Mary, I have an engagement for the theatre for thi evening. I think there will be no need of me for som hours."

Thyrsis started, aghast. "Doctor!" he cried.

"What is it?" asked the other.

"Something might happen!" he exclaimed.

"I shall be only two or three blocks away," was the eply. "They will send for me if there is need."

"But this pain!" cried Thyrsis, excitedly. "What s she to do?"

The man stood by the bedside, washing his hands. "You cannot have a child-birth without pain," he said. "These are merely false pains, as we call them; the real birth-pains may not come for hours—perhaps not until morning. There are membranes which have to be broken, and muscles which have to be stretched—and here is no way of doing it but this way."

He stood with his hand on the doorknob. "Do not e worried," he said. "Whatever happens, the attendnt will know what to do."

"The theatre!" It seemed so strange! To be sure, t was unreasonable—if a man had several cases each eek to attend to, he could not be expected to suffer ith each one. But at least he need not have menioned the theatre! It gave one such a strange feeling f isolation!

§ 7. However, he was gone, and Thyrsis turned o Corydon, who lay moaning feebly. It was like a nife cutting her, she said; she could not bear to lie own, and when she tried to sit up she could not enure the weight of her own body. She found it helped er for Thyrsis to support her, and so he sat beside her, olding her tightly, while she wrestled with her task. he nurse fanned her brow, on which the sweat stood drops.

Thyrsis' position strained every muscle in his body;

it made each minute seem an hour. But he clung there till his head reeled. Anything to help her—anything if only he could have helped her!

But there was no help; she was gone alone into the silent chamber of pain, where there comes no company, no friend, no love. His spirit cried out to her, but she heard him not—she was alone, alone! Is there any solitude that the desert or the ocean knows, that is like the solitude of suffering?

It would come over her in spasms, and Thyrsis could feel her body quiver; it would be all he could do to hold her. And minute after minute, hour after hour, it was the same, without a moment's respite—until she broke into sobbing, crying that she could not bear it, that she could not bear it! She clutched wildly at Thyrsis' hand, and her arms shook like a leaf.

He ran in fright for the elder nurse, who had left the room. She came and questioned Corydon, and shook her head. "There is nothing to be done," she said.

"But something is wrong!" Thyrsis cried. He had been reading a book, and his mind was full of images of all sorts of accidents and horrors, of monstrosities and "false presentations." "You must send for the doctor," he repeated, "I know there *must* be something wrong!"

"I will send for the doctor if you wish," was the reply. "But you must order it. The birth has not yet begun, you know—when it does the character of the pains will change altogether, and she will know. Meantime there is nothing whatever for the doctor to do."

"He might give her an opiate!" Thyrsis exclaimed

"If he did," said the woman, "that would stop the birth. And it must come."

So they turned once more to the task. Thyrsis bore it until it seemed to him that his body was on fire; then he asked the nurse to take his place. He reeled as he tried to walk to the sofa; he flung himself down and lay panting. Outside he could still hear the busy sounds of the street—the world was going on its way, unknowing, unheeding. There came a chorus of merry laughter to him—his soul was black with revolt.

He went back to his post, biting his lips together. She was only a child—she was too tender; it was monstrous, he cried. Why, she was being torn to pieces! She writhed and quivered, until he thought she was in convulsions. And then, little by little, all this faded from his thoughts; he had his own pain to bear. He must hold her just so, with the grip of a wrestler; his arms ached, and his temples throbbed, and he fought with himself and whispered to himself—he would stay here until he dropped.

Would the doctor never come? It was preposterous for him to leave her like this. The time passed on; he was wild with impatience, and suddenly Corydon sank back and burst into tears. He could stand it no more, and sent for the nurse again.

"You must send for the doctor!" he cried.

"He has just come in," the woman answered; "I heard him close the door."

The doctor entered the room, softly. He was perfectly groomed, clad in evening-dress, and with his gloves and his silk hat in his hand. Thyrsis hated him at that moment—hated him with the fury of some tortured beast. He was only an assistant; and were

not assistants notoriously careless? Why had the great surgeon himself not come to see to it?

"How does she bear it?" he said, to the nurse; and he took off his overcoat and coat, and rolled up his sleeves, while she reported progress. Then he felt Corydon's pulse, and after washing his hands, made another examination. Thyrsis watched him with his heart in his mouth.

He rose without saying anything.

"Has it presented?" the nurse asked.

"Not yet," he said, and turned to look at the temperature of the room.

It was so, then—there was nothing to be done Thyrsis was dazed—he could hardly believe it. He had never dreamed it could be anything like this.

"How long is this to last, doctor?" he cried. "She is suffering so horribly!"

"I fear it will be until morning," he said—"it is a question of the rigidity of certain muscles. But you need not be alarmed, she is doing very well."

He spoke a few words to the patient, and then turned towards the door. "I shall sleep in the next room," he said to his assistant; "you may call me at any time."

§ 8. So the two went apart again; and the leaden-footed hours crept by, and the girl still wrestled with the fiend. The young nurse was asleep on the couch and the elder sat dozing in her chair; the two were alone—all alone! One of the window-shades was raised and Thyrsis could see far over the tops of the buildings. Somewhere out there was another single light where perhaps some other soul counted the fiery pulse

of torture. A death—or another birth, perhaps! The doctor had said it happened twice every second!

Thyrsis was unskilled in pain, and perhaps he bore it ill; he feared that the nurses thought so too—that Corydon called too often for something, or cried out too much in mere aimless misery.

But the time sped on, and at last a faint streak of day appeared in the sky, and the shadows began to pale in the room. Thyrsis started, realizing that it was morning. He had given up the morning, as a thing that would never come again. He insisted upon sending for the doctor, who came, striving not to yawn, but to look pleased. Once more he shook his head; there was nothing to do.

The street began to waken. The milkman came, his cans rattling; now and then he shouted to his horse, or whistled, or banged upon a gate. Then the sun came streaming into the room. The newsboys began to call—the young nurse woke up and began to straighten her hair. The elder nurse also opened her eyes, but did not stir; she seemed to challenge anyone to assert that she had ever been asleep.

"Perhaps, Miss Mary," ventured the young nurse, timidly, "we had best prepare the patient."

Corydon seemed to rest a little easier now, and they carried her and laid her on the couch. They made the bed, with many sheets and with elaborate care; and then they brought her back and dressed her, putting a short gown upon her, and drawing long white bags over her limbs. Ah, how white she was, and what fearful lines of suffering had been graven into her forehead!

She lay in a kind of stupor, and Thyrsis, exhausted, began to doze. He knew not how long a time had passed—it had been an hour, perhaps two, when sud-

denly he opened his eyes and sat up with a bound, galvanized into life by a cry from Corydon. She had started forward, grasping around her wildly, uttering a series of rising screams. He clutched her hand, and stared around the room in fright.

They were alone. He leaped up; but the nurse ran into the room at the same instant. She gazed at the girl, whose face had flushed suddenly purple; she came to her, and took her hand.

"You feel some pain?" she asked.

Corydon could not speak, but she nodded; a moment later she sunk back with a gasp.

"A kind of bearing-down pain?" said the nurse. "Different from the other?"

Corydon gasped her assent again.

"That is the birth," the nurse said. "The doctor will be here in a moment."

Again the horrible spasm seized the girl, and brought her to a sitting posture; again her hand clutched Thyrsis' with a grip like death, and again the veins on her forehead leaped out. Like the surging of an ocean billow, it seemed to sweep over her; and then suddenly she screamed, and sank back upon the pillow.

Thyrsis was wild with alarm; but the doctor entered, placid as ever. "So they've come?" he said.

Nothing seemed to disturb him. He was like a being out of another region. He took off his coat and bared his arms; he put on a long white apron, and washed his hands elaborately again, and then once more examined his patient. His face was opposite to Thyrsis', and the latter watched his expression, breathless with dread. But the doctor only said, "Ah, yes."

He turned to Corydon. "These pains that you feel," he said, "are from the compressing of the womb. Don't

et them frighten you—everything is just as it should
e. You will find that you can help at each pang by
olding your breath; just as soon as you cry out,
t releases the diaphragm, and the pressure stops, and
he pain passes. You must bear each one just as long
s you can. I don't want you to faint, of course—but
he longer the pressure lasts, the sooner it will all be
ver."

The girl was staring at him with her wild eyes—she
ooked like a hunted creature in a trap. It sounded all
o very simple—but the horror of it drove Thyrsis
ad. Ah, God, it was monstrous—it was superhuman
—it was a thing beyond all thinking! It wrung all his
oul, it shook him as the tempest shakes a leaf—the
ight of this awful agony.

It was like the sudden closing of a battle; the shock
f squadrons, the locking of warriors in a grip of
eath. There was no longer time for words now, no
nger time for a glance about him; the spasms came,
ne after another, relentless, unceasing, inevitable—
ach trooping upon the heels of the last; they were
ncounted—uncountable—piling upon one another like
aves upon the sea, like the gusts of a raging storm.
nd this girl, this child, that he had watched over so
ungrily, that was so tender and so sensitive—it was
ke wild horses tearing her apart! The agony would
ame up in her, he would see her body turn rigid, her
ace flush scarlet, her teeth become set and her gums
eshed. The muscles would stand out in her cheeks,
e perspiration start upon her forehead. She would
rip Thyrsis' hand until all the might of both his
rms was not enough to match her.

On the other side of the bed knelt the young nurse,
restling with the other hand; and Thyrsis could see

her face flush too, each time—until at last a cry would seem to tear its way from the girl's throat, and she would sink back, faint and white.

It was a new aspect of life to Thyrsis, a new revelation of being; it was pain such as he had never dreamed, it was horror the like of which was unknown in his philosophy. All the suffering of the night was nothing to a minute of this; it came upon her with the rush of a flood of waters—it seized her—instant, insistent, relentless as the sweep of the planets. Thyrsis had been all unprepared for it; he cried out for time to think—to realize it. But there was no time to think or to realize it. The thing was here—now! It glared into his eyes like a fiend of hell; it was fiery, sharp as steel—and it had to be seized with the naked hands!

The pangs came, each one worse than the last. They built themselves up in his soul in a symphony of terror; they lifted him out of himself, they swept him away beyond all control, like a leaf in the autumn wind. He had never known such a sensation before—his soul seemed whirled into pieces. His feeling was apart from his action; he could not control his thoughts; he was going mad! He loved her so—she was so beautiful; and to see her thus, in the grip of horror!

He tried to get hold of himself again—he talked to himself, pinning his attention on the task of his hands. Perhaps maybe it was his fancy—it did not really hurt her so! Maybe——

He spoke to her, calling to her, in between the crises. She turned her eyes upon him, looking unutterable agony; she could not speak. And then again came the spasm, and she reared herself to meet it. She seemed to loom before his eyes; she was no longer human, but in her agony transfigured. She was the suffering

of being, made flesh; a figure epic, colossal, worthy of an Angelo; the mighty mother herself, the earth-mother, from whose womb have come the races!

And then—"Perhaps she would be more comfortable with another pillow," said the doctor, and the spell was broken.

Corydon shook her head with swift impatience. This was her conflict, the gesture seemed to say. They had only to let her alone—she had no words to spare for them.

"How long does this last?" Thyrsis asked, his voice trembling. The doctor made a motion to him to be silent—evidently he did not wish Corydon to hear the answer to that question.

§ 9. For the girl's soul was rising within her; perhaps from the deeps of things there came comfort to her, from the everlasting, universal motherhood of life. Nature must have told her that this at least was pain to some purpose; something was being accomplished. And she shut her jaws together again, and closed with it—driving, driving, with all the power of her being. A feeling of awe stole over Thyrsis as he watched her—a feeling the like of which he had never known in his life before. She was a creature consecrated, made holy by suffering; she was the sacredness of life incarnate, a thing godlike, beyond earth. It came as a revelation, changing the whole aspect of life to him. It was hard to realize—that woman, woman who endured this, was the same being that he had met in the world all his life—laughing and talking, careless and commonplace. This—this was woman's *fate!* It was the thing for which woman was made, and the lowest, meanest of them might have to bear it! He swore vows

of reverence and knighthood; he fell upon his knees before her, weeping, his soul white-hot with awe. Ah, what should he do that he might be worthy to live upon the earth with a woman?

And this was no mere fine emotion; there was no room for imagination in it—the reality exceeded all imagination. Overwhelming it was, furious, relentless; his thoughts strove to roam, but it seized him by the hair and dragged him back. Here—*here!*

She was wrung and shaken with her agony, her eyes shut, her face uplifted, her muscles turned to stone. And the minutes dragged out into hours—there was no end to it—there was no end to it! There was no meaning—it was only naked, staring terror. It beat him up again and again; he would sink back exhausted, thinking that he could feel no more; but it dragged him up once more—to agony without respite! The caverns of horror were rent open; they split before his eyes—deeper, deeper—in vistas and abysses from which he shrunk appalled. Here dwelt the furies, despair and madness—here dwelt the demon-forces of being, grisly phantoms which come not into the light of day. Their hands were upon him, their claws were in his flesh; and over their chasms he shuddered—he scented the smoke of that seething pit of life, whose top the centuries have sealed, and into which no mortal thing may gaze and live.

Life—life—here was life, he felt. What had he known of it before this?—the rest was pageantry and sham. Beauty, pleasure, love—here they were in the making of them—here they were in the real truth of them! Raw, naked, hideous it was; and it was the source of all things else! His being rose in one titan throb of rebellion. It was monstrous—it was unthink-

able! He wanted no such life—he had no right to it! Let there be an end of it! No life that ever was could be worth such a price as this! It was a cheat, a horror—there could be no justice in such a thing! There could be no God in it—it was oppression, it was wrong! He thought of the millions that swarmed on the earth—they had all come from this! And it was happening every hour—every second! He saw it, the whole of it—the age-long agony, the universal birth-pang of being. And he hated it, hated it with a wild, raging hatred—he would have annihilated it with one sweep of his arm.

And yet—there was no way to annihilate it! It was here—it was inevitable. And it was everlasting—it was an everlasting delusion, an everlasting madness. It was a Snare!

Yes, he came back to the thought—that was the image for it! It mattered not how much you might cry out, you were in it, and it held you! It held you as it held Corydon, in throb after throb of torment. She moaned, she choked, she tossed from side to side; but it held her. It seemed to him that the storm of her agony beat upon her like the tempest upon a mountain pine-tree.

§ 10. The doctor's hands were red with blood now, like a butcher's. He bent over his work, his lips set. Now and then he would speak to the young nurse, whom he was teaching; and his words would break the spell of Thyrsis' nightmare.

"You can see the head now," he said once, turning to the boy.

And Thyrsis looked; through the horrible gaping wound showed a little patch, the size of a dollar—

purplish black, palpitating, starting forward when the crises shook the mother. "And that is a head!" he whispered, half aloud.

"But how can it ever get out?" he cried suddenly, with wildness.

"It will get out," the doctor answered, smiling. "Wait—you will see."

"But the baby will be dead!" he panted.

"It is very much alive," replied the other. "I can hear its heart beating plainly."

All the while Thyrsis had never really believed in the child—it was too strange an idea. He could think only of the woman, and of her endless agony. Every minute seemed a life-time to him—the long morning had come and gone, and still she lay in her torment. He was sick in body, and sick in soul; she had exerted the strength of a dozen men, it seemed to him.

But now her strength was failing her, he was certain; her moans were becoming more frequent, her protests more vehement. The veins stood out on the doctor's forehead as he worked with her—muscular, like a pugilist. Gigantic, he seemed to Thyrsis—terrible as fate. Time and again the girl screamed, in sudden agony; he would toil on, his lips set. Once it was too much even for him—her cries had become incessant, and he nodded to the nurse, who took a bottle from the table, and wetting a cloth with it, held it to Corydon's face. Then she shouted aloud, again and again—wildly, and more wildly, laughing hysterically; she began flinging her arms about—and then calling to Thyrsis, as her eyes closed, murmuring broken sentences of love, "babbling o' green fields." It was too much for the boy—there was a choking in his throat, and he

rushed from the room and sank down upon a chair in the hall, crying like a child.

After a while he rose up. He paced the hall, talking to himself. He could not go on acting in this way—he must be a man. Others had borne this—he would bear it too; he would get himself together. It would all be over before long, and then how he would be ashamed of himself!

He went back. "It is the chloroform that makes her do that," said the young nurse, soothingly. "She is out of pain when she cries out so."

Corydon was coming back from her stupor; the strife began again. She cried out for its end, she could bear no more. "Help me! Help me!" she moaned.

The head was the size of a saucer now—but each time that she screamed it would go back. Thyrsis stood up to get the strength to grip her hand; her face stared up into the air, looking like the face of a child. And still there was no end—no end!

There was an hour more of that—the room seemed to Thyrsis to reel. Corydon was crying, moaning that she wished to die. There was now in sight a huge, bulging object—black, monstrous—rimmed with a band of bleeding, straining flesh, tight like the top of a drum. The doctor was bent over, toiling, breathless.

"No more! No more!" screamed the girl. "Oh, my God! my God!"

And the doctor answered her, panting: "Once more! Once more! Now! now!" And so on, for minute after minute; luring her on, pleading with her, promising her, lying to her—"Once more! Once more! This will be the last!" He called to her, he rallied her; he signalled to Thyrsis to help him—to inspire her, to goad her to new endurance.

And then another titan effort, and suddenly—i credibly—there burst upon Thyrsis' sight an appa tion. Sick at heart, numb with horror, dazed— scarcely knew what it was. It happened so swiftly th he had hardly time to see; but something leaped fort something enormous, supernatural! It came—it ca —there seemed never to be an end to it! He started his feet, staring, crying out; and at the same mome the doctor lifted the thing aloft, with a cry of exult tion. He held it dangling by one leg. Great Go It was a man!

A man! A thing with the head of a man, the bo of a man, the legs and arms, the face of a man! thing hideous—impish—demoniac! A thing purp and dripping with blood—ghastly—unthinkable monstrous—a spectre of nightmare dreams!

And suddenly the doctor lifted his hand and smo it; and the mouth of the thing opened, and there ca forth a purplish froth—and then a cry! It was sound like a tin-pan beaten—a sound that was its a living presence, an apparition; a thing superhuma out of another world—like the wailing of a lost spir terrifying to every sense! With Thyrsis it was li the falling down of towers within him—his whole b ing collapsed, and he sunk down upon the bed, sobbin choking, convulsed.

§ 11. When he looked up again the elder nur had the baby in her arms; and there was a wan sm on Corydon's face.

The doctor's hand was in the ghastly wound, a he was talking to the young nurse, giving her instru tion, in a strange, monotonous tone. "The placenta he was saying, "often has to be removed; we do it

twisting it round and round—very gently, of course. Then it comes—so!"

There came a rush of blood, and Thyrsis turned away his head.

"Give me the basin," said the doctor. "There!—And now the next thing is to see that the uterus contracts immediately. We assist it by compressing the walls, thus. It must be tightly bandaged."

Thyrsis had turned to see the child. He looked at it, and clenched his hands to control his emotions. Yes, it was a man! it was a man! Not a monster, not a demon—a baby!

His boy! himself! God, what a ghastly thing to realize! It had his forehead, it had his nose! It was a caricature of himself! A caricature grotesque and impish, and yet one that no human being could mistake—a caricature by the hand of a master!

And it was a living thing! It had power of motion—it twisted and writhed, it bent its arms and legs! It blinked its eyelids, it opened and shut its mouth, it breathed and made sounds! And it had feeling, too! It had cried out when it was struck!

Gently, with one finger, he touched it; and the contact with its flesh sent a shudder through every nerve of him. His child! His child! And a living child! A creature that would go on; that would eat and sleep and grow, that would learn to make sounds, and to understand things! That would come to think and to will! What would be a man!

"Is it—is it all right?" he asked the nurse, in a trembling whisper.

"It's a magnificent boy," she said. And then she struck a match, and held the light in front of its eyes;

and the eyes turned to follow the light. "He sees!" she said.

Yes, he could see! And Thyrsis had already heard that he could speak! What could it not do—this marvellous object! It was Nature's supreme miracle—it was the answer to all the riddles, the solution of all the mysteries! It was a vindication of the subterfuges, a reward for the sacrifices, a balm for the pain! It was the thing for which all the rest had been, it was the crown and consummation of their love—it was Life's supreme shout of triumph and exultation!

The nurse was holding the child up before Corydon; and she was gazing at it, she was feeding her eyes upon it. And oh, the smile that came upon her face—the ineffable smile! The pride, and the relief, and the beatific happiness! This thing she had done—it was her act of creation! Her battle that had been fought, her victory that had been won; and now they brought her the crown and the guerdon! To Thyrsis there came suddenly the words of Jesus: "A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour hath come; but as soon as she is delivered of the child she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world." And he sunk down beside the bed, and caught the woman's hand in his, and began to sob softly to himself.

§ 12. Later on he went into the street. Evening was come again—for twenty-two hours that siege had lasted! And the boy had eaten nothing since noon of the day before, and he was weak and dizzy.

But how strange the world seemed to him all at once! Peopled with phantom creatures, that came he knew not whence, and went he knew not whither! Crea

ures of awe and horror, who came out of chaos, and went back into annihilation! Who were flung here and here by cosmic forces, played with by tragic destinies! And all of them without any sense of the perpetual marvel of their own being! They ate and dressed and slept, they laughed and played and worked, they hated and loved and got and spent, with no thought of the wonder of their lightest breath, with no sense of the terrors that ringed them about—the storms that swept them hither and thither, the million miracles that were wrought for them every instant of their lives!

He went into a restaurant, and sat down; and in the seat beside him, close at his elbow, was a man. He was a fat man—eating roast pork, and apple-sauce, and mashed potatoes, and bread. And Thyrsis looked at him with wondering eyes. "Man," he imagined himself saying, "do you know how you came into this world? A thing impish, demoniac—purple and dripping with blood—a spectre of nightmare dreams?"

"W-what?" the man gasped.

"And you know nothing of the pain that it cost! You have no sense of the strangeness of it! You never think what your coming meant to some woman!"

And then—in the seat opposite was a woman; and Thyrsis watched her.

"You!" he thought, "a woman! Can it be that you know what you are? The fate that you play with—the power that dwells in you! To create new life, that may be handed down through endless ages!"

Thyrsis did not say these things; they were what he wanted to say—what he thought that he ought to say. But then he reminded himself that these things were forbidden; these mighty facts of child-birth, of life-creation—they might not be spoken about! They

must be kept hidden, veiled with mystery—if one wishe to refer to them, he must employ metaphors and polit evasions.

And as Thyrsis sat and thought about this, h clenched his hands. Some day the world would hea about it—some day the world would think about it Some day people would behold life—would realize wha it was and what it meant. They did not realize it no —else how could it be that women, who bore the rac with so much pain and sorrow, should be drudges an slaves, or the ornaments and playthings of men? Els how could it be that life, which cost such a fearful price should be so cheap upon the earth? For every ma that lived and walked alive, some woman had had t bear this agony; and yet men were pent up in mine and sweatshops, they were ground up in accidents i factories and mills—nay, worse than that, were dresse up in gaudy uniforms, and armed with rifles and ma chine-guns, and marched out to slaughter each othe by tens and hundreds of thousands!

So, as he walked the streets that night, Thyrsi made a vow. Some day he would put before the world this vision that had come to him, some day he would blast men's souls with it. He would shake them with this horror, he would thrill them with this sense of the infinite preciousness and holiness of life! He would drive it into them like a barbed arrow—that never afterwards in all their lives would they be rid of. Never afterwards would they dare to mock, never afterwards would they be able to rest until these things had been done away with, until these horrors had been driven from the earth.

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE

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A NOVEL

By

Upton Sinclair

VOLUME II

THE VANGUARD PRESS
NEW YORK 1929

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE

PART II

Love's Captivity

Book VIII

THE CAPTIVE BOUND

They sat with the twilight shadows about them. Memories too poignant assailed them, and her hand trembled as it lay upon his arm.

"How strange it was!" she whispered. "Have we kept the faith?"

"Who knows?" he answered; and in a low voice he read—

"And long the way appears, which seem'd so short
To the less practised eye of sanguine youth;
And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,
The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,
Tops in life's morning-sun so bright and bare!

1. This was a golden hour in Thyrsis' life. The
es of wonder were flung open, and all things were
ched with a new and mystic glow. He scarcely
lized it at the time; for once he was too much moved
think about his own emotions, the artist was alto-
her lost in the man. Even the room in which he
ged was relieved of its sordidness; it was a thing
t men had made, and so a part of the mystery of
oming. He yearned for some one to whom he could
art his great emotion; but because of the loneliness
his life he could find no one but the keeper of his
ging-house. Even she became a human thing to
, because of her interest in the great tidings. If
the world loved a lover, it loved yet more one through
om the supreme purpose of love had been accom-
hed.

Thyrsis went each day to the hospital, to watch the
miracle unfolding itself; to see the Child asserting
existence as a being with a life of its own. He could
er tire of watching it; he watched it asleep, with the
nt heaving of its body, and the soft, warm odor
t clung to it; he watched its awakenings—the open-
of its eyes, and the sucking movements that it made
petually with its lips. They had dressed it up now,
hid some of its strangeness; but each morning the
rse would undress it, and give it a bath; and then he
rvelled at the short crooked legs, and the tiny red
nds that clutched incessantly at the air, and the
ange prehensile feet, that carried one back to distant

ages, hinting at the secrets of Nature's worksho
Sometimes they would permit him to hold this myst
creature in his arms—after much exhortation, and a
surance that his left arm was properly placed at th
back of its head. One found out in this way what
serious business life really was.

Corydon lay back among her pillows and smiled
these things. Most wonderful it was to him to see ho
swiftly she recovered from her ordeal, how hourly th
flush of health seemed to steal back into her cheek
He became ashamed of the memory of his convulsi
anguish and his blind rebellions. He saw now that h
pain had not been as other pain; it was a constructi
pain, a part of the task of her life. It was a battle
which she had fought and conquered; and now she sa
throned in her triumphal chariot, acclaimed by th
plaudits of a multitude of hopes and joys unseen.

There came the miracle of the milk. Incessantly th
Child's lips moved, and its hands groped out; it w
an embodied demand for new experience—for life,
knew not what. But Nature knew, and had timed th
event to this hour. And Thyrsis watched the ph
nomenon, marvelling—as one marvels at the feat
engineers, who tunnel from opposite sides of a mountai
and meet in the centre without the error of an inch.

It was in accordance with the impression which Cor
don made upon him, as a dispenser of abundance,
goddess of fruitfulness, that there should have be
more milk than the Child needed. The balance had
be drawn off with a little vacuum-pump; and Thyrs
would watch the tiny jets as they sprayed upon th
glass bulb. The milk was rich and golden-hued;
tasted it, with mingled wonder and shuddering.

These procedures filled the room with a warm, lusciou

r, as of a dairy; they were eminently domestic pro-
ures, such as in fancy he had been wont to tease
about. But he had few jests at present—he was
he inner chambers of the temple of life, and hushed
stilled with awe. The things that he had witnessed
hat room were never to be forgotten; each hour he
dged himself anew, to the uttermost limits of his
. The voice of skeptic reason was altogether silent
im now. And also he was interested to observe that
protest was ended in Corydon; the impulses of
herhood had now undisputed sway in her.

2. But even in such an hour of consecration, the
did world outside would not leave him unmolested.
vas as if the black clouds had parted for a moment,
le the sunlight poured through; and now again they
ed together. The great surgeon, who had told
yrsis that he would wait for his money, professed now
have forgotten his agreement. Perhaps he had
lly forgotten it—who could tell, with the many things
had upon his mind? At any rate, Corydon found
self suddenly confronted with a bill, which she was
verless to pay; with white cheeks and trembling lips
told Thyrsis about it—and so came more worry and
iliation. The very food that she ate became taste-
to her, because she felt she had no right to it; and
a few days she was begging Thyrsis to take her
y.
o he helped to carry her downstairs, and back to her
ents' home; and then he returned to his own lonely
m, and sat for hours in the bitter cold, with his
h set tightly, and the nails dug into the palms of
hands. It so happened that just then the editor
beginning to change his mind about "The Hearer

of Truth"; and so he had new agonies of anxiety a disappointment.

Again he might not come to see Corydon; and th led to a great misfortune. For she could not do wit out him now, her craving for him was an obsession; a so she left her bed too soon, and climbed the stairs his room. Again and again she did this, in spite his protests; and when, a little later, the doctors fou that she had what they called "womb-trouble", th attributed it to this. Perhaps it was not really so, b Corydon believed it, and through all the years she la upon it the blame for innumerable headaches and bac aches. Thus an episode that might have been so forgotten, stayed with her, as the symbol of all t agonies of which her life was made.

She would come, bringing the baby with her; a they would lay it upon the bed, and then sit and tal for hours upon hours, wrestling with their problem Later on, when Corydon was able, they would go the park, craving the fresh air. But in midwint there were few days when they could sit upon a ben for long; and so they would walk and walk, unt Corydon was exhausted, and he would have to help h back to the room.

Thyrsis in these days was like a wild animal in cage; pacing back and forth and testing every corn of his prison. But they never thought of giving u never in all their lives did that possibility come into the discourse. And doggedly, blindly, they kept on wi their studies. Corydon mastered new lists of Germ words, and they read Freitag's "Verlorene Handscrif together, and von Scheffel's "Ekkehard", and even a tempted "Iphigenie auf Tauris"—though in truth th found it difficult to detach themselves to quite that e

t from the world of every-day. It is not an easy
tter to experience the pure *katharsis* of tragedy, with
aby in the room who has to be nursed every hour
wo, and who is liable to awaken at any moment and
ke some demand.

He was such an intricate and complicated baby, with
many things to be understood—belly-bands and
pers and irrational length of skirts. Sometimes,
n Corydon was quite exhausted, the attending to
se matters fell to Thyrsis, who became for the time
ost domestic poet. He once sent an editorial-room
roars of merriment by offering to review a book
n the feeding of infants. But he told himself that
l the hilarious editors had been infants once upon
me; and he had divined that there were secrets about
to be learned, and great art-works to be dreamed,
l amid belly-bands and diapers. Also, Thyrsis would
ve a great deal of ridicule in order to be paid a
ar for the reading of a book that he really wanted
read. For books that one wanted to read came so
om; and dollars were so difficult to earn!

t seemed as if the task grew harder every week. He
t without cuffs, and wore old and frayed collars,
washed his solitary necktie until it was threadbare,
lived upon prunes and crackers, and gave up the
-stove in his room—and still he could scarcely man-
to get together the weekly rent. He studied the
azines in the libraries, and racked his wits for new
s to interest their editors. He haunted editorial-
ns until his presence became a burden, and he
ught new agonies and humiliations upon himself. He
ld part from Corydon in the afternoon, and shut
self in his room; and sitting in bed to keep warm, he
ld work until midnight at some new variety of pot-

boiler. After which he would go out to walk and clea his brain—and even then, exhausted as he was, his visio would come to him again, wonderful and soul-shaking So he would walk on, and go back to write until nearl dawn at something he really loved.

§ 3. It was so that he wrote his poem, "Caradrion" It was out of thoughts of Corydon, and of the tear which they shed in each other's presence, that this poe was made. Thyrsis had a fondness for burrowing int strange old books, in which one found the primitiv wonder of the soul of man, first awakening to the mys tery of life. Such a book was Physiologus, with hi tales of strange beasts and magic jewels. "There is bird called Caradrion", Thyrsis had read. . . . "An if the sick man can be healed, Caradrion goes to him and touches him upon the mouth, and takes his sickne from him; and so the man is made well." And out o this hint he had fashioned the legend of the two childre who had grown up together in "the little cot, fringe round with tender green"; one of them Cedric, and on Eileen—for he had given the names that Corydon pre ferred.

They grew "unto the days of love", so the stor ran—

"And Cedric bent above her, stooping light,
To press a kiss upon her tender cheek.
And said, 'Eileen, I love thee; yea I love,
And loved thee ever, thou my soul's delight.'

So time sped on, until there came

"To Cedric once a strange unlovely thought,
That haunted him and would not let him be.

Eileen,' he said, 'there is a thing called death,
Of which men speak with trembling at the lips;
And I have thought how it would be with me
If I should never gaze upon thee more.' "

So Cedric went to find out about these matters; he
ught a witch—"the haggard woman, held in awe."

He found her crouching by a caldron fire;
ar gleams of light fled through the vault away,
nd tongues of darkness flickered on the wall.
hen Cedric said, 'I seek the fate to know'.
nd the witch laughed, and gazed on him and sang:

'Fashioned in the shadow-land,
Out into darkness hurled;
Trusted to the Storm-wind's hand,
By the Passion-tempest whirled!
Ever straining,
Never gaining,
Never keeping,
Young or old!
Whither going
Never knowing,
Wherefore weeping,
Never told!
Rising, falling, disappearing,
Seeking, calling, hating, fearing;
Blasted by the lightning shock,
Trampled in the earthquake rock;
Were I man I would not plead
In the roll of fate to read!'

"Then Cedric shuddered, but he said again,
'I seek the fate,' and the witch waved her hand;
And straight a peal of thunder shook the ground,
And clanged and battered on the cavern walls,
Like some huge boulder leaping down the cliff.
And blinding light flashed out, and seething fire
Shattered the seamy crags and heaving floor."

And so in a vision of terror Cedric saw the little vale and the cot "fringed round with tender green"; and upon the lawn he saw Eileen, lying as one dead.

"And Cedric sprang, and cried, 'My love! Eileen!'
And on the instant came a thunder-crash
Like to the sound of old primeval days,
Of mountain-heaving shock and earthquake roar,
Of whirling planets shattered in the dark."

And so, half wild with grief and despair, Cedric wandered forth into the world; and after great suffering, the birds took pity upon him, and gave him advice—that he should seek Caradrion.

" 'Caradrion?' cried Cedric, starting up,
'Speak swiftly, ere too late, where dwelleth he?'
'Ah, that I know not,' spake the little voice,
'Yet keep thy courage, seek thou out the stork,
The ancient stork that saw from earliest days,
Sitting in primal contemplation lost,
Sphinx-like, seraphic, and oracular,
Watching the strange procession of men's dreams.' "

But the stork was cruel and would not heed him, and led Cedric a weary chase through the marshes and the brakes. But Cedric pursued, and finally seized the bird by the throat, and forced the secret from him—

" 'Fare southward still,
Fronting the sun's midnoon, all-piercing shaft,
Into the land where daylight burns as fire;
Where the rank earth in choking vapor steams,
And fierce luxurious vegetation reeks.
So shalt thou come upon a seamèd rock,
Towering to meet the sun's fierce-flashing might,
Baring its granite forehead to the sky.
There on its summit, in a cavern deep,
Dwells what thou seekest, half a bird, half man,
Caradrion, the consecrate to pain.' "

Then came the long journey and the search for the seamèd rock.

'Twas night; and vapors, curling, choked the ground,
And the rock writhed like flesh of one in pain.
But Cedric mounted up to find the cave,
Crying aloud: 'I seek Caradrion.'
And so, till from the cavern depth a voice:
'Come not, except to sorrow thou be born.'
And Cedric, panting, stretched his shrunken arms:
'Another's sorrow would I change to joy,
And mine own joy to sorrow; help thou me.'
To which the voice, sunk low, replied: 'Come thou.'
And Cedric came, unfearing, in the dark,
And saw in gloomy night a form in pain,
With wings stretched wide, and beating faint and fast.
'Art thou Caradrion?' he murmured swift,
And echo gave reply, 'Caradrion'."

So Cedric told of his errand, and pleaded for help; and he heard the answer of the voice:

" 'Yea, I can save her, if thou be a soul
That can dare pain and face the rage of fate;
A soul that feareth not to look on death.'
'Speak on,' said Cedric, shaking, and he spoke:
'This is my law, that am Caradrion,
Whose way is sorrow and whose end is death;
That by my pain some fleeting grace I win,
Some joy unto another I can give.
Far through this world of woe I seek, and find
Some soul crushed utterly, and steeped in pain;
And when it sleeps, I stoop on silent wing,
And with a kiss take all its woe away—
Take it for mine, and then into this cave
Return alone, the blessing's price to pay.'
Then up sprang Cedric. 'Nay,' he cried, 'then swift
Ere life be gone!' But once more spake the voice:
'Nay, boy, my race is run, my power is spent;
This hope alone I give thee, as thou wilt;
Whoso stands by and sees my heart-throb cease,
Who tastes its blood, my power and form are his,
And forth he fares in solitary flight,
Caradrion, the consecrate to pain.
And so my word is said; now hide thee far
In the cave's night, and wrestle there in prayer.'
But Cedric said, 'My prayer is done; I wait.'
So in the cave the hours of night sped by,
And sounds came forth as when a woman fights
In savage pain a life from hers to free."

Then in the dawn a dark shadow flew from the cave and sped across the blue, and came to the little vale where Eileen lay dying, as he had seen her in the vision in the "haggard woman's" cavern.

Then Cedric sprang, and cried, 'My love! Eileen!'
nd Eileen heard him not; nor knew he wept.—
or mighty sorrow burst from out his heart,
nd flooded all his being, and he sunk,
nd moaned: 'Eileen, I love thee! Yea, I love,
nd loved thee ever; and I can not think
hat I shall never gaze upon thee more.
Iy life for thine—ah, that were naught to give,
Ieant not the gift to see thee nevermore!
ever to hear thy voice. Nay, nay, Eileen,
aze on me, speak to me, give me but one word,
nd I will go and never more return.'
ut Eileen answered not; he touched her hand,
nd she felt nothing. Then he whispered, low,
'h, may God keep thee—for it must be done—
uard thee, and bless thee, thou my soul's delight!
nd when thou waken'st, wilt thou think of me,
f Cedric, him that loved thee, oh so true?
ay, for they said thou shouldst no sorrow know,
nd that would be a sorrow, yea, it would.
nd must thou then forget me, thou my love?
nd canst not give me but one single word,
o tell me that I do not die in vain?
aze at me, Eileen, see, thy love is here,
ere as of old, above thee stooping light,
o press a kiss upon thy tender lips.—
h, I can kiss thee—kiss thee, my Eileen,
iss as of yore, with all my passion's woe!'
nd as he spoke he pressed her to his heart,
ong, long, with yearning, and he felt the leap
f molten metal through his throbbing veins;
is eyes shot fire, and anguish racked his limbs,
nd he fell back, and reeled, and clutched his brow.
n instant only gazed he on her face,

And saw new life within her gray cheek leap,
And her dark eyelids tremble. Then with moan,
And fearful struggle, swift he fled away,
That she might nothing of his strife perceive.
And then, reminded of his gift of flight,
He started from the earth, and beat aloft,
Each sweep of his great wings a torture-stroke
Upon his fainting heart. And thus away,
With languid flight he moved, and Eileen, raised
In new-born joy from off her couch of pain,
Saw a strange bird into the distance fade."

And so Cedric went back to the seamèd rock, and there he heard a voice calling, "I seek Caradrion!" And as before he answered,

"Come not, except to sorrow thou be born!"

And again, in the cave—

"The hours of night sped by.
And sounds came forth as when a woman fights
In savage pain, a life from hers to free.

But Eileen dwelt within the happy vale,
Thinking no thought of him that went away."

§ 4. This had come so very easily to Thyrsis that he could not believe that it was good. "Just a little story," he said to Corydon, when he read it to her, and he was surprised to see how it affected her—how the tears welled into her eyes, and she clung to him, sobbing. It meant more to her than any other thing

hat he had written; it was the very voice of their enderness and their grief.

Then Thyrsis took it to the one editor he knew who as a lover of poetry, and was surprised again, at his man's delight. But he smiled sadly as he realized hat the editor did not use poetry—they did not praise o recklessly when it was a question of something to be urchased!

"The poem is too long for any magazine," was the erdict, "and it's not long enough for a book. And esides, poetry doesn't sell." But none the less Thyrsis, ho would never take a defeat, began to offer it about; nd so "Caradrion" was added to the list of stamp-con-uming manuscripts, and set out to see the world at he expense of its creator's stomach.

So there was one more wasted vision, one more futile ffort—and one more grapple with despair, in the hours hen he and his wife sat wrapped in a blanket in the enement-room. Corydon was growing more nervous nd unhappy every day, it seemed to him. There were, pparently, endless humiliations to be experienced by woman "whose husband did not support her". Some ealous relative had suggested to her the idea that the hall-boys" might think she was not really married; nd so now she was impelled to speculate upon the sychology of these Ethiopian functionaries, and look or slights and disapproval from them!

Thyrsis, from much work and little sleep, was hag-gard and wild of aspect; the cry of the world, "Take position!" rang in his ears day and night. The prings of book-reviews had dried up entirely, and by heer starvation he was forced to a stage lower yet. A former college friend was editing a work of "con-emporary biography", and offered Thyrsis some hack-

writing. It meant the carrying home of huge bundles of correspondence from the world's most brightly-shining lights, and the making up of biographical sketches from their eulogies of themselves. With every light there came a portrait, showing what manner of light it was. As for Thyrsis, he did his writing with the feeling that he would like to explore with a poniard the interiors of each one of these people.

For nearly three months now an eminent editor had been trying to summon up the courage to accept "The Hearer of Truth". He had written several letters to tell the author how good a work it was; and now that it was to be definitely rejected, he soothed his conscience by inviting the author to lunch. The function came off at one of the most august and stately of the city's clubs, a marble building near Fifth Avenue, where Thyrsis, with a new clean collar, and his worn shoes newly shined, passed under the suspicious eyes of the liveried menials, and was ushered before the eminent editor. About the vast room were portraits of bygone dignitaries; and there were great leather-upholstered arm-chairs in which one might see the dignitaries of the present—some of them with little tables at their sides, and decanters and soda and cracked ice. They went into the dining-room, where everyone spoke and ate in whispers, and the waiters flitted about like black and white ghosts; and while Thyrsis consumed a cupful of cold *bouillon,* and a squab *en casserole,* and a plate of what might be described as an honorific salad, he listened to the soft-voiced editor discussing the problem of his future career.

The editor's theme was what the public wanted. The world had existed for a long time, it seemed, and was not easily to be changed; it was necessary for an author

take its prejudices into consideration—especially if was young, and unknown, and—er—dependent upon s own resources. It seemed to Thyrsis, as he listened, at the great man must have arranged this luncheon a stage-setting for his remarks—planning it on purse to light a blaze of bitterness in the soul of the ngry poet. "Look at me," he seemed to say—"this the way the job is done. Once I was poor and unown like you—actually, though you might not credit a raw boy from the country. But I had taste and lent, and I was judicious; and so now for thirty years have been at the head of one of the country's leading agazines. And see—by my mere word I am able to ing you here into the very citadel of power! For ese men about you are the masters of the metropolis. here is a rich publisher—his name is a household word -and you saw how he touched me on the shoulder. here is an ex-mayor of the city—you saw how he dded to me! Yonder is the head of one of the oldest d most exclusive of the city's landed families—even th him I am acquainted! And this is power! You ay know it by all these signs of mahogany furniture, d leather upholstery, and waiters of reverential deortment. You may know it by the signs of respectality and awesomeness and chaste abundance. Make ste to pay homage to it, and enroll yourself in its rvice!"

Thyrsis held himself in, and parted from the editor th all courtesy; but then, as he walked down Fifth venue, his fury burst into flame. Here, too, was wer—here, too, the signs of it! Palaces of granite d marble, and towering apartment-hotels; an endless sta of carriages and automobiles, with rich women ling in them, or descending into shops whose windows

blazed with jewels and silver and gold. Here were the masters of the metropolis, the masters of life; the dispensers of patronage—that "public" which he had to please. He would bring his vision and lay it at their feet, and they would give him or deny him opportunity!

And what was it that they wanted? Was it worship and consecration and love? One could read the answer in their purse-proud glances; in the barriers of steel and bronze with which they protected the gates of their palaces; in the aspects of their flunkeys, whose casual glances were like blows in the face. One could read the answer in the pitiful features of the little errand-girl who went past, carrying some bit of their splendor to them; or of the ragged beggar, who hovered in the shelter of a side-street, fearing their displeasure. No, they were not lovers of life, and protectors; they were parasites and destroyers, devourers of the hopes of humanity! Their splendors were the distilled essence of the tears and agonies of millions of defeated people—their jewels were drops of blood from the heart of the human race!

§ 5. So, with rage and bitterness, Thyrsis was gnawing out his soul in the night-time; distilling those fierce poisons which he was to pour into the next of his works—the most terrible of them all, and the one which the world would never forgive him.

There came another episode, to bring matters to a crisis. In the far Northwest lived another branch of Thyrsis' family, the head of which had become what the papers called a "lumber-king". One of this great man's radiant daughters was to be married, and the family made the selecting of her trousseau the occasion for a flying visit to the metropolis. So there were

mily reunions, and Thyrsis was invited to bring his fe and call.

Corydon voiced her perplexity.

"What do they want to see *us* for?" she asked.

"I belong to their line," he said.

"But—you are poor!" she exclaimed.

"I know," he said, "but the family's the family, and ey are too proud to be snobbish."

"But—why do they ask me?"

Thyrsis pondered. "They know we have published book," he said. "It must be their tribute to literare."

"Are they people of culture?" she asked.

"Not unless they've tried very hard," he answered. ut they have old traditions—and they want to be istocratic."

"I won't go," said Corydon. "I couldn't stand them." And so Thyrsis went alone—to that same temple of xury where he had called upon the college-professor. id there he met the lumber-king, who was tall and posing of aspect; and the lumber-queen, who was rging on stoutness; and the three lumber-princesses, o were disturbing creatures for a poet to gaze upon. seemed to Thyrsis that he had been dwelling in the ms all his life—so sharp was the shock which came him at the meeting with these young girls. They re exquisite beyond telling: the graceful lines of their ures, the perfect features, the radiant complexions; e soft, filmy gowns they wore, the faint, intoxicating rfumes that clung to them, the atmosphere of serenity ich they radiated. There was that in Thyrsis which rilled at their presence—he had been born into such world, and might have had such a woman for his mate. But he put such thoughts from him—he had made his

choice long ago, and it was not the primrose-path
Perhaps he was over-sensitive, acutely aware of him
self as a strange creature with no cuffs, and wit
hardly any soles to his shoes. And all the time of thes
women was taken up by the arrival of packages o
gowns and millinery; their conversation was of di
monds and automobiles, and the forthcoming honey
moon upon the Riviera. So it was hard for him not t
feel bitterness; hard for him to keep his thoughts fro
going back to the lonely child-wife wandering about i
the park—to all her deprivations, her blasted hope
and dying glories of soul.

The family was going to the matinée; as there wa
room in their car, they asked Thyrsis to go with them
So he watched the lumber-king (who had refused to len
him money, but had offered him a "position") draw ou
a bank-note from a large roll, and pay for a box i
one of Broadway's great palaces of art. And now—
having been advised so often to study what the publi
wanted—now Thyrsis had a chance to recline at hi
ease and follow the advice.

"The Princess of Prague", it was called; it was
"musical comedy"; and evidently exactly what the pub
lic wanted, for the house was crowded to the doors
The leading comedian was said by the papers to be re
ceiving a salary of a thousand dollars a week. He hel
the center of the stage, clad in the costume of a lieu
tenant of marines, and winked and grinned, and per
formed antics, and sang songs of no doubtful signif
cance, and emitted a fusillade of cynical jests. He wa
supposed to be half-drunk, and making love to a run
away princess—who would at one moment accept hi
caresses, and then spurn him coquettishly, and then exe
cute an unlovely dance with him. In between these di

rting procedures a chorus would come on, a score or of highly-painted women, hopping and gliding about, ch time clad in new costumes more cunningly inde- t than the last.

From beginning to end of this piece there was not single line of real humor, a spark of human senti- nt, a gleam of intelligence; it was a kind of delirium mens of the drama. To Thyrsis it seemed as if a ole civilization, with all its resources of science and —its music and painting and costumes, its poets d composers, its actors, singers, orchestra and audi- e—had all at once fallen victims to an attack of St. us' dance. He sat and listened, while the theatre full people roared and howled its applause; while the nily beside him—mother and father and daughters— ghed over jokes that made him ashamed to turn and k at them. In the end the realization of what this ne meant—not only the break-down of a civilization, the trap in which his own spirit was caught—made sick and faint all over. He had to ask to be ex- ed, and went out and sat in the lobby until the ow" was done.

The family found him there, and the bride-to-be in- red if he "felt better"; then, looking at his pale face, idea occurred to her, and after a bit of hesitation, asked him if he would not stay to dinner. In her d was the conflict between pity for this poor boy, doubt as to the fitness of his costume; and Thyrsis, ing read her mind in a flash, was divided between his miliation, and his desire for some food. In the end baser motive won; he buried his pride, and went to ner. —And so, as the fates had planned it, the ulse to his next book was born.

§ 6. There came another guest to the meal—the rector of the fashionable church which the family attended at home. He was a young man, renowned for the charm of his oratory; smooth-shaven, pink-and-white-cheeked, exquisite in his manners, gracious and insinuating. His ideas and his language and his morals were all as perfectly polished as his finger-nails; and never before in his life had Thyrsis had such a red rag waved in his face. But he had come there for the dinner, and he attended to that, and let Dr. Holland provide the flow of soul; until at the very end, when the doctor was sipping his *demi-tasse*.

The conversation had come, by some devious route, to Vegetarianism; and the clergyman was disapproving of it. That made no difference to Thyrsis, who was not a vegetarian, and knew nothing about it; but how he hated the arguments the man advanced! For that which made the doctor an anti-vegetarian was an attitude to life, which had also made him a Republican and an Imperialist, a graduate of Harvard and a beneficiary of the Apostolic Succession. Because life was a survival of the fittest, and because God had intended the less fit to take the doctor's word as their sentence of extermination.

The duty of animals, as the clergyman set it forth to them, was to convert plant-tissue into a more concentrated and perfect form of nutriment. "The protein of animal flesh," he was saying, "is more nearly allied to human tissue; and so it is clearly more fitted for our food."

Here Thyrsis entered the conversation. "Doctor Holland," he said, mildly, "I should think it would occur to you to follow your argument to its conclusion."

The other turned to look at him. "What conclu-
on?" he asked.

"I should think you would become a cannibal," Thyr-
s replied.

And then there was silence at the table. When Dr.
lolland spoke again it was to hurry the conversation
sewhere; and from time to time thereafter he would
eal a puzzled glance at Thyrsis.

But this the boy did not see. His thoughts had
one whirling on; here, in this elegant dining-room, the
roes of creation seized hold of him. For this was the
nage he had been seeking, the phrase that would em-
race it all and express it all—the concentrated bitter-
ess of his poisoned life! Yes, he had them! He had
hem, with all their glory and their power! They were
annibals. *Cannibals!*

So, when he set out from the hotel, he did not go
ome, but walked instead for uncounted hours in the
ark. And in those hours he lived through the whole
f his new book, the unspeakable book—"The Higher
annibalism"!

In the morning he told Corydon about it. She cried
n terror, "But, Thyrsis, nobody would publish it!"

"Of course not," said he.

"But then," she asked, "how can you write it?"

"I shall write it," he said, "if I have to die when I
et through". So he shut himself up in his room once
nore.

§ 7. A FAMOUS scientist began the story—reason-
ng along the lines of Dr. Holland's argument. The
rass took the inorganic matter, and made it into food;
he steer ate the grass, and carried it to the next stage;
nd beyond that was one stage more. So the scientist

began making experiments—in a quiet way, of course. He reported the results before a learned scientific body, but his colleagues were so scandalized that the matter was hushed up.

The seed had been sown, however, A younger man took up the idea, and made researches in the South Seas —substantiating the claim that those races which took to anthropophagy had invariably supplanted the others. The new investigator printed his findings in a book, which was circulated privately; and pretty soon he was called into consultation by the master-mind of the country's finance—the richest man in the world. This man was old and bald and feeble; and now suddenly there came to him a new lease of life—new health and new enthusiasm. It was given out that he had got it by wandering about bare-footed in the grass, and playing golf all day—an explanation which the public accepted without question. No one remarked the fact that the old man began devoting his wealth to the establishing of foundling asylums; nor did any one think it suspicious that the younger generation of this multi-millionaire should rise so suddenly to power and fame.

But there began to be strange rumors and suspicions. There were young writers, who had developed a new technique, and had carried poetic utterance to undreamed of heights; and in this poetry were cryptic allusions, hints of diabolic things. A Socialist paper printed the ménu of a banquet given by these "Neo-Nietzscheans", and demanded to know what one was to understand by *filet de mouton blanc*, and wherein lay the subtle humor of *paté de petit bête*. And at last the storm broke—a youth scarcely in his teens published a book of poems in which the dread secret was blazoned forth to the world with mocking defiance. There were

frantic attempts to suppress this book, but they failed; and then a prosecuting officer, eager for notoriety, placed the youth upon trial for his life. And so the issue was drawn.

The public at large awakened to a dazed realization of the head-way which the new idea had made. It had become a cult of the ruling-class, the esoteric religion of the state; everywhere its defenders sprang up—it seemed as if all the intellectual as well as the material power of the community was under its spell. To oppose it was not merely bad form—it was to incur a stigma of moral inferiority, to be the victim of a "slave-ethic".

With the scientific world, of course, its victory was speedy; the new doctrine was in line with recognized evolutionary teaching. The great names of Darwin and Spencer were invoked in its support; and, of course, when it came to economic science, there could be no two opinions. Had *laissez-faire* ever meant anything, if *laissez-faire* did not mean this?

At the very outset, the country was startled by the publication of a book by a college professor, famed as a leading sociologist, in which the case was presented without any attempt at sophistication. It was a fact, needing no attestation, that the mass of mankind had always lived in a state of slavery. At the present hour, under the forms of democracy, there were a quarter of a million men killed every year in industry, and half a million women living by prostitution, and two million children earning wages, and ten million people in want; and in comparison with these things, how humane was the new cult, how honest and above-board, how clean and economical! For the first time there could be offered to the submerged tenth a real social function to be performed. Once let the new teaching be applied

upon a world-wide scale, and the proletariat might follow its natural impulse to multiply without limit; there would be no more "race-suicide" to trouble the souls of eminent statesmen.

And this at the time when the attention of the community was focussed upon the new *cause célèbre!* When the public prints were filled with an acrimonious discussion as to the meaning of the instructions given to the jury. If anyone chose to will his body to a purchaser, said the judge, and then go and commit suicide, there was no law to prevent him; and, of course, the subsequent purposes of the purchaser had nothing to do with the point at issue. This was a matter of taste—here the learned justice rapped for order—a matter of prejudice, largely, and the question at issue was one of law. There was no law controlling a man's dietetic idiosyncrasies, and it was to be doubted if constitutionally any such law would stand—certainly not in a federal court, unless it chanced to be a matter of interstate commerce.

In their bewilderment and dismay, the people turned to the Church. Surely the doctrines of Christianity would stand like a barricade against this monstrous cult. But already within the Church there had been rumors and disturbances; and now suddenly a bishop arose and voiced his protest against this attempt "to drag the Church into the mire of political controversy." It must be made perfectly clear, said the bishop, that Christianity was a religion, and not a dietetic dogma. Its purpose was to save the souls of men, and not to concern itself with their bodies. It had been stated that we should have the poor always with us; which made clear the futility of attempting to change the facts of Nature. Also it was certain that the founder

of Christianity had been a meat-eater; and though there might be more than one interpretation placed upon his command concerning little children——

There we might leave Thyrsis with the established Church. He had it just where he wanted it, and he shook it until its smoothly-shaven pink and white cheeks turned purple, and the *demi-tasse* went flying out of its beautifully manicured fingers! And while he did it he laughed aloud in hideous glee, and in his soul was a cry like the hunting-call of the lone gray wolf, that he had heard at midnight in his wilderness camp. So far a journey had come the little boy who had been dressed up in scarlet and purple robes, and had carried the bishop's train at the confirmation service! And so heavy a penalty did the church pay for its alliance with "good society"!

§ 8. Thyrsis paid a week's living expenses to have his manuscript copied; and then he took it about to the publishers. First came his friend Mr. Ardsley, who had become his chief adviser. When Thyrsis went to see him, Mr. Ardsley drew out an envelope from his desk, and took from it the opinion of his reader. "'What in the world is the matter with this boy?'" he read. "That's the opening sentence."

And then he fixed his eyes upon the boy. "What in the world *is* the matter?" he asked.

Thyrsis sat silent; there was no reply he could make. He was strongly tempted to say to the man, "The matter is that I am not getting enough to eat!"

But already Thyrsis himself had judged "The Higher Cannibalism" and repudiated it. It was born of his pain and weakness, and it was not the work he had come into the world to do. So at the end he had placed

a poem, which told of a visit from his muse, after the fashion of Musset's "Nuits"; the muse had been sad and silent, and in the end the poet had torn up the product of his hours of despair, and had renewed his faith with the gracious one.

Meantime the long winter months dragged by, and still there was no gleam of hope. For Corydon it was even harder than for her husband. He at least was expressing his feelings, while she could only pine and chafe, without any sort of vent. Her life was a matter of colorless routine, in which each day was like the last, except in increased monotony. She tried hard not to let him see how she suffered; but sometimes the tears would come. And her unhappiness was bad for the child, which in the beginning had been robust and magnificent, but now was not growing properly. Thyrsis would have ridiculed the idea that nervousness could affect her milk; but the time came when, in later life, he saw the poisons of fatigue and fear in test-tubes, and so he understood why the child had not been able to lift its head until it was a year old, and had then been well on the way to having "rickets."

All their life was so different from the way they had dreamed it! The dream still lured them; but its voice grew fainter and more remote. How were they to keep it real to themselves, how were they to hold it? Their existence was made up of endless sordidness, of dreary commonplace, that opposed them with its passive inertia where it did not actively attack them. "Ah, Thyrsis!" Corydon would cry to him, "this will kill us if it lasts too long!"

For one thing, they no longer heard any music at all. She was not strong enough to practice the piano; and his violin was gone. Here in the great city an end-

less stream of concerts and operas and recitals flowed past; and here were they, like starving children who press their faces against a pastry-cook's window and devour the sweets with their eyes. Thyrsis kept up with musical and dramatic progress by reading the accounts in the papers and magazines; but this was a good deal like slaking one's thirst with a mirage. He used to wonder sometimes if he were to write to these great artists—would they invite him to hear them, or would they too despise him? He never had the courage to try.

Once in the course of the long winter some one presented Corydon with two tickets to the opera, and they went together, in a state of utter bliss. It was an unusual experience for Thyrsis, for their seats were in the orchestra, and hitherto he had always heard his operas from the upper rows in the fifth balcony, where the air was hot and stifling, and the singers appeared as a pair of tiny arms that waved, and a head (frequently a bald head) that emitted a thin, far-distant voice. This had become to him one of the conventions of the opera; and now to discover the singers as full-sized human beings, with faces and legs and loud voices, was very disturbing to his sense of illusion.

Also, alas, they had not been free to select the opera. It was "La Traviata"; and there was not much food for their hungry souls in this farrago of artificiality and sham sentiment. They shut their eyes and tried to enjoy the music, forgetting the gallant young men of fashion and their fascinating mistresses. But even the music, it seemed, was tainted; or could it be, Thyrsis wondered, that he could no longer lose himself in the pure joy of melody? Many kinds of corruption he had by this time learned about; the corruption of men,

and of women, and of children; the corruption of painting and sculpture, of poetry and the drama. But the corruption of music was something which even yet he could not face; for music was the very voice of the soul—the well-spring from which life itself was derived.

Thyrsis thought, as he and Corydon wandered about in the foyers of this palatial opera-house, was there anywhere on earth a place in which heaven and hell came so close together. A place where the lust and pride of the flesh displayed themselves in all their glory; and in contrast with the purest ecstasies the human spirit had attained! He pointed out one rich dowager who swept past them; her breasts all but jostling out of her corsage as she walked, her stomach squeezed into a sort of armor-plate of jewels, her cheeks powdered and painted, her head weighted with false hair and a tiara of diamonds, her face like a mask of pride and scorn. And then, in juxtaposition with that, the *Waldweben* and the *Feuerzauber*, or the grim and awful tragedy of the Siegfried funeral-march! There were people in this opera-house who knew what such music meant; Thyrsis had read it in their faces, in that suffocating top-gallery. He wondered if some day the demons that were evoked by the music might not call to them and lead them in revolt, to drive the money-changers from the temple once again!

§ 9. Another editor was reading "The Hearer of Truth," and a publisher was hovering on the brink of venturing "The Higher Cannibalism"; and so the two had new hopes to lure them on. When the spring-time had come, they would once more escape from the city, and would put up their tent on the lake-shore! They spent long afternoons picturing just how they would

ve—what they would eat, and what they would wear, nd what they would study. As for Cedric—so they ad called the baby—they saw him playing beneath the ig tree in front of the tent. And what fun they would ave giving him his bath on the little beach inside the oint!

"I'll fix up a clothes-basket for him to sleep in!" declared Thyrsis.

"Nonsense, dear!" said Corydon. "I've told you any times before—we'll *have* to have a crib for him!"

"But why?" cried he; and there would follow an rgument which gave pain to his economical soul.

Corydon declared herself willing to do her share in he matter of saving money; but it seemed to him that henever he suggested a concrete idea, there would be bjections. "We can get up at dawn," he would say, and save the cost of oil."

"Yes," she would answer.

"And we can do our own laundry," he would continue. But immediately another argument would begin; it was mpossible to persuade Corydon that diapers could be ashed in cold water, even when one had the whole of he Great Lakes for a washtub.

They would go on to contemplate the glorious time hen they would have money enough to build a home f their own, that could be inhabited in winter as well s in summer; Corydon always referred to it with the ne from "Caradrion"—"the little cot, fringed round ith tender green." It would be fine for the baby, they greed—he should never have to go back to the city gain. Thyrsis had a vision of him as he would be in hat home: a brown and freckled country boy, with hat were known, in the dialect of "dam-fool talk", s "yagged panties and bare feets".

But Corydon would protest at that picture. "It's all right," she said, "to put up with ugliness if you have to. But what's the use of making a fetish of it?"

"It wouldn't be ugliness," replied he. "It would be Nature! 'Blessings on thee, little man!'"

"That's all very well. But I want Cedric to have curls——"

"Curls!" he cried. "And then a Fauntleroy suit, I suppose!"

"No—at least not while we're poor. But I want him to look decent——"

"If you have curls, then you'll want a nurse-maid to brush them!"

"Nonsense, Thyrsis! Can't a mother take care of her child's own hair?"

"*Some* mothers can—they have nothing better to do. But if you were going in for the hair-dresser's art, why did you cut off your own?"

And so would come yet new discussions. "You'll be wanting me to maintain an establishment!" Thyrsis would cry, whenever these aesthetic impulses manifested themselves. He seemed to be haunted by that image of an establishment. All married men came to it in the end—there seemed to be something in matrimony that predisposed to it; and far better adopt at once the ideals and habits of the gypsies, than to settle into respectability with a nurse-maid and a cook!

Thyrsis was under the necessity of sweeping clean his soul, because of all the luxury and wantonness he saw in this metropolis, and the madness to which it goaded his soul. Some day fame would come to him, he knew—wealth also, perhaps; and oh, there must be one man in all the city who was not corrupted, who did not learn extravagance and self-indulgence, who prac-

ced as well as preached the life of faith! And so, gain and again, he and Corydon would renew the edges of their courtship-days—pledges to a discipline Spartan sternness.

Poor as he was, Thyrsis still found time to figure er the things he meant to do when he got money: the ublishing-house that was to bring out his books at st, and the free reading-rooms and the circulating raries. Also, he wanted to edit a magazine; for there as a great truth which he wished to teach the world. We must make these things that we have suffered count r something!" he would say to Corydon, again and gain. "We must use them to open people's eyes!" e was thinking how, when at last he had escaped from e pit, he would be in a position to speak for those hers who were left behind. Men would heed him then, d he could show them how impossible it was for the eative artist to do his work, and at the same time rry on the struggle for bread. He would induce some ch man to set aside a fund for the endowment of ung writers; and so the man who had a real message ight no longer have to starve.

Thyrsis had by this time tried all the world, and he ew that there was no one to understand. Just about w he was utterly stranded, and had to borrow money r even his next day's food. And oh, the humiliations d insults that came with these loans! And worse yet, e humiliations and insults that came without any ans! There was one rich man who advanced him ten llars; Thyrsis, when he returned it, sent a check he d received from some out-of-town magazine—and in turn was rebuked by the rich man for failing to in- ude the "exchange" on the check. Thyrsis wrote mbly to inquire what manner of thing the "exchange"

on a check might be; and learned that he was still i the rich man's debt to the sum of ten cents!

His case was the more hopeless, he found, becaus he was a married man. The world might have pardone a young free-lance who was willing to "rough it" an take his chances for a while; but a man who had a wif and child—and was still prating about poetry! To th world the possession of a wife and child meant self indulgence; and when a man had fallen into that trap he simply had to settle down and take the consequence How could Thyrsis explain that his marriage had no been as other men's? How could he hint at such thing, without proving himself a cad?

§ 10. The work of "contemporary biography" ha come to an end; there followed weeks of seeking, an then another opening appeared—Mr. Ardsley offere him a chance to do some manuscript-reading. Thi was really a splendid opportunity, for the work woul not be difficult, and the payment would be five dollar for each manuscript. Thyrsis accepted joyfully, an forthwith carried off a couple of embryo books to hi room.

It was a new and curious occupation, which opene up to him whole worlds whose existence he had no previously suspected. Through his review-writing h had become acquainted with the books that had seen th light of day; now he made the startling discovery tha for every one that was born, there were hundreds, per haps thousands, that died in the womb. He could se how it went—the hordes of half-educated people wh read books and were moved to write something lik them. Each manuscript was a separate tragedy; an often there would be a letter or a preface to mak

certain that one did not miss the sense of it. Here would be a settlement-worker, burning with a message, but unable to draw a character or to write dialogue; here would be a business-man, who had studied up the dialect of the region where he spent his summer vacations, and whose style was so crude that one winced as he turned the pages; here would be a poor bookkeeper, or a typewriter, or other cog in the business machine, who had read of the fortunes made by writers of fiction, and had spent all his hours of leisure for a year in composing a tale of the *grand monde*, or some feeble imitation of the sugar-coated "historical romance" of the hour.

Sometimes as he read these manuscripts, a shudder would come over Thyrsis; how they made him realize the odds in the game of life! These thousands and tens of thousands panting and striving for success; and he lost in the throng of them! What madness it seemed to imagine that he might climb over their heads —that he had been chosen to scale the heights of fame! Their letters and prefaces sounded like a satire upon his own attitude, a *reductio ad absurdum* of his claims to "genius". Here, for instance, was a man who wrote to introduce himself as America's first epic poet —stating incidentally that he was an inspector of gas-meters, and had a wife and six children. His poem occupied some six hundred foolscap sheets, finely bound up by hand; it set forth the soul-states of a Byron from Alabama—an aristocratic hero who was refused by the lady of his heart, and voiced his anger and perplexity in a long speech, two lines of which stamped themselves forever upon the mind of the reader——

> "But I! he cried. My limbs are straight,
> My purse well-filled, my veins all F. F. V.!"

As a method of earning one's living, this was almo
too good to be true. The worse the manuscripts we
the easier was his task; in fact, when he came upon o
which showed traces of real power and interest
cursed his fate, for then it might take several days
earn his five dollars. But for the most part the man
scripts were bad enough, and he could have earned
year's income in a week, if only there had been enou
of them. So he made a great effort to succeed at t
work, and filled his reports with epigrams and ke
observations, carefully adapted to what he knew w
Mr. Ardsley's point of view. He allowed time for the
devices to be effective, and then paid a visit to find o
about the prospects.

"Mr. Ardsley," he began, "I am going to try to me
you half way with a book."

"Ah!" said the other.

"I want to write a novel that you can publish.
believe that I can do it."

Mr. Ardsley warmed immediately. "I have alwa
been certain that you could," said he. He went on
expound to Thyrsis the ethics of opportunism—h
it would not be necessary to be false to his conviction
to write anything that he did not believe—but simp
to put his convictions into a popular form, and
impart no more than the public could swallow at t
first mouthful.

Thyrsis told him the outline of a plot. He wou
write a story of the struggles of a young author in t
metropolis—not such a young author as himself,
rebel and a frenzied egotist, but a plain, everyda
young author whom other people could care about. I
had the "local color" for such a tale, and he could

without too much waste of time. Mr. Ardsley ought it an excellent idea.

After which Thyrsis came, very cautiously, to the eat of the matter. "I want to get away into the untry to write it," he said; "and so I wanted to ask u about the manuscripts you are sending me. Have u found my work satisfactory?"

"Why, yes," said the other.

"And do you think you can send them through the mmer?"

"I presume so. It depends upon how many come to ."

"You—you couldn't arrange to let me have any more them?"

"Not at present," said Mr. Ardsley. "You see, I ve regular readers, whose work I know. I'll send you at I have to spare."

"Thank you," said Thyrsis. "I'll be glad to have you can give me."

So he went away; and in the little room he and rydon had an anxious consultation. He had been tting about twenty dollars a month; which was not ough for the family to exist upon. "Our only hope a new book," he declared; and Corydon saw that was truth. "Each week that I stay here is a loss," added. "I have to pay room-rent."

"But can you stand tenting out in April?" asked e.

"I'll chance it," he replied—"if you'll say the word."

She saw that her duty was before her; she must rve herself and face it, though it tore her heart-rings. She must stay and take care of the baby, ile he went away to work!

He sat and held her hands, and saw her bite her lips

and fight to keep back the tears in her eyes. Their hearts had grown together, so that it was like tearing their flesh to separate them. They had never imagined that such a thing could come into their lives.

"Thyrsis," she whispered—"you'll forget me!"

He pressed her hands more tightly. "No, dear! No!" he said.

"But you'll get used to living without me!" she cried. "And it's the time in my life when I need you most!"

"I will stay, dearest, if you say so."

She exclaimed, "No, no! I must stand it!"

And seeing her grief, his heart breaking with pity, a strange impulse came to Thyrsis. He took her hands in his, and knelt down before her, and began to pray. It had been years since he had thought of prayer, and Corydon had never thought of it in her life. It came from the deeps of him—a few stammering words, simple, almost childish, yet exquisite as music. He prayed that they might have courage to keep up the fight, that they might be able to hold their love before them, that nothing might ever dim their vision of each other. It was a prayer without theology or metaphysics—a prayer to the unknown gods; but it set free the well-spring of tenderness and pity within them, and when he finished Corydon was sobbing upon his shoulder.

Book IX

THE CAPTIVE IN LEASH

They were standing on the hill-top, watching th last glimmer of the sinking moon. As the faint pe fume of the clover came to them upon the warm ev ning wind, she sighed, and whispered—

"Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here!
'Mid city noise, not as with thee of yore,
Thyrsis! in reach of sheep-bells is my home!

She paused.
"Go on," he said, and she quoted—

"Then through the great town's harsh, heart-wearyin
roar,
Let in thy voice a whisper always come,
To chase fatigue and fear:
Why faintest thou? I wandered till I died.
Roam on! The light we sought is shining still."

§ 1. Thyrsis made his plans and packed his few belongings. There came another pass from the "higher regions", and he took the night-train once more, and came to the little town upon the shores of Lake Ontario. Once more the sun shone on the crystal-green water, and the cold breeze blew from off the lake. There was still snow in the ravines of the deep woods, but Thyrsis got his tent out of the farmer's barn, and patched up the holes the mice had gnawed, and put it up on the old familiar spot.

It was strange to him to be there without Corydon. There were so many things to remind him of her—a sudden memory would catch him unawares, and stab him like a knife. There was the rocky headland where they had swam, and there was the pine-tree that the lightning had splintered, one day while they were standing near. When darkness came, and he was unpacking a few old things that they had left up in the country, his loneliness seemed to him almost more than he could bear; he sat by the little stove, holding a pair of her old faded slippers in his hands, and felt his tears trickling down upon them.

But it took him only a day or two to drive such things out of his mind. There was no time for sentiment now—it was "Clear ship for action!" For once in his life he was free, and had a chance to work. He was full of his talk with Mr. Ardsley, and meant to do his best to be "practical." And so behold him wandering about in the water-soaked forests, or tramping

the muddy roads, or sitting by his little stove while the cold storms beat upon the tent—wrestling with his unruly Pegasus, and dragging it back a hundred times a day to what was proper, and human, and interesting!

The neighbors had warned him that it was too early for tenting, but Thyrsis had vowed he would stand it. And now, as if to punish him for his defiance, there was emptied out upon him the cave of all the winds: for four weeks there were such storms of rain and sleet and snow as the region had never known in April. There were nights when he sat wrapped in overcoats and blankets, with a fire in the stove; and still shivering for the gale that drove through the canvas. There came one calm, starlit night when he lay for hours almost frozen, and sat up in the morning to find a glass of water at his bedside frozen solid. Thirteen degrees the thermometer showed, according to the farmer; and oh, the agony of getting out of bed, and starting a fire with green wood! In the end Thyrsis poured in half a can of kerosene, and got the stove red-hot; and then he turned round to warm his back, and smelled smoke, and whirled about to find his tent in a blaze!

With a bucket of water and a broomstick he beat out the fire, and went for a run to warm up. But when he came back there was more wind, so that he could not keep warm in the tent, and more rain, so that he could not find shelter in the woods. In the end he discovered a ruined barn, in a corner of which he would sit wrapped in his blankets and writing with cold fingers.

Perhaps all these mishaps had something to do with the refusal of his ideas to flow. But apparently it was in vain that Thyrsis tried at any time to work at things

that were interesting to other people. Perhaps he could have worked better at them, if there had not been so many things that were interesting to *him*. He would find himself confronted with the image of the society clergyman, or of the sleek editor in his club, or some other memory out of the world of luxury and pride. And each day came the newspaper, with its burden of callousness and scorn; and perhaps also a letter from Corydon, with something to goad him to new tilts with the enemies of his soul.

So, before long, almost without realizing it, he was putting the "interesting" things aside, and girding himself for another battle. His message was still undelivered; and in vain he sought to content himself by blaming the world for this. Until he had forced the world to hear him, he had simply not yet done his work. He must take his thought and shape it anew—into some art-work finer, stronger, truer than he had yet achieved.

Day after day he pondered this idea—eating with it and walking with it and sleeping with it; until at last, of a sudden, the vision came to him. It came late at night, while he was undressing; and he sat for five or ten minutes, with his shirt half off, as if in a trance. Then he put the shirt on again, and went out to wander about the woods, laughing and talking to himself.

"Genius surrounded by Commercialism"—that was his theme; and it would have to be a play. Its hero would be a young musician, a mere boy, a master of the demon-voices of the violin; he would be rapt in his vision, and around him a group of people who would be embodiments of the world and all its forces of evil. One by one they came trooping before Thyrsis' fancy, with all their trappings of pomp and power, their great-

ness and their greed—sinister and cruel figures, but also humorous, very creatures of the spirit of comedy! Yes, he had a comedy this time—a real comedy!

§ 2. In this hour, of course, Thyrsis forgot all about the "plot" he had outlined to Mr. Ardsley, and about his promises to be "practical." Something arose within him, imperious and majestic, and swept all this out of the way with one gesture of the hand. He dropped everything else and plunged into the play. Never yet in his life had anything taken hold of him to such an extent; it drove him so that he forgot to eat, he forgot to sleep. He would work over some part of it until he was exhausted—and then, without warning, some other part would open out in a vista before him, and he would spring up in pursuit of that. Characters and episodes and dialogue, wild humor, scalding satire, grim tragedy—they thronged and jostled and crowded one another in his imagination.

"The Genius" was the title of the play. Its protagonist had come home after completing his education in Vienna; and there was the family gathered to greet him. Mr. Hartman, the father, was a wholesale grocer—a business large enough to have brought wealth, but painfully tainted with "commonness". Then there was Mrs. Hartman, stout and tightly-laced, who had studied the science of elegance while her husband studied sugar. There was the elder son, who under his mother's guidance had married well; and Miss Violet Hartman, who was looking up to the perilous heights of a foreign alliance.

Only of late had the family come to realize what an asset to their career this "Genius" might be. They had humored him in his strange whim to devote his life

to fiddling; money had been spent on him freely—he brought home with him a famous Cremona instrument for which three thousand dollars had been paid. But now it was dawning upon them that this was an "ugly duckling"; he was to make his *début* in the metropolis, where an overwhelming triumph was expected; and then he would return to the home city in the middle West, and would play at *musicales*, which even the most exclusive of the "*élite*" must attend.

There was also the great Prof. Reminitsky, the teacher who had made Lloyd, and had come to New York with him; and there was the Herr Prof. von Arne, of the University of Berlin, a world-renowned psychiatrist, author of "The Neurosis of Inspiration". The Herr Professor had come to America to make some studies for his forthcoming masterpiece on the religious mania; and he was glad to see his old friend Reminitsky, whose seventeen-year-old musical prodigy was most interesting material for study.

Prof. Reminitsky was the world's greatest authority in the art of tearing the human soul to pieces by means of horse-hair rubbed with resin and scraped over the intestines of a pig. There were no tricks of finger-gymnastics and of tone-production that he had not mastered. As for the emotions produced thereby, he felt them, but in a purely professional way; that is, the convictions he had concerning them related to their effects upon audiences, and more especially upon the score or two of critical experts whose psychology had been his life-study. But having studied also the psychology of youth, he knew that his *protégé* must needs have other convictions concerning his performances. This was his supreme greatness—that he understood

the paranoia of enthusiasm, and used this understanding to tempt his pupils to new heights of achievement.

In all of which, of course, his friend von Arne was a great help to him. Von Arne had dug through a score of great libraries, and had travelled all the world over, frequenting cafés and salons, monasteries and prayer-cells, prisons and hospitals and asylums—wherever one might get new glimpses of the extraordinarily intricate phenomena of the aberration called "Genius". He had several thousand cases of it at his finger-tips—he had measured its reaction-times and calculated its cephalic index, and analyzed its secretions and tested it for indecan. He knew trance and clairvoyance, auto-suggestion and telepathic hallucination, epilepsy and hysteria and ecstasy; and over the head of any disputatious person he would swing the steam-shovel of his erudition, and bury the unfortunate beneath a wagon-load of Latin and Greek derivatives.

Also, there was Moses Rosen, the business-manager. Moses was short, and wore a large diamond ring, and he also was a specialist in the phenomena of "Genius". He studied them from the point of view of the box-office, and his tests were quite as definite as those of the psychological laboratory. There came to Moses an endless stream of prodigies, all of them having long hair and picturesque aspects, and talking rapidly and rolling their eyes; the problem was to determine which of them had the faculty of true Genius, which not only talked rapidly and rolled its eyes, but also had the power of causing money to flow in through a box-office window.

In this case Moses felt that the prospects were good, the only trouble being that the prodigy intended to render a *concerto* by a strange composer—a stormy

and unconventional thing which would annoy the critics. Moses suggested something that was "classic"; and agreed with Mrs. Hartman that there ought to be something corresponding to "good form" in music.

§ 3. So all these strange creatures were poking and peering and smelling about the "Genius"; and meanwhile, there came at intervals faint strains of music from a distant room. At last Lloyd Hartman entered; beautiful, pale and sensitive—a haunted boy, and the most haunting figure that had yet come to Thyrsis' imagination. Also, it was the hardest piece of work he had ever undertaken; for the character had come to him, not as a formula or a collection of phrases, but as an intuition, a part of his own soul; and he would work out a scene a score of times, finding words to phrase it, and then rejecting them. By what speeches could he give his sense of the gulf that lay between Lloyd and the people about him? For this boy could not cope with them in argument, he would have no mastery of the world of facts. He must be without any touch of sophistication, of cynicism; and yet, when he spoke to them, it must be clear that he knew them for different beings from himself. He would go with them meekly; but one would feel that it was because his path lay in their direction. When the point came that their ways parted, he would go his own way; and just there lay the seed of the tragi-comedy.

The family gathers about him, and he answers their questions. He will wear the kind of tie that his sister prefers, and they may set any date they please for the *musicales* at home. He hears the "copy" which Moses has prepared for his advertisements; and then he sits, absent-minded, while they talk about him. Music is in

his thoughts, and gradually it steals into his aspect and the gestures of his hand. They watch him, and a pall comes over them: until at last the mother exclaims that he makes her nervous, and leads the family off.

Then Miss Arnold is announced—Helena Arnold, who has been recommended as accompanist at the great concert. She is young and beautiful; and the two go into the next room to play, while the professors remain to talk over this new complication.

Prof. von Arne, of course, lays especial emphasis upon the sex-element in psychopathology; he and Reminitsky have talked the subject out many years ago, and adopted a definite course of action. The abnormalities incidental to sex-repression were innumerable, and for the most part destructive; but there could be no question that all the more striking phenomena of the neurosis called "Genius" were greatly increased in their intensity by this means. So, in dealing with his pupils, and especially with a prodigy like young Hartman, Prof. Reminitsky would call into service all the paraphernalia of religious mysticism; teaching his pupil to regard woman as the object of exalted adoration, a being too holy to be attained to even in thought. And now, of course, when the proposed accompanist turns out to be a decidedly alluring young female, it is necessary to take careful heed.

Meanwhile from the distance come bursts of wild music; and at last Helena returns—pale, and deeply agitated. "It is that *concerto!*" she says, and then asks to be excused from talking. Lloyd comes, and stands by the door watching her. When his teacher begins to open business negotiations, he asks him abruptly to leave them alone.

Helena asks, "Who wrote that music?" He tells

er a ghastly story of a titan soul who starved in a garret and shot himself, crushed by the mockery of he world.

"I might have saved him!" the boy exclaims. "I vas so busy with the music I forgot the man!"

They talk about this epoch-making *concerto*, and iow Lloyd means to force it upon the public. "And ou shall play it with me!" he exclaims. "You are the irst that has ever understood it!"

"I cannot play it!" she protests; to which he answers, 'It was like his voice come back from the grave!" And o we see these two souls cast into the crucible together.

§ 4. The second act showed the aftermath of the great concert, and took place in the drawing-room of the Hartman family's apartment, at four o'clock in the morning. We see Moses and the two professors, who have not been able to tear themselves away; dishevelled, *distrait*, wild with vexation, they pace about and lament. Failure, utter ruin confronts them—the structure of their hopes lies in the dust! They blame it all on "that woman"—and members of the family concur in this. It was she who kept Lloyd to his resolve to play that mad *concerto;* and then, to cast aside all the master had taught them, all the results of weeks of drilling—and to play it in that frantic, demonic fashion. Now the men await the morning papers, which will bring them the verdict of "the world"; and they shudder with the foreknowledge of what that verdict will be.

Lloyd and Ildena enter. They have been walking for hours, and have not been thinking of "the world". They listen, half-heeding, to the protests and laments;

they could not help it, they explain—the music took hold of them.

The two professors go off to get the papers, and Moses goes into the next room to rest; after which it becomes clear to the audience that Lloyd and Helena are fighting the sex-duel.

"You do not care about people," she is saying, sombrely.

To which his reply is, "It is not to be found in people."

"And yet from people it must come!" she insists.

He answers, "They do not even know what I mean; and they have no humility."

"It is a problem," Lloyd continues, after a pause. "Shall one go on alone, or wait and bring others with him?—You have brought that problem into my life."

She answers to this, "I cannot see how my love will hinder you."

He replies, "If you love *me*, who will love my art?"

So it goes—until the professors return with their freight of the world's Philistinism. And here came a scene, over which Thyrsis shook for many a day with merriment. The accounts of the concert are read, Moses awakens and comes in; and as the agony increases, the members of the family appear, one by one, clad in their dressing-gowns, and adding their lamentations to the chorus. Gone is all the prestige of the two professors, gone all the profits of Moses, gone all the visions of social triumphs in the city of the middle West!

To all of which uproar the two listen patiently; until at last the mother, in a transport of vexation, turns upon Helena, and accuses her of ensnaring the boy. And then—the climax of the scene—Lloyd springs up

l that Genius in him, which has so far gone into music, rns now into rage and scorn. He pictures these eople—pawing over his inspiration with their unclean nds—peering at it, weighing it, chaffering over it—king it into the market-place to be hawked about. He ows them what they are, and what that "world" is, which they would offer his muse as a whore. And en at the climax of his speech, as he is waving his olin in the air, the Herr Prof. von Arne ventures to ut in a word; and the boy whirls upon him, and brings wn the three thousand-dollar treasure upon the emi-ent psychiatrist's head!

§ 5. The third act, which was the hardest of all write, was to take place in a garret. Lloyd has gone way alone, and three years have passed, and now he es dying of a wasting disease. Helena has come to im again—and still they are fighting the duel. "A oman will do anything for a man but renounce him," ays Lloyd; and she cannot understand this fierce in-tinct of his.

She has come and found him; and he lies gasping for reath, and speaking in broken sentences. Yet he will ot have her bring grief into his chamber; he has fought is way through grief, and through hatred and con-empt, and now he lies at peace upon the bosom of ature. No longer is he wrapped up in his own vision; e has learned from the million suns in the sky and he million trees of the forest. He tells her that the hing called "Genius" springs ceaselessly from the eart of life.

He has cast out fear; and with it he has cast out ove. "What are you?" he asks. "What am I?" And e sets forth in blazing words his vision of the soul,

which is as a flash of light in a raindrop, and yet on with the eternal process. As the fruit of his life he leaves one symphony in manuscript, and some pages of writing in which he has summed up his faith. That is enough, he says—that is victory; for that he fled away, and killed his love.

The two professors come, having learned that Lloyd is dying. But even they cannot divert him. He tells von Arne that his learning will submit itself, and that scientists will be as gardeners, tending the young flowers of faith. His mother and father come, and he whispers that even for them there is hope—that in the deepest mire of respectability the spark of the soul still glows. His mother bursts into weeping by his bed, and he tells her that even from the dungeon of pride there may be deliverance. So he sends them all away to pray.

Then Helena sits at the piano and plays a few bars of that sonata of Beethoven's which is an utterance of most poignant grief, and which some publisher has cruelly misnamed the "Moonlight". And after long silence, the dying man communes with his muse. A light suffuses the room, and he whispers, "Take thine own time; for the seeds of thy glories are planted in the hearts of men!"

§ 6. Over these things Thyrsis would work for six hours at a stretch, sitting without moving a muscle; for days and nights he would wander about at random in the woods. He ate irregularly, of such things as he could put his hands upon; and sleep fled from him like a mistress spurned. When, after a couple of months, he had finished the task, there was an incessant throbbing in his forehead, and—alas for the sudden

mble from the heights of Parnassus!—he had lost most entirely the power of digesting food.

But the play was done. He sent it off to be copied, ıd wrote pæans of thanksgiving to Corydon. Once ore he had a weapon, newly-forged and sharpened, herewith to pierce that tough hide of the world!

There remained the practical question: What did ıe do when he had a play completed? What was the rst step to be taken? Thyrsis pondered the problem or several days; and then, as chance would have it, s eye was caught by a newspaper paragraph to the fect that "Ethelynda Lewis, the popular *comédienne*, to be starred in a serious drama next season, under ıe management of Robertson Jones. Miss Lewis's lay has not yet been selected." Now, as it happened, Ethelynda Lewis" had been on the play-bill of "The rincess of Prague", that tragic "musical comedy" to hich Thyrsis had been taken; but he never noticed the ames of actors and actresses, and had no suspicions. Ie sent his manuscript to this future star; and a week ter came a note, written on scented monogram paper a tall and distinguished chirography, acknowledging ıe receipt of his play and promising to read it.

Then Thyrsis turned to attack the manuscripts which ad been accumulating while he was writing. They were oming more frequently now—apparently Mr. Ardsley ked his work. To Corydon, who had gone to the ountry with her parents, he wrote that he was getting me money ahead, and so she might join him before ng.

This brought him a deluge of letters; and it forced m to another swift descent into the world of reality. I have told you nothing of my sufferings," wrote Corydon. "At least a score of times I have written you long

letters and then torn them up, saying that your work must not be disturbed. But oh, Thyrsis, I do not think I can stand it much longer! Can you imagine what it means to be shut up in a boarding-house, without one living soul to understand about me?"

She would go on to tell of her griefs and humiliations, her longings and rages and despairs. Then too, Cedric was not growing as he should. "He is beautiful," she wrote, "and every one loves him. But he makes not the least attempt to sit up, and I am very much worried. I fear that I ought not to go on nursing him—I am too nervous to eat as I should. And then I think of the winter, and that we may still be separated, and I do not see how I am to stand it. It is as if I were in a prison. I think of you, and I cannot make you real to me."

To all of which Thyrsis could only reply with vague hopes—and then go away for a tramp in the forest and call to his soul for new courage. He had still troubles enough of his own. For one thing, the fiend in his stomach was not to be exorcised by any spell he knew. It was all very picturesque to portray one's hero as dying of disease; but in reality it was not at all satisfactory. Thyrsis did not die, he merely ate a bowl of bread and milk, and then went about for several hours, feeling as if there were a football blown up inside of him.

He had a touching faith in the medical profession in those days, and whenever there was anything wrong with him, he would turn the problem over to a doctor and his soul would be at rest. In this case the doctor told him that he had dyspepsia—not a very difficult diagnosis—and gave him a bottle full of a red liquid to be taken after meals. To Thyrsis this seemed an

xample of the marvels of science, of the adjustment of eans to ends; for behold, when he had taken the red quid, the bread and milk disappeared as if by magic! nd he might go on and eat anything else—if there was rouble, he had only to take more of the red liquid! So e plunged into work on a pot-boiler, and wrote Coryon to be of cheer, that the dawn was breaking.

§ 7. Corydon, in the meantime, had received a copy f his play; and he was surprised at the effect it had pon her. "It is marvellous," she wrote; "it is like a laze of lightning from one end to the other. And et, much as I rejoice in its power, the main feeling it rought me was of anguish; for it seemed to me as if n this play you had spoken out of your inmost soul. Can it be that you are really chafing against the bond f our love? That you feel that I have hold of you and ling to you; and that you resent it, and shrink from ne? Oh Thyrsis, what can I do? Shall I bid you go, nd blot the thought of you from my mind? Is that vhat you truly want? 'A woman will do anything for . man but renounce him!' Did you not shudder for ne when you wrote those words?

"It is two o'clock in the morning, and so far I have ıot been able to sleep. I have lain awake with torturing houghts; and then the baby wakened up, and I had to ɔut him to sleep again—any indisposition of mine lways affects him. I am sitting on the floor at the foot ɔf the bed, writing with a candle; and hoping to get nyself sufficiently exhausted, so that I shall no longer ie awake.

"Go and find your vision over my corpse, and may God bless you! . . . I wrote that hours ago, and I tried ɔ mean it. I try to tell myself that I will take the

child and go away, and crush my own hopes and yearn
ings, and give my life to him. But no—I cannot,
cannot! It is perfectly futile for me to think of that—
I crave for life, and I cannot give up. There is tha
in me that will never yield, that will take no refusa
Sometimes I see myself as a woman of seventy, stil
seeking my life. Do you not realize that? I feel tha
I shall never grow old!

"How strange a thing it is, Thyrsis, that you and I
who might do so much with so little chance, should hav
no chance at all. I read of other poets and their wive
—at least they managed to have a hut on some hillside
and they did not absolutely starve.

"I am tired now; perhaps I can sleep. But I wil
tell you something, Thyrsis—does it sound so very
foolish? Not only will I never grow old, but I will neve
give up your love! Yes, some day you will find ou
how to seek your vision in spite of the fact that I am
your wife!"

§ 8. Another day, there would be moods of peace
and even of merriment; it was always like putting one'
hand into a grab-bag, to open a new letter from Cory
don. In after years he would read them, and strang
were the memories they brought!

"My Thyrsis," she wrote: "I have been reading
story of Heine in Zangwill's "Dreamers of the Ghetto"
I did not know about Heine. He loved and married
sweet little woman of the people—Mathilde—who didn'
appreciate his writings. I am not only going to lov
you, but I am going to appreciate your writings! Som
day I am going to be educated—and won't it be fin
when I am educated?

"I keep very busy, but I have not so much time as

ad last summer. I live almost all my life in hope—the resent is nothing. I think I get more strength by azing at my baby than in any other way. I wonder I can ever infuse into him my inspiration and my esire. It is wonderfully exciting to me to think of hat a free soul could do, if it possessed my spirit and ıy dreams. Ah, even you don't know! I smile to myelf when I think how surprised you might some day e! Oh, my baby, my baby, surely you will not fail ıe—little soul that is to be. This is what I say to him, nd then I squeeze him in ecstasy, and he coughs up his ıilk. Dear funny little thing, that is so pleased with red, white and blue rattle. At present he is grinning t it ecstatically—and he is truly most horribly cuning. His favorite expression is 'Ah-boo, ah-boo'; and s not that just *too* bright? Everybody tries to spoil im—even a twelve-year-old boy here wanted to kiss im. And wonder of wonders, he has two teeth appearng in his lower gums! Poor me—he bites hard enough s he is."

And then again:

"My Beloved: I am sitting with my candle once more. t is too hot for a lamp. I have been reading 'Paradise ost', and truly I am astonished that it is so beautiful. lso I have been reading a book about Unitarianism, and did not know that such things had been written. But think it is hardly worth while to call one's self a Jnitarian. I was thinking that I will go back and read he Bible through. I would not mind, if I knew I did ot have to believe it.

"Also; this week, I read 'Paul and Virginia'. Oh, o not write anything to me about our meeting, until ou are sure it can be! It breaks my heart.

"Did it ever occur to you that we might embark

for the tropics? We'd have a hut, and I might learn to raise fruits and vegetables. I sigh for some verdant isle—and I am not joking. We might find some place where steamers came now and then, and some one in New York could attend to your manuscripts.

"To-night I was trying to put my baby to sleep and he wouldn't go, but just lay in my lap and kicked and grinned. I tried to coax him to go to sleep, but if I was the least bit impatient he'd begin to cry. And then he'd grin at me so roguishly, as if to say, 'Let's play before I go to sleep!' Finally I looked right at him and said, 'Now, you have played long enough, and I wish you to be a good boy and go to sleep!' And then he laughed, and I put him on his side and he went to sleep! Wasn't that bright for a baby just seven months old?

"I think I write you much more interesting letters than you write me. To be sure I have no books into which to put my thoughts. Also, I have a great deal of time to compose letters to you; Cedric wakes me up so much in the night, and often I cannot go to sleep again. It plays havoc with me as a rule; and yet sometimes, when I'm not too exhausted, there is a certain joy in watching by the dim candle light the rosy up-turned face and the little groping mouth. Oh Thyrsis, he is all mine and yours, and we must make him glad he was borned, mustn't we?"

§ 9. Such letters would come at a time when Thyrsis was almost prostrated with exhaustion; and great waves of loneliness and yearning would sweep over him. Ah God, what a fate it was—to labor as he labored, and then to have no means of recreation or respite, no hand

to smooth his forehead, no voice to whisper solace! Who could know the tragedy of that aspect of his life?

There came one day an incident that almost broke his heart. Down the lake came a private yacht, beautiful and swift, clean as a new penny, its bronze and white paint glistening in the sunlight. It anchored not far out from the point where Thyrsis camped, and a boat put off, and from it three young girls stepped ashore. They were slender and graceful, clad all in white—as spotless as the vessel itself, and glowing with health and joyfulness. They cast shy glances at the tent, and asked Thyrsis to direct them to the nearest farm-house; he watched them disappear through the woods, and saw them return with a basket of fruit.

It was just at sunset, and there was a new moon in the sky, and the evening star trembled upon the bosom of the waters. There in the magic stillness lay the vessel—and suddenly came the sounds of a guitar, and of young voices singing. Wonderful to tell, they sang —not "ragtime" and "college songs," but the chorus of the "Rheintöchter," and Schubert's "Auf dem Wasser zu singen", and other music, unknown to Thyrsis, exquisite almost beyond enduring. It pierced him to the heart; he sat with his hands clenched, and every nerve of him a-quiver, and the hot tears raining down his cheeks. It was loveliness not of this earth, it was an apparition; that presence which had been haunting him ever since he had come to this spot—

"So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
And hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn."

The music died away, and rose again; and the deeps

of his spirit were opened, and ecstasy and grief welled up together within him. Then he made out that the anchor was being lifted; and he was tempted to spring up and cry out to them to stay. But no—what did they know of him? What would they care about him? So he crouched by the bank, drinking greedily the precious notes; and as the yacht with its gleaming lights stole away into the twilight, all the poet's soul went yearning with it. Still he could hear the faint strains swelling—

"Blow, blow, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!"

He sat with his face hidden in his hands, shuddering. Here he was, wrestling in the pit with sickness and despair—and there above him were the heights of art. If only he could live with such music, what prodigies could he not perform. And they who possessed it—did it mean to them what it meant to him? They who had everything that life could offer—music and art, freedom and beauty and health—all the treasures of life as their birthright—had they never a thought of those who had nothing, and were set to slave in the galleys of their pleasure-craft?

Thyrsis was always coming upon some aspect of this thing called Privilege. Corydon had suggested that there might be some work that she could do at home; and so one day he was looking over the advertisements in a newspaper, and came upon a composition by a man who was seeking a governess for his three children. It was written in a style all its own; it revealed a person accustomed to specify exactly what he wanted, and it occupied three or four inches, as if symbolic of the fact

hat he did not consider expense. He described the life of his children; they had servants and a tutor to attend to their physical and mental needs, and the father now sought a friend and companion, to take charge of their spiritual and social development. The specifications evoked a picture of an establishment, in which all the community's resources, all the sciences and arts of civilization, were set at work to create joy and power for three young people. What a contrast it made with the care that little Cedric was getting, as revealed in his mother's letters!

Thyrsis could see in his mind's eye the master and provider of this establishment. How well he knew the type—how often had he sat in some quiet corner and listened while it revealed itself. A man alert and aggressive; immaculate in appearance as the latest fashion-plate, and overlaid with a veneer of culture—yet underneath it still the predatory talons, the soul of the hawk. He was a "practical" man; that is, he understood profit. He was trained to see where profit lay, and swift to seize upon it. As a business-man he ruled labor, and crushed his competitors, and directed legislatures and political machines; as a lawyer he protected his kind from attack, as a judge he bent the law to the ends of greed. So he lived in palaces, and travelled about in private-cars and yachts, and had servants and governesses for his children, and valets and secretaries to attend himself. And whenever by any chance he got a glimpse of Thyrsis' soul, how he hated it! On the other hand, to Thyrsis he was a portent of terror. He ruled in every field of human activity; and yet one saw that if his rule continued, it would mean the destruction of civilization! Whenever Thyrsis met one of these men, whether in imagination or reality,

he found himself with hands clenched, and every nerve of him a-tingle with the lust of combat.

§ 10. A most trying thing it was to a man who carried the burden of the future in his soul—to have to wrestle with an obstinate stomach! But so it was again; the magic red liquid seemed to be losing its power. Then, the pot-boiler was not going well; and to cap the climax, the manuscripts stopped coming. Thyrsis, after waiting two or three weeks in suspense and dread, wrote to Mr. Ardsley, and received a reply to the effect that he would not be able to send any more. Mr. Ardsley had sent them because of his interest in the proposed "practical" novel; and now he had learned that the poet had been giving his time to the writing of an impossible play!

Thyrsis' predicament was a desperate one, and drove him to a desperate course. It was now midsummer; and run down from overwork as he was, could he face the thought of returning to the sweltering city to go to work in some office? Or was he to hire out as a farm-laborer, under he knew not what conditions? He recoiled from either of these alternatives; and then suddenly, as he racked his brains, a wild idea flashed over him. For years he had talked and dreamed of escaping from civilization. He had pictured himself upon some tropic island, where bananas and cocoanuts grew; or again in some Northern wilderness, where he might hunt and fish, and live like the pioneers. And now—why not do it? He had an axe and a rifle and a fishing-rod; and only a few days previously he had heard a man telling of a lake in the Adirondacks, where not a dozen people went in the course of a year.

It was early one morning the idea came to him; and

within an hour he had struck his tent and packed his trunk. He stowed his camp-stuff and bedding in a dry-goods box, and leaving his tent with the farmer, he purchased a ticket to a place on the edge of the wilderness. He put up at a village-hotel, and the next day drove fifteen miles by a stage, and five more by a wagon, and spent the night at a lumber-camp far in the wilderness. The next day, carrying as much of his belongings as he could, he walked three miles more, and came to the tiny lake that was his goal.

It was perhaps half a mile long; the virgin forest hung about it like a great green curtain, and the shadows of the blue mountains seemed as if painted upon its surface. Thyrsis gave a gasp of delight as he pushed through the bushes and saw it; he stripped and plunged into the crystal water—and hot and tired and soul-sick as he was, the coolness of it was like a clasp of protecting arms. There was a rock rising from the centre, and he swam out and stood upon it, and gazed about him at all the ravishing beauty, and laughed and whooped so that the mountains rang with the echoes.

He found an abandoned "open-camp", or shed, the roof of which he made water-proof with newspapers and balsam-boughs. He cut fresh boughs for his bed, and spread his blankets upon them, and went back to the lumber-shanties, and purchased a box of prunes and a bag of rice. There were huckleberries in profusion upon the hills, and in the lakes were fish, and in the forests squirrels and rabbits, partridges and deer. There were the game-laws, to be sure; but there was also a "higher law", as eminent authorities had declared. As one of the wits at the lumber-camp put

it, "If any wild rabbit comes rushing out to bite you, don't you hesitate to defend yourself!"

So, with the sum of one dollar and twenty-three cents in his pocket-book, Thyrsis began the happiest experience of his life. He watched the sun rise and set behind the mountains; and sometimes he climbed to the summits to see it further upon its way. He watched the progress of the tempests across the lake, and swam in the water while the rain splashed his face and the lightning splintered the pines in the forest. He crouched in the bushes and saw the wild ducks feeding, and the deer that came at sunset to drink. He watched the loons diving, and spying him out with their wild eyes—sometimes, as they rose in flight, beating the surface of the water with a sound like thunder. At night he heard their loud laughter, and the creaking cries of the herons flying past. Sometimes far up in the hills a she-fox would bark, or some too-aged tree of the forest would come down with a booming crash. Thyrsis would lie in his open camp and watch the moonlight through the pines, and prayers of thankfulness would well up within him—

> "Peace of the forest, rich, profound,
> Gather me closely, fold me round!"

There had been much carrying and hard work to do before he was settled, and there was more of it all through his stay. He had to cook all his meals and clean up afterwards; and because the nights were cold and his blankets few, there was much firewood to be cut. Also, there was no food unless he went out and found it, and so he spent hours each day tramping about in the forests. By the time he had got home and

had cleaned the game and cooked it, he was ravenously hungry, and there was never any question as to what would digest. This was just what he had sought; and so now, deliberately, he banned all the muses from his presence, and poured the rest of the dyspepsia-medicine into the lake. His muscles became hard, and the flush of health returned to his cheeks, and as he went about his tasks he laughed and sang, and shouted his defiance to the world. And to Corydon he wrote his newest plan —to earn a little in the city that winter, and come back in the early spring and build a log-cabin for herself and the baby!

§ 11. Twice a week his mail came to the lumber-camp, in care of the friendly foreman. Each time that he went out to get it, he hoped for some new turn. There was a publisher interested in "The Hearer of Truth", and an editor was reading "The Higher Cannibalism"; also, and most important of all, Miss Ethelynda Lewis had now had "The Genius" for nearly two months, and had not yet reported. Thyrsis wrote to remind her, and after another two weeks, he wrote yet more urgently. At last came a note—"I have been away from the city, and have not had a chance to read the play. I will attend to it at once." And then, after three weeks more, Thyrsis wrote again—and at last came a letter that made his heart leap.

"I have read your play", wrote the popular *comédienne*. "I am very much interested in it indeed. I have asked my manager to read it, and will write you again shortly."

Thyrsis sent this to Corydon, and again there was rejoicing and expectation. "If only I can get the play on," he wrote, "our future is safe, for the profits from

plays are enormous. It will be a great piece of luck if I have found the right person at the first attempt."

More weeks passed. Thyrsis watched the pageant of autumn upon the mountains—he saw the curtains of the lake-shore change to gold and scarlet, and from that to pale yellow and brown; and now, with every lightest breeze that stirred, there were showers of leaves came fluttering to the ground. The deer left the lake-shore and took to the "hard-wood", and the drumming of partridges thundered at sunset. The nights were bitterly cold, and he spent a good part of his day chopping logs and carrying them to camp, so that he might keep a blazing fire all night. There were hunting-parties in the woods, and he got a deer, and sold part of it, and had the rest hanging near his camp.

And then one night came the first snow-storm; in the morning it lay white and sparkling in the sunlight—and oh, the wonder of a hunting-trip, when the floor of the wilderness was like a page on which could be read the tale of all that happened in the night! One could hardly believe that so many creatures were in these woods—there were tracks everywhere one looked. Here a squirrel had run, and here a partridge; here had been a porcupine, with feet like a baby's, and here a fox, and here a bear with two cubs. And in yon hollow a deer had slept through the night, and here he had blown away the snow from the moss; here two bucks had fought; and here one of them had been started by a hunter, and had bounded away with leaps that it was a marvel to measure.

Thyrsis nearly lost his life at these fascinating adventures; for another storm came up, and covered his tracks, and when he tried to find his way back by the compass, he found that he had forgotten which end of

he needle pointed to the North! So he wandered bout for hours; and in the end had to decide by the oss of a penny whether he should get out to the main oad, or wander off into twenty miles of trackless wilder- ess, without either food or matches. Fortunately the enny fell right; and he spent the night at a farm- ouse, and the next day got back to the lumber-camp.

And there was a letter from Ethelynda Lewis! Thyr- is tore it open and read this incredible message:

"Your play has been carefully considered, and I am isposed to accept it. It is certainly very unusual and nteresting, and I think it can be made a success. There re, however, certain changes which ought to be made. am wondering if you will come to the city, so that we an talk it over. It would not be possible to settle a natter so important by mail; and there is no time to e lost, for I am ready to go ahead with the work at nce, and so is my manager."

§ 12. Nothing that the mail had ever brought to Thyrsis had meant so much to him as this. He was ransported with delight. Yes, for this he would go ack to the city!—But then, he caught his breath, ealizing his plight. How was he to get to the city, hen he had only three dollars to his name?

He turned the problem over in his mind. Should he end a telegram to some relative and beg for help? No, e had vowed to die first. Should he write to the actress, nd explain? No, for that would kill his chances. There was just one way to be thought of; venison in he woods was worth eleven cents a pound, and the mallest of deer would get him to the city!

And so began a great adventure. Thyrsis wrote Miss Ethelynda that he would come; and that night he

loaded up some more buckshot "shells", and befor dawn of the next day was out upon the hunt. Th snow was gone now; and with soft shoes on his feet h wandered all day through the wilderness—and was re warded by two chances to shoot at the white tails o flying deer.

And then came night, and he rigged up a "jack" a forbidden apparatus made of a soap-box and a lantern and a tin-plate for a reflector. He had an ingenious arrangement of straps and cords, whereby he could fasten this upon his head; and he had found an old lumber-trail where the deer came to feed upon the soft grass. Down this he crept like a thief in the night with the light gleaming ahead, and the deer tramping in the thickets and whistling their alarms. Now and then one would stand and stare, his eye-balls gleaming like coals of fire; and at last came the roar of the gun and the jacklight tumbled to the ground. When Thyrsis lighted up again and went to examine, there were spots of blood upon the leaves—but no deer.

So the next day he was up again at dawn, watching by one of the runways to the lake. And then came another tramp, through the thickets and over the mountains—and more shots at the "flags" of the elusive enemy. Thyrsis' back ached, and his feet were as if weighted with lead, but still he plodded on and on—it was his life against a deer's.

If only he had had a boat, so that he could have set up his "jack" in that! But he had no boat—and so he wrapped himself in blankets and sat to watch another runway at sunset; and when no deer came he decided to stay on until the moon rose. It was a bitterly cold night, and his hands almost froze to the gun-barrel

hen he touched it. And the moon rose, and forthwith ent behind a cloud—and then came a deer!

There was hardly a trace of motion in the air, but omehow the creature half-scented Thyrsis; and so it tood and trumpeted to the night. Oh, the wildness of hat sound—and the thumping of the heart of the unter, and the breathless suspense, and the burning esire. The deer would take a step, and a twig would rack; and then it would stand still again, and Thyrsis ould listen, crouching like a statue, clutching his eapon and striving to penetrate the darkness. And hen the deer would take two or three more steps, and tand again; and then, in sudden alarm, bound away; nd then come back again, step by step—fascinated y this mysterious thing there in the darkness. For hree mortal hours that creature pranced and cavorted bout Thyrsis, while he waited with chattering teeth; hen in the end it took a sudden fright, and went bound- ng away through the thicket.

So came another day's hunting; and at sundown an- ther watch by a runway; and another deer, that ap- roached from the wrong direction, and came upon a an, worn out by three days and nights of effort, lying ound asleep at his post!

But there could be only one ending to this adventure. hyrsis was out for a deer, and he would never quit ntil he got one. All his planning and wandering had vailed him nothing; but now, the next morning, as e stepped out from his camp with a bucket in his and—behold, at the edge of a thicket, a deer! Thyrsis tood rooted to the spot, staring blankly; and the deer tood staring at him.

It was a time of agony. Should he try to creep back o his gun, or should he make a sudden dash? He started

to try the latter, and had a pang of despair as the dee whirled and bolted away. He leaped to the camp an grabbed his gun and sprang out into sight again— and there, off to the right, was another deer. It wa a huge buck, with wide-spreading antlers, rising out o the bushes where it stood. It saw Thyrsis, and starte away; and in a flash he raised his gun and fired. H saw the deer stumble, and he fired the other barrel and then he started in wild pursuit.

He had been warned to beware of a wounded deer; bu he forgot that—he forgot also that he had no mor shells upon him. He ran madly through the forest springing over fallen logs, plunging through thicket —he would have seized hold of the animal with his bar hands, if only he could have caught up with it.

The deer was badly hurt. It would leap ahead, an then stumble, half falling, and then leap again. Eve in this way, the distance it covered was amazing; Thyr sis was appalled at the power of the creature, its tre mendous bounds, the shock of its fall, and the crashin of the underbrush before it. It seemed like a hug boulder, leaping down a precipice; and Thyrsis stoo at a safe distance and watched it. According to th poetry-books he should have been ashamed—perhap moved to tears by the reproachful look in the grea creature's eyes. But assuredly the makers of th poetry-books had never needed the price of a railroa ticket as badly as Thyrsis did!

He only realized that night how desperate his nee had been. He lay in his berth on board a train for th city—while back at his "open-camp" a wild blizzar was raging, and the thermometer stood at forty degre below zero. But Thyrsis was warm and comfortabl and also he was brown and rugged, once more fu

f health and eagerness for life. All night he listened
the pounding of the flying train; and fast as the
usic of it went, it was not fast enough for his imagina-
on. It seemed as if the rails were speaking—
ying to him, over and over and over again, "Ethelynda
ewis! Ethelynda Lewis! Ethelynda Lewis!"

Book X

THE END OF THE TETHER

They sat still watching upon the hill-top, drinki
in the scent of the clover.

"Ah, if only we might have come back here!" s
sighed. "If only we had never had to leave!"

"That way lies unhappiness," he said.

"Perhaps," she answered; and then quoted——

'Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its hour
In the old haunt, and find our tree-topp'd hill!
Who, if not I, for questing here hath power?"

"I wonder," said he, "if the poet put as much in
these stanzas as we find in them!"

§ 1. Through the summer Corydon had been living week by week upon the hope that her husband would be able to send for her; all through the fall she had been dreaming of the arrangements they would make for the winter. But by now it had become clear that they would have to be separated for a part of the winter as well. She had sent him long letters, full of hopes and yearnings, anxieties and rebellions; but in the end she had brought herself to face the inevitable. And then it transpired that even a greater sacrifice was required of her—she was to be forbidden to see Thyrsis at all! If a man did not support his wife, said the world, it was common-sense that he should not have any wife; that was the quickest way to bring him to his senses. And so the two had threshed out that problem, and chosen their course; they would live in the same city, and yet confine themselves to writing letters!

A curious feeling it gave Thyrsis, to know that she was so near to him, and yet not to be going to meet her! He could not endure any part of the city where he had been with her, and got himself a hall bedroom on the edge of a tenement-district far up town. Then he had his shoes shined, and purchased a clean collar, and wrote Miss Ethelynda Lewis that he was ready to call. While he was waiting to hear from her, there came to him a strange adventure; assuredly one of the strangest that ever befell a struggling poet, in a world where many strange adventures have befallen struggling poets.

For six months Thyrsis had not seen his baby; and

there had come in the meantime so many letters, telling so many miraculous things about that baby! So many dreams he had dreamed about it, so many hopes and so many prayers were centered in it! Twenty-two hours had he sat by the bedside when it was born; and through all the trials that had come afterwards, how he had suffered and wept for it! Now his heart was wrung with longing to see it, to touch it—his child. He wrote Corydon that he could not stand it; and Corydon wrote back that he was right—he should surely see the baby. And so it was arranged between them that Thyrsis was to be at a certain place in the park, and she would send the nurse-girl there with little Cedric.

He went and sat upon a bench; and the hour came, and at last down the path strolled a nurse-girl, wheeling a baby-carriage. He looked at the girl—yes, she was Irish, as Corydon had said, and answered all specifications; and then he looked at the baby, and his heart sank into his boots. Oh, such a baby! With red hair and a pug-nose, plebeian and dull-looking—such a baby Thyrsis stared at the maid again—and she smiled at him. Then she passed on, and he sank down upon a bench. Great God, could it be that that was his child? That he would have to go through life with something so ugly, so alien to him? A terror seized him. It was like a nightmare. He was hardly able to move.

But then he told himself it could not be! Corydon had written him all about the baby; it was beautiful with a noble head; everyone loved it. But then, were not mothers notoriously blind? Had there ever been a mother dissatisfied with her child? Or a father either, for that matter? Was it not a kind of treason for him to be so disgusted with this one—since it so clearly must be his?

There was none other in sight; and though he waited half an hour, none came. At last he could stand it no more, but hurried away to the nearest telegraph-office. "Has baby red hair?" he wrote. "Did he come to the park?" And then he went to his room and waited, and soon after came the reply: "Baby has golden hair. Nurse was ill. Could not come."

Thyrsis read this, and then shut the door upon the messenger-boy, and burst into wild, hilarious laughter. He stood there with his arms stretched out, invoking all posterity to witness—"What do you think of *that?* What do you think of *that?*"

And a full hour later he was sitting by his bedside, his chin supported on his hands, and still invoking posterity. "Will you ever know what I went through?" he was saying. "Will you ever realize what my books have cost?" Then he smiled grimly, thinking of Voltaire's cruel epigram—that "letters addressed to posterity seldom reach their destination!"

§ 2. Thyrsis received a reply to his note, and went to call upon Miss Ethelynda Lewis. Miss Lewis dwelt in a luxurious apartment-house on Riverside Drive, where a colored maid showed him into a big parlor, full of spindle-legged gilt furniture upholstered in flowered silk. Also the room contained an ebony grand piano, and a bookcase, in which he had time to notice the works of Maupassant and Marie Corelli.

Then Miss Lewis entered, clad in a morning-gown of crimson "liberty". She was *petite* and exquisite, full of alluring dimples—and apparently just out of a perfumed bath. Thyrsis sat on the edge of his chair and gazed at her, feeling quite out of his element.

She placed herself on the flowered silk sofa and

talked. "I am immensely interested in that play," she said. "It is *quite* unique. And you are so young, too—why, you seem just a boy. Really, you know, I think you must be a genius yourself."

Thyrsis murmured something, feeling uncomfortable.

"The only thing is," Miss Lewis went on, "it will need a lot of revision to make it practical."

"In what part?" he asked.

"The love-story, principally," said the other. "You see, in that respect, you have simply thrown your chances away."

"I don't understand," said he.

"You have made your hero act so queerly. Everyone feels that he is in love with Helena—you meant him to be, didn't you? And yet he goes away from her and won't see her! Everyone will be disappointed at that—it's impossible, from every point of view. You'll have to have them married in the last act."

Thyrsis gasped for breath.

"You see," continued Miss Lewis, "I am to play the part of Helena, and I am to be the star. And obviously, it would never do for me to be rejected, and left all up in the air like that. I must have some sort of a love-scene."

"But"—protested the poet—"what you want me to change is what my play is *about!*"

"How do you mean?" asked the other.

"Why, it's a new kind of love," he stammered—"a different kind."

"But, people don't understand that kind of love."

"But, Miss Lewis, that's why I wrote my play! I want to *make* them understand."

"But you can't do anything like that on the stage," said Miss Lewis. "The public won't come to see your

lay." And then she went on to explain to him the onditions of success in the business of the theatre.

Thyrsis listened, with a clutch as of ice about his eart. "I am very sorry, Miss Lewis," he said, at last —"but I couldn't possibly do what you ask."

"Couldn't do it!" cried the other, amazed.

"It would not fit into my idea at all."

"But, don't you want to get your play produced?"

"That's just it, I want to get my play produced. If I did what you want me to, it wouldn't be my play. It would be somebody else's play."

And there he stood. The actress argued with him nd protested. She showed him what a great chance he had here—one that came to a new and unknown writer but once in a lifetime. Here was a manager ready to give him a good contract, and to put his play on at once in a Broadway theatre; and here was a public favorite anxious to have the leading rôle. It would be everything he could ask—it would be fame and fortune at one stroke. But Thyrsis only shook his head—he could not do it. He was almost sick with disappointment; but it was a situation in which there was no use trying to compromise—he simply could not make a "love-story" out of "The Genius".

So at last there came a silence between them—there being nothing more for Miss Lewis to say.

"Then I suppose you won't want the play," said Thyrsis, faintly.

"I don't know," she answered, with vexation. "I'll have to think about it again, and talk to my manager. I had not counted on such a possibility as this."

And so they left it, and Thyrsis went away. The next morning he received a letter from "Robertson Jones, Inc.", asking him to call at once.

§ 3. Robertson Jones, the great "theatrical producer", was large and ponderous, florid of face and firm in manner—the steam-roller type of business-man. And it became evident at once that he had invited Thyrsis to come and be rolled.

"Miss Lewis tells me you can't agree about the play," said he.

"No," said Thyrsis, faintly.

And then Mr. Jones began. He told Thyrsis what he meant to do with this play. Miss Lewis was one of the country's future "stars", and he was willing to back her without stint. He had permitted her to make her own choice of a rôle, and she should have her way in everything. There were famous playwrights bidding for a chance to write for her; but she had seen fit to choose "The Genius".

"Personally," said Mr. Jones, "I don't believe in the play. I would never think of producing it—it's not the sort of thing anybody is interested in. But Miss Lewis likes it; she's been reading Ibsen, and she wants to do a 'drama of ideas', and all that sort of thing, you know. And that's all right—she's the sort to make a success of whatever she does. But you must do your share, and give her a part she can make something out of—some chance to show her charm. Otherwise, of course, the thing's impossible."

Mr. Jones paused. "I'm very sorry"—began Thyrsis, weakly.

"What's your idea in refusing?" interrupted the other.

Thyrsis tried to explain—that he had written the play to set forth a certain thesis, and that he was asked to make changes that directly contradicted this thesis.

"Have you ever had a play produced?" demanded e manager abruptly.

"No," said Thyrsis.

"Have you written any other plays?"

"No."

"Your first trial! Well, don't you think it a good al to expect that your play should be perfect?"

"I don't think"—began Thyrsis.

"Can't you see," persisted the other, "that people o have been in this business all their lives, and have tched thousands of plays succeed and fail, might be le to give you some points on the matter?"—And en Mr. Jones went on to set forth to Thyrsis the ws of the theatrical game—a game in which there as the keenest competition, and in which the "ante" as enormously high. To produce "The Genius" would st ten thousand dollars at the least; and were those o staked this to have no say whatever in the shaping the play? Manifestly this was absurd; and as the anager pressed home the argument, Thyrsis felt as he wanted to get up and run! When Mr. Jones lked to you, he looked you squarely in the eye, and ou had a feeling of presumption, even of guilt, in anding out against him. Thyrsis shrunk in terror om that type of personality—he would let it have ything in the world it wanted, so only it would not ash with him. But never before had it demanded one f the children of his dreams!

Mr. Jones went on to tell how many things he would o for the play. It would go into rehearsal at once, nd would be seen on Broadway by the first of Feb- uary. They would pay him four, six and eight per ent., and his profits could not be less than three hun- red dollars a week. With Ethelynda Lewis in the

leading rôle the play might well run until June—an there would be the road profits the next season, in add tion.

Thyrsis' brain reeled as he listened to this; it was i all respects identical with another famous temptatio —"The devil taketh him upon a high mountain, an showeth him all the kingdoms of the earth!"

"And then there is England"—the man was saying

"No, no!" cried Thyrsis, wildly. "No!"

"But *why* not?" demanded the other.

"It's impossible! I *couldn't* do it!"

"You mean you couldn't do the writing?"

"I wouldn't know how to!"

"Well then, that's easily arranged. Let me get som one to collaborate with you. There's Richard Habe ton—you know who he is?"

"No," said Thyrsis, faintly.

"He's the author of 'The Rajah's Diamond'—it playing with five companions now, and its third seaso And he dramatized 'In Honor's Cause'—you've see that, no doubt. We have paid him some sixty thousan dollars in royalties so far. And he'll take the play an fix it over—you wouldn't have to stir a finger."

Thyrsis sprang up in his agitation. "Please don ask me, Mr. Jones," he cried. "I simply *could* not d it!"

It seemed strange to Thyrsis, when he thought over afterwards, that the great Robertson Jones shou have taken the trouble to argue so long with the u known author of a play in which he did not believ Was it that opposition incited him to persist? Or ha he told Ethelynda Lewis he would get her what sh wanted, and was now reluctant to confess defeat? A any rate, so it was—he went on to drive Thyrsis in

corner, to tear open his very soul. Also, he manisted anger; it was a deliberate affront that the boy ould stand out like this. And Thyrsis, in great disess of soul, explained that he did not mean it that ay—he apologized abjectly for his obstinacy. It was e *ideas* that he had tried to put into his play, and at he could not give up!

"But," persisted the manager—"write other plays, id put your ideas into them. If you've once had a roadway success, then you can write anything you ease, and you can make your own terms for proiction."

That thought had already occurred to Thyrsis; it as the one that nearly broke down his resistance. He ould probably have surrendered, had the play not en so fresh from his mind, and so dear to him; if he id had time enough to become dissatisfied with it, as had with his first novel—or discouraged about its rospects, as he had with "The Hearer of Truth"! ut this child of his fancy was not yet weaned; and to ar it from his breast, and hand it to the butcher—, it could not be thought of!

§ 4. So he parted from Mr. Jones, and went home, pass two of the most miserable days of his life. Ie had pronounced his "*Apage, Satanas!*"—he had irned his back upon the kingdoms of the earth. And presumably—virtue being its own reward—he should ave been in a state of utter bliss. But Thyrsis had one deeper into that problem, and asked himself a evolutionary question: Why should it always be that atan had the kingdoms of the earth at his bestowal? hyrsis did not want any kingdoms—he only wanted chance to live in the country with his wife and child.

And why, in order to get these things, must a poe submit himself to Satan?

Then came the third morning after his interview and Thyrsis found in his mail another letter fron Robertson Jones, Inc. It was a letter brief and to th point, and it struck him like a thunderbolt.

"Miss Ethelynda Lewis has decided that she wishe to accept your play as it stands. I enclose herewitl a contract in duplicate, and if the terms are acceptabl to you, will you kindly return one copy signed, and re tain the other yourself."

Thyrsis read, not long after that, of a young play wright who died of heart-failure; and he was not sur prised—if all playwrights had to go through experi ences such as that. He could hardly believe his eyes and he read the letter over two or three times; he rea the contract, with Mr. Jones' impressive signature a the bottom. He did not know anything about theatrica contracts, but this one seemed fair to him. It provide for a royalty upon the gross receipts, to be paid afte the play had earned the expenses of its production Thyrsis had hoped that he might get some cash in ad vance, but that was not mentioned. In the flush o his delight he concluded that he would not take th risk of demanding anything additional, but signed th contract and mailed it, and sent a telegram to acquain Corydon with the glorious tidings.

§ 5. One of the consequences of this triumph wa that Thyrsis purchased a new necktie and half a doze collars; and another was that an angry world was i some part appeased, and permitted the struggling poe to see his wife and child once more.

They met in the park; and strange it was to him t

Corydon after six months' absence. She was beauti-
as ever, somewhat paler, though still with the halo
motherhood about her. He could scarcely realize
t she was his; she seemed like a dream to him—like
ıe phantom of music, thrilling and wonderful, yet
il and unsubstantial. She clung to his arm, trem-
ıg with delight, and pouring out her longing and
grief. There came to them one of those golden
ırs, when the deeps of their souls welled up, and they
dged themselves anew to their faith.

Even stranger it was to see the child; to be able to
k at him all he pleased, and to speak to him, and to
d him in his arms! He was as beautiful as Thyrsis
ıld have wished, and the father had no trouble at all
being interested in him; his smiles were things to
ke the angels jealous. Thyrsis would push his car-
ge out into the park, and they would sit upon a bench
l gaze at him—each making sure that the other had
ssed none of his fine points.

He was beginning to make sounds now, and had
ıieved the word "puss-ée". This originally had sig-
ed the woolly kitten he carried with him, but now
a metonymy it had come to include all kinds of
ing things; and great was the delight of the parents
en a big red automobile flashed past, and the baby
inted his finger, exclaiming gleefully, "Puss-ée!" It
an astonishing thing, how little it takes to make
rents happy; regarded purely as an abstract propo-
ion, it would be difficult to explain why two people
o possessed between them a total of sixty-four teeth,
ore or less, should have been so much excited by the
scovery that the baby had four.

But parenthood, as Thyrsis found, meant more than
arming baby-prattle and the counting of teeth. Little

Cedric's tiny fingers were twisted in his heart-strin —he loved him with a love the intensity of which frigh ened him when he realized it. And sometimes thin went wrong, and then with a pang as from the st of a knife would come the thought that he might so day lose this child. So much pain and toil a chi cost, so much it took of one's strength and powe and then, such a fragile thing it was—exposed to many perils and uncertainties, to the ravages of many diseases, that struck like a cruel enemy in t dark! Corydon and Thyrsis were so ignorant—th were like children themselves; and where should th turn for knowledge? There were doctors, of cours but this took so much money—and even with all t doctors, see how many babies died!

Thyrsis was learning the bitter truth of Baco saying about "giving hostages to fortune." A dearly as he loved the child, the artist in him cried o against these ties. Where now was that care-free ou look, that recklessness, that joy in life as a spectac which made up so much of the artist's attitude? Wh one had a wife and child one no longer enjoyed tragedi —one lived them; and one got from them, not *kathars* but exhaustion. One became timid and cautious a didactic, and other inartistic things. One learned th life was real, life was earnest, and the grave was n its goal!

Cedric had been weaned; but still he was not growi properly. Could it be that there was something wro with what they fed him? Corydon would come upon a vertisements telling of wonderful newly-discovered foo for infants, and giving pictures of the rosy and st wart ones who were fed upon these foods. She wou take to buying them—and they were not cheap foo

ther. Then, during the winter, the child caught cold; id they took that to mean that it had been in some ay exposed—that was what everybody said, and what e name "cold" itself suggested. So Corydon would dd more flannel dresses and blankets, until the unfor- nate mite of life would be in a purple stew. And still, pparently, these mysterious "colds" were not to be warted. Thyrsis felt that in all this there must be mething radically wrong, and yet he knew not what do. Surely it should not have been such a task to eep life in one human infant.

Then, too, the training of the baby was going badly. Ie lived in close contact with nervous people who were isturbed if he cried; and so Corydon's energies were iven to a terrified effort to keep him from crying. He ust be dandled and rocked to sleep, he must be played ith and amused, and have everything he cried for; nd it was amazing how early in life this little creature arned the hold which he had upon his mother. His hief want had come to be to sleep all day and lie awake alf the night; and during these hours of wakefulness e pursued the delightful pastime of holding some ne's hand and playing with it. Corydon, nervous and ck and wrestling with melancholia, would have to lie wake for uncounted hours and submit to this torment. The infant had invented a name for the diversion; he alled it "Hoodaloo mungie"—which being translated gnified "Hold your finger". To the mother this was ke the pass-word of some secret order of demons, who reyed upon and racked her in the night; so that never fter in her life could she hear the phrase, even in jest, ithout experiencing a nervous shock.

§ 6. This was a period of great hopefulness for

Thyrsis, but also of desperate struggle. For unt
the production of his play in January, he had someho
to keep alive, and that meant more hack-work. Al
he had to lay something by, for after the rehearsals t
play would go on the road for a couple of weeks, to
"tried on the dog"; and during that period he mu
have money enough to travel, and stay at hotels, a
also to take Corydon with him, if possible.

The rehearsals began an interesting experience f
him; he was introduced into a new and strange worl
Thyrsis himself was shy, and disposed to run awa
and hide his emotions; but here were people—the acto
folk—whose business it was to live them in sight of t
world. And these emotions were their life; they we
very intense, yet quick both to come and to go. Suc
people were intensely personal; they were like gre
children, vain and sensitive, their moods and excitemen
not to be taken too seriously. But it was long befo
Thyrsis came to realize this, and meanwhile he ha
some uncomfortable times. To each of the player
apparently, the interest of a play centered in tho
places in which he was engaged in speaking his line
and to each the author of the play was a more or le
benevolent despot, who had the happiness of the rest
the world in his keeping. Once at a rehearsal, whe
Thyrsis was engaged in cutting out one of the speech
attributed to "Mrs. Hartman", he discovered that lad
standing behind him in a flood of tears!

In the beginning Thyrsis paid many visits to t
apartment on Riverside Drive; for Miss Lewis profess
to be very anxious that he should consult with her a
tell her his ideas of her part. But Thyrsis soon di
covered that what she really wanted was to have hi
listen to *her* ideas. Miss Lewis was at war with Thyrsi

ortrayal of Helena—it was incomprehensible to her hat Lloyd should not be pursuing her, and she playing he coquette, according to all romantic models. Parcularly she could not see how Lloyd was to resist the articularly charming Helena which she was going to ake. She was always trying to make Thyrsis realize his incongruity, and to persuade him to put some charming" lines into her part. "You boy!" she would xclaim. "I believe you are as obstinate as your hero!" Miss Lewis was only two years older than the "boy", ut she saw fit to adopt this grandmotherly attitude oward him.

And then came Robertson Jones, suggesting a man ho could play the part of Lloyd. But Miss Lewis eclared indignantly that she would not have him, beause he was not handsome enough. "If," she vowed, I've got to make love to a man and be rejected by him, t least I'm not going to have it an ugly man!" When n actor was finally agreed upon and engaged, Thyrsis ad a talk with him, and it seemed as if Miss Lewis, n her preoccupation with his looks, had overlooked the natter of his brains. But Thyrsis was so new at this ame that he did not feel capable of judging. He hrunk from the thought of having any actor play is part—that was so precious and so full of meaning o him.

But when the rehearsals began, Thyrsis speedily forot this feeling. The most sensitive poet to the conrary notwithstanding, the purpose of a play is to be cted; and Thyrsis was like an inventor, who has reamed a great machine, and now sees the parts of it ppearing as solid steel and brass; sees them put together, and the great device getting actually under way.

The rehearsals were held in a little hall on the East

Side, and thither came the company—six men and three women. There was no furniture or setting, they all wore their street clothing, and in the beginning they went through their parts with the manuscript in their hands. And yet—they had been selected because they resembled the characters in the play; and every time they went over the lines they gave them with more feeling and understanding. So—vaguely at first, and then more clearly—the poet began to see them as incarnations of his vision. These characters had been creatures of his fancy; they had lived in it, he had walked and talked and laughed and wept with them. Now to discover them outside him—to be able to hear them with his physical ears and see them with his physical eyes—was one of the strangest experiences of his life. It was so thrilling as to be almost uncanny. It was a new kind of inspiration, of that strange "subliminal uprush" which made the mystery of his life. And it was a kind that others could experience with him. Corydon would come every day to the rehearsals, and for four or five hours at a stretch they would sit and watch and listen in a state of perfect transport.

§ 7. Also, there were things not in the manuscript which were sources of interest and delight. There was Mr. Tapping, the stage director, for instance; Thyrsis could see himself writing another play, just to get Mr. Tapping in. He was a man well on in years, and wrecked by dissipation—almost bald and toothless, and with one foot crippled with gout. Yet he was a perfect geyser of activity—bounding about the stage, talking swiftly, gesticulating—like some strange gnome or cobold out of the bowels of the earth. Thyrsis was the creator of the play, so far as concerned the words; but

this man was to be the creator of it on the stage. And that, too, required a kind of genius, Thyrsis perceived.

Mr. Tapping had talked the problems out with him at the beginning—talking until two o'clock in the morning, in a super-heated office filled with the smoke of ten thousand dead cigars. He talked swiftly, eagerly, setting forth his ideas; to Thyrsis it was a most curious experience—to hear the vision of his inmost soul translated into the language of the Tenderloin! "Your fiddler's this kind of a guy," Mr. Tapping would say—"he knows he's got the goods, and he don't care whether those old fogies think he's dippy, or what the hell they think. Ain't that the dope, Mr. Author?" And Thyrsis would answer faintly that he thought that was "the dope."—This was a word that Mr. Tapping used every time he opened his mouth, apparently; it designated all things connected with the play—character, dialogue, action, scenery, music, costume. "That's the way to dope it out to them!" he would cry to the actors.

Miss Lewis, and Mr. Tilford, the leading man, moved through their parts with dignity; the stage director showed them the "business" he had laid out, but they did not trouble to act at rehearsals, and he did not criticize what they did. But all the other people had to be taught their rôles and drilled in them; and that meant that Mr. Tapping had to have in him five actors and two actresses, and play all their seven parts as they came. Marvellous it was to see him do this; springing from place to place, and changing his whole aspect in a flash—now scolding shrewishly in the words of Violet Hartman, now discoursing, with the accent and manner of Prof. von Arne, upon the *psychopathia sexualis* of Genius.

He did not know all the parts, of course; but that

was never allowed to trouble him. He would take a sentence out of the actor's lips, and then go on to elaborate it in his Tenderloin dialect; or, if the scene was highly emotional, and required swift speech, he would fall back upon the phrase "and so and so, and so and so." He could run the whole gamut of human emotions with those words, "and so and so."

"No, that's no good!" he would cry to "Mrs. Hartman." "What are those words?—'Wretched, ungrateful son—do you care nothing at all for your parents' feelings? Do you owe us nothing for what we have done? And so and so? And so and so? And so and so?'" Mr. Tapping's voice would rise to a wail; and then in a flash he would turn to Moses Rosen (he called all the actors by their character-names). "That's your cue, Rosen, you rush in left centre, and throw up your hands—right here—see? And what's your dope? —oh yes—'I have spent seven thousand dollars on this thing! You have ruined me! You have betrayed me! And so and so! And so and so! And so and so!'— And then you run over here to the professor—'You have trapped me! And so and so!'"

Day by day as the work progressed, and the actors came to know their lines, Thyrsis' excitement grew. The great machine was running, he was getting some sense of the power of it! And new aspects of it were revealed to him; there came the composer who was to do the incidental music, and the orchestra-leader who was to conduct it; there came the costume-designer and the scene-painter, and even the press-agent who was to "boost" the play, and wanted picturesque details about the author's life. Corydon and Thyrsis were invited to go with Mr. Tilford to select a wig, and with Mr. Tapping to see the carpenters who were building the vari-

is "sets", in a big loft over near the North River. As he two walked home each day after these adventures, was all they could do to keep from hugging each her on the street.

It was a thing of especial moment to Thyrsis, because it was the first time in his life that his art had received any assistance from the outside world—the rst time this world had done anything but scold at him nd mock him. Here at last was recognition—here was uccess! Here were material things submitting themlves to his vision, coming to him humbly to be taught, nd to co-operate in the creation of beauty! So Thyrsis aught sudden glimpses of what his life might have een. He was like a man who had been chained in a ack dungeon, and who now gets sight of the green arth and the blue sky, and smells the perfume of the owers and hears the singing of the birds. With forces uch as this at his command, the power of his vision ould be multiplied tenfold; and he was transported ith the delight of the discovery, he and Corydon found heir souls once more in this new hope.

So out of these moods there began the burgeoning of ew plans in his mind. Even amid the rush of rearsals, he was dreaming of other things to write; ome time before "The Genius" had reached the public, e had finished the writing of "The Utopians"—that ragment of a vision which was perhaps the greatest hing he ever did, and certainly the most characteristic.

§ 8. As usual, the immediate occasion of the writing as trivial enough. It was his "leading lady" who as responsible for it. Miss Lewis had taken a curious ancy to Thyrsis—he was a new type to her, and it leased her to explore him. "How in the world

did you ever get him to marry you?" she would exclaim to Corydon. "I could as soon imagine a marble statue making love to me!" And she told others about this strange poet, who was obviously almost starving, and yet had refused to let Richard Haberton revise his play for him, and had all but refused to let Robertson Jones, Inc., produce it. Before long she came to Thyrsis to say that one of her friends desired to meet him, and would he come to a supper-party.

Thyrsis heard this with perplexity.

"A supper-party!" he exclaimed. "But I can't!"

"Why not?"

"Why—I have no clothes."

"Nobody expects a poet to have clothes," laughed Miss Lewis. "Come in the garments of your fancy. And besides, Barry's a true Bohemian."

Barry Creston, the giver of this party, was one of the sons of "Dan" Creston, the mine-owner and "railroad-king", who a short while before had been elected senator from a Western state under circumstances of great scandal. "The old man's a hard character, I guess," said Miss Lewis; "but you must not believe all you read in the papers about Barry."

"I never read anything about him," said the other; and so Miss Lewis went on to explain that Griswold, the Wall Street plunger, had got a divorce from his wife after throwing her into Barry's arms; and that Barry's sister had married an Austrian arch-duke who had maltreated her, and that Barry had kicked him out of a hotel-window in Paris.

This invitation was a cause of much discomfort to Thyrsis. He had not come to the point where he was even curious about the life of the Barry Crestons of the world; and yet he did not like to hurt Miss Lewis'

eelings. She made it evident to him that she was de-ermined to exhibit her "lion"; and so he said "all ight."

The supper party was at the *Café de Bohême*, which as an Aladdin's palace buried underground beneath a uilding in the "Tenderloin". Fountains splashed in arble basins, and birds sang amid the branches of ropical flowering trees, while on a little stage a man in he costume and character of a Paris *apache* sang a ong of ferocious cynicism. And after him came a apanese juggler of prodigious swiftness, and then a at German woman in peasant guise who sang folk-ongs, and wound up with "O, du lieber Augustin!" fter which the company joined in the chorus of "Funi-uli, funicula" and "Gaudeamus igitur"—for the atrons of the "Bohême" were nothing if they were not osmopolitan.

Cosmopolitan also was the company at Barry Cres-on's table. On one side of Thyrsis was Miss Lewis, and n the other was Mlle. Armand, the dancer who had set New York in a furore. Opposite to her was Scarpi, he famous baritone; and then there was Massey, a culptor from Paris, and Miss Rita Seton, of the "Red Hussars" Company, and a Miss Raymond, a gorgeous reature with a red flamingo feather in her hat, who had een Massey's model for his sensational figure of Aurora".

Finally there was Barry Creston himself: a new type, nd a disconcerting one. He was not at all the "gilded outh" whom Thyrsis had expected to find; he was a an of about thirty, widely cultured, urbane and racious in his manner, and quite evidently a man of orce. He was altogether free from that crude egotism hich Thyrsis had found to be the most prominent

characteristic of the American man of wealth. H spoke in French with Armand and in Italian wit Scarpi and in German with the head-waiter who wor shipped before him; and yet one did not feel that ther was any ostentation about it—all this was his *mond* And although he exhaled an atmosphere of vast wealth this, too, seemed a matter of course; he assumed tha you also were provided with unlimited funds—that a the world, in fact, was in the same fortunate case. Evi dently he was well-known at the "Bohême", for th waiters gathered like flies around the honey-pot, an the august head-waiter himself took the order, an beamed his approval at Barry's selections. So presentl there flowed in a stream of costly viands, served i *outré* and fantastic fashion—many of them things no known even by name to Thyrsis. There were costl wines as well, and at the end an ice in the shape of great basket of fruit, wonderfully carved and colore like life, resting upon a slab of ice, which in turn wa set in a silver tray with handles.

Thyrsis was dazed at all this waste, and at the up roar in the place, where dozens of other parties wer squandering money in the same blind fashion, and a laughing, chatting, joining in the choruses with th performers on the stage. Now and then he would catc a little of his host's conversation, which was of all th capitals of Europe, and of art-worlds, the very exist ence of which was unknown to him. And then, on hi left hand, there was Mlle. Armand, deftly picking o the leaves of an artichoke and dipping them into *mayon naise*, and saying in her little bird's voice, "They te me, Monsieur, that you have *du génie*. Oh, you shoul go to Paree to live—it is not here that one appreciate *du génie!*" And, then while Thyrsis was working ou

n explanation of his failure to visit Paris, some one the café caught sight of Scarpi, and there was a eneral call for him; and according to the genial cus- m of the "Bohême" he stood up, amid tumultuous ap- ause, and sang one of his own rollicking songs.

So the revelry went forward, while Thyrsis mar- lled, and tried to hide his pain. There could be no uestion of any enjoyment for him—when he knew that ie cost of this affair would have paid all his expenses or a winter! Doubtless what Barry Creston spent for s cigars would have saved Thyrsis and his family rom misery all their lives; and he wondered if the an would have cared had he known. Barry was one f the princes of the new dispensation; and sometimes rinces were compassionate, Thyrsis reflected. Ap- arently this one was all urbanity and charm, having o thought in life save to play the perfect host to rilliant artists and *demi-mondaines*, and to skim the ream off the top of civilization.

But then suddenly the conversation took a new turn, nd Thyrsis got another view of the young prince. There had been trouble out in the Western mines; and ome one mentioned it—when in a flash Thyrsis saw he set jaw and the clenched fist and the steel grey eye f old "Dan" Creston. (Thyrsis had read somewhere sketch of this senator, whose fortune was estimated t fifty millions, and who ran the governments of three tates.) Barry, it seemed, had had charge of the mines or three years—that was how he had won his spurs. n those days, he said, there had been no unions—he old with a quiet smile how he had broken them. Now gain "agitators" had crept in, so that in some of the amps the men were being moved out bodily, and re- laced by foreigners, who knew a good job when they

had it. To make this change had taken the militia; but it would be done thoroughly, and afterwards there would be no more trouble.

The supper-party broke up about two o'clock, and Miss Raymond, the lady of the flamingo hat, was the only one who showed any effects from all the wine that had been consumed. Thyrsis, to his great surprise, discovered that his host had taken a fancy to him, and had asked Miss Lewis to bring him out to luncheon at the Creston place in the country. And so came the wonderful experience which brought to him the vision of "The Utopians."

§ 9. They went, one Saturday morning, in Miss Lewis' automobile—out to Riverside Drive, and up the valley of the Hudson. This was in itself a utopian experience for Thyrsis, who had never before taken a trip in one of these magic chariots. It leaped over the frozen roads like a thing of life, and he lay back in the cushioned seats and closed his eyes and listened to the hum of the machinery, imagining what life might be for him, if he could rest like this when he was worn from overwork. It was like some great adventure in music, like a minstrel's chanting of heroic deeds; it was Nature with all her pageantry unrolled in a panorama before his eyes. And meantime Miss Lewis was chattering on about the play and its prospects; and about other plays and their prospects; and about the people at the supper-party and their various loves and hates.

So they came to the great stone castle of the Crestons, set upon a mountain-top overlooking the valley of this "American Rhine." Thyrsis gasped when he saw it, and he gasped many times again while Barry was showing them about. For this place was a triumph of

hundred arts and sciences; into its perfections had ne all the skill of the architects and designers, the avers and carpenters, the painters and sculptors of score of centuries and climes. The very dairies, the ibles, the dog-kennels were things to be wondered at d studied; and in the vast halls were single pictures er which Thyrsis would fain have lingered for hours. hen, best of all, the great portico, with its stone pil-rs, and its view of the noble river, and of the snow-id hills, dazzling in the sunlight!

They had luncheon; after which Barry played upon e organ, and Miss Lewis sat beside him and left hyrsis to wander at will. He made his way out to the rtico, and paced back and forth there; and while the gan rolled and thundered to him, the majesty of the ene swept over him, and in towering splendors his ul arose. He thought of the wretched room in which was pent, he thought of his starved and strug-ing life; and all the rage of his defeated genius awoke him. In the name of that genius he uttered his de-nce, and by the title of it he took possession of this stle, and of all things it contained. Yes—for he was e true lord and master of it—he was the prince dis-herited! And the meaning of it, its excuse for being, as this brief hour! For this its glories had been as-mbled; for this the architects and designers, the eavers and carpenters, the painters and sculptors had bored in a score of centuries and climes; for this the reat organ had been built, and for this the great musi-an had composed—that he might behold, in one hour transfiguration, what the life of man would be in hat glad time when all the arts of civilization were rned to the fostering of the soul! When he who car-ed in the womb of his spirit the new life of the ages,

would be loved instead of being hated, would be cherished instead of being neglected, would be reverenced instead of being mocked! When palaces would be built for him and beauty and joy would be gathered for him, and the paths would be made clear before his feet! So out of boundless love and rapture would he speak to men, and bring to them those gifts that were beyond price, the treasures of his unfolding inspiration.

So it was that the Utopians came to Thyrsis; those men of the future, worshippers of joy! They came to him, alive and in the flesh, beautiful and noble, gracious and free-hearted—as some day they will come, if so the earth endure; as they will stand upon that portico and listen to that music, and gaze upon the valley of that American Rhine! And will they remember the long-dead dreamer, and how they walked with him there and spoke with him; how they put their arms about him and gave him of their love and understanding? Will they remember what shuddering rapture their touch conveyed to him; how the tears ran down his cheeks and he pledged his soul to yet more years of torment so only their glory might come to be upon earth? Will they read the blazing words in which he pictured them the trumpet-blast he sounded to the dead souls of his time?

Thyrsis knew that this was the greatest hour of his life, and he fought like mad to hold it. But that might not be—the music ceased, and he heard the voices of his host and Miss Lewis. They came to the door; and then Thyrsis' thoughts came back quickly to earth. For he saw that Barry Creston's arm was about the woman, and she was leaning upon him; nor did they separate when they saw him, but stood there, smiling, so that at last Thyrsis had solved for him the problem

their relationship. It was not so that the Utopians ved, he thought, as he watched them; and found him- lf wondering if young Creston was as imperious with s women as he was with the slaves in his Western ines.

The car came to the door, and they parted from their ost and sped back to the city. "What do you think him?" asked Miss Lewis—and went on in a burst of nfidence to tell him that it was to this prince of the w dispensation that he owed the great chance of his fe. For it was Barry Creston who had given the roadway "show-girl" the start that had made her a opular *comédienne;* it was Barry Creston who had vakened in her an interest in the "drama of ideas", nd had set her to fermenting with new ambitions; and nally it was Barry Creston who in a moment of in- ulgence had promised the money which had set the anagers and actors and musicians, the stage-carpen- rs and scene-painters and press-agents to work at the sk of embodying "The Genius"!

§ 10. It may have been a coincidence; but from nat hour dated the process of Thyrsis' disillusionment oncerning the production of his play. Could it be, e asked himself, that such wealth as Barry Creston's ould buy true art? Could it be that forces set in otion by it could really express his vision? "Genius rrounded by Commercialism", had been the formula his play; and did not the formula describe his own osition as well as Lloyd's?

A strange thing was this theatrical business—the usiness of selling emotions! One had really to feel the motions, in order to portray them with force; yet one ad at the same time to appraise them with the eye of

the business-man—one must not feel emotions that wou not pay. Also, one boomed and boosted his own pa ticular emotions, celebrating their merits in the la guage of the circus-poster. If you had taken up a ce tain play, you considered it the greatest play that ha ever made its bow to Broadway; and you actually pe suaded yourself to believe it—at least those who ma the real successes were men who possessed that hyp notic power.

There was, for instance, Mr. Rosenberg, the pres agent and advertising-man. He was certain that "T Genius" was a play of genius, and its author a man genius; and yet Thyrsis knew that if it had been Mey and Levinson, across the street, who were producing Mr. Rosenberg would have called it "rot". Mr. Rose berg was to Thyrsis a living embodiment of Mos Rosen in the play—so much so that he felt the r semblance in the names to be perilous, and winced ever time he heard Rosenberg speak of Rosen. But fort nately neither Rosenberg nor Rosen possessed a sen of irony, and so there were no feelings hurt. Thyrs had written the play without having met either a pres agent or the head of a music-bureau; he had drawn t character of Moses after the fashion of the Germa evolving the idea of an elephant out of his inner co sciousness. But now that it was done, he was amaz to see how well it was done; he was like an astronom who works out the orbit of a new planet, and afte wards discovers it with his telescope.

As the preparations neared completeness, Thyrs found himself more and more disturbed about the pr duction. He was able to judge of the actors now, a they seemed to him to be cheap actors—to be relyi for their effects upon exaggeration, to be making t

ay into a farce. But when he pointed this out to r. Tapping, Mr. Tapping was offended; and when spoke to Mr. Jones, he was referred to Miss Lewis. l he could accomplish with Miss Lewis, however, was bring up the eternal question of the lack of "charm" her part. Poor Ethelynda was also getting into an happy frame of mind; she had begun to doubt nether the "drama of ideas" was her *forte* after all— d whether the ideas in this particular drama were al ideas or sham. She got the habit of inviting iends in to judge it, and she was always of the opinion the last friend; so the production was like a ship ose pilot has lost his bearings.

The time drew near for the opening-performance, hich was to be given in a manufacturing city in New ngland. The nerves of all the company were stretched the breaking point; and overwrought as he was himlf, Thyrsis could not but pity the unhappy "leading dy", who could hardly keep herself together, even ith the drugs he saw her taking.

The "dress-rehearsal" began at six o'clock on Sunay evening; and from the very start everything went rong. But Thyrsis did not know the peculiar fact bout dress-rehearsals, that everything always goes rong; and so he suffered untellable agonies at the ght of the blundering and stupidity. Mr. Tapping ormed and fumed and hopped about the stage, and vore, first at his gouty foot, and then at some memer of the company; and he sent them back, over and ver again through the scenes—it was midnight before ney finished the first act, and it was six o'clock in the norning before they finished the second, and it was early noon of Monday before the wretched men and vomen went home to sleep.

Thyrsis had left before that, partly because he could not endure to see the mess that things were in, and partly because they told him he would have to make a speech that night, and he had to spend two of his hard earned dollars for the hire of a dress-suit. Here, as always, the scarcity of dollars was like a thorn in his flesh. He had been obliged to leave Corydon heart broken at home, because he had not been able to lay by enough to bring her; he had to stay at a cheap hotel—cheaper even than any of the actors; and when Miss Lewis and Mr. Tapping went out to lunch, he would have to say that he was not hungry, and then go off and get something at a corner grocery.

The hour of the performance came; and Thyrsis, like a gambler who has staked all his possessions upon the turn of one card, sat in a box and watched the audience and the play. The house was crowded; and the playwright saw with amazed relief that all his agonies of the night before had been needless—the performance went without a hitch from beginning to end. And also to his unutterable delight, the play seemed to "score". He had gazed at the rows of respectable burghers of this prosperous manufacturing town, and wondered what understanding they could have of his tragedy of "genius". But they seemed to be understanding; at any rate they laughed and applauded; and when Lloyd smashed the violin over von Arne's head and the curtain went down, there was quite a little uproar.

Thyrsis came out and made his timid speech, which was also applauded; and then came the last act, and the women got out their handkerchiefs on schedule time and Mr. Rosenberg stood behind Thyrsis in the box rubbing his hands together gleefully. So the playwright sent a telegram to his wife, saying that the play

as a certain success; and then he went to bed, as-redly the happiest man who had ever slept in that fty-cent hotel!

But alas—the next morning, there were the local apers; and with one accord they all "roasted" the play! heir accounts of it sounded for all the world like the ay itself—those extracts which the two professors ad read from the criticisms of Lloyd's concert! Thyr-s wondered if the critics must not have taken offence the satire!

Then, going to the theatre, the first person he met as Rosenberg, who sent another chill to his heart. First nights are always good," said Mr. Rosenberg. It was all 'paper', you know. To-night is the real st."

And so the second performance came; and in the heatre were some two hundred people, and the occa-on was the most awful "frost" that ever froze the eart of an unhappy partisan of the "drama of ideas". fter which, according to schedule, the play moved to nother manufacturing town; and in the theatre were me two hundred and fifty people—and a frost some n degrees lower yet!

§ 11. So at twelve o'clock that night there was a nsultation in a room at the hotel, attended by Thyrsis nd Miss Lewis and Mr. Tapping and Mr. Jones.

"You see," said the last named; "the play is a ilure."

"Absolutely!" said Mr. Tapping.

"I knew it would be!" cried Miss Lewis.

"And you?" asked Mr. Jones of Thyrsis.

"It has not succeeded in these towns," said Thyrsis. But then—how could it succeed, except where there

are intellectual people? You promised to take it to New York."

"It's no use!" declared Jones. "New York would laugh it dead in one night."

"It would," said Mr. Tapping, decisively.

"I knew it all along," cried Miss Lewis.

So they went on for ten minutes; and then, "What are you going to do?" asked Thyrsis, in terror.

"The play must be altered," said Jones.

"How altered?"

"It must be altered as Miss Lewis asked you at first."

Thyrsis sprang up. "What!" he cried.

"It must be done!" said Mr. Jones.

"It must," said Mr. Tapping.

"I knew it all along!" cried Miss Lewis again.

"But I won't stand for it!" exclaimed Thyrsis, wildly.

"It must be done!" said Mr. Jones, in his heaviest steam-roller tone.

"But I won't have it!"

"What'll you do?"

"I'll go to law! I'll get an injunction."

"What is there in our contract to prevent our altering the play?" demanded the man.

"What!" gasped Thyrsis. "You know what our understanding was!"

"Humph!" said the other. "Can you prove it?"

"And do you mean that you would go back on the understanding?"

"And do you mean that you expect me to see the money wasted and the play sent to pot?"

Thyrsis, in his agony, turned to Miss Lewis. "Will you let him break our bargain?" he cried.

"But what else is there to be done?" she answered

Don't you see that the play is a failure? And don't ou see the plight you've got me in?"

Thyrsis was dumb with dismay. He stared from one f these people to another, and his heart went down— own. He saw that his case was hopeless. He had no ne to help him or to advise him, and he had less than leven dollars in his pocket.

"What do you propose to do?" he asked, weakly.

"I have already telegraphed to Richard Haberton," aid Jones. "He will meet us and see the next two per- ormances; and then we'll lay the company off until 'e get some kind of a practical play."

And so the steam-roller rolled and the matter was ettled; and Thyrsis, broken-hearted, bid the trio fare- ell, and took an early train back to New York.

He never saw any member of the company again— nd he never saw the "practical play" which Mr. Richard Haberton made out of "The Genius". What as done he gathered from the press-clippings that ame to him—the famous author of "The Rajah's Diamond" caused Helena to fall into Lloyd's arms at he end of the second act, and had them safely if not appily married at the beginning of the third. Also e wrote several "charming" scenes for Ethelynda Lewis, and two weeks later the play had a second open- ng in another manufacturing town of New England— here the critics, awed by the name of the distinguished ramatist upon the play-bills, were moved to faint praise. But perhaps it was that Mr. Richard Haber- on required more than two weeks' time for the evolving f real "charm"; at any rate the audience came in no arger numbers to see this new version, and the misbe- otten production lived for another six performances,

and died a peaceful death at the very gates of the metropolis.

And such was the end of Thyrsis' career as a playwright. In return for all his labors and his agonies he received some weeks later a note from Robertson Jones, Inc., to the effect that the books of "The Genius" showed a total deficit of six thousand seven hundred and forty-two dollars and seventeen cents; and accordingly, under the contract, there was nothing due to the author.

Book XI

THE TORTURE-HOUSE

They sat in the darkness, watching where the starlight gleamed upon the water.

"We had always hope," she was saying. "How endlessly we hoped!"

"Could we do it now?" he asked; and after a pause, he quoted from the poem—

"Unbreachable the fort
Of the long-batter'd world uplifts its wall;
And strange and vain the earthly turmoil grows,
And near and real the charm of thy repose,
And night as welcome as a friend would fall!"

§ 1. Thyrsis came home beaten and crushed, worn out with overwork and worry, his heart black with rage and bitterness and despair. He met Corydon in the park, and she listened to his story, white and terrified. She had swallowed all her disappointment, had stayed at home with the baby while he went with the play; and now the outcome of it all was this!

"What are you going to do?" she whispered; and he answered, "I don't know. I don't know."

She saw the terrible state he was in, and she dared not utter a single word of her own grief. She bit her lip, and choked back her tears. "This is my life," she thought to herself; "I must endure, endure—that is all!"

He could not afford even to sit and talk with her very long; there was no time to indulge in the luxury of despair. His money was gone, and he was in debt for some that he had borrowed. Since irregular eating had been telling upon him again, he had been getting his meals with an acquaintance of the family, who kept a boarding-house uptown. On the strength of his prospects, she had trusted him for four dollars a week; and now the play had failed, and he had to go and tell her, and listen to new protests as to his folly in refusing to "get a position". But in the end she bade him stay on; and so he was divided between his shame, and the need of something to eat day by day.

Time dragged on, and still there was no gleam of light. There were shameful hours in these weeks—

he touched the lowest point yet in his life. This was a typical cheap boarding-house, a place where the drudges of trade were herded; it was a home of sordidness and ugliness—to Thyrsis its people seemed like carefully-selected types of all things that he hated in the world. There was a young broker's clerk, whose patter was of prices, and of fortunes made without service. There was a grey-haired bookkeeper for a giant "trust", a man who could not have had more pride in that great engine of exploitation, or more contempt for its victims, had he been the president and chief owner thereof. There was a young divinity-student, who made greedy reaches for the cake-plate, and who summed up for Thyrsis all the cant and commonness of the church. There was a dry-goods clerk, who wore flaring ties, and who played the rôle of a "masher" upon the avenue every evening. And finally there was a red-faced Irishman who wore large shiny cuffs and a false diamond, and who held some political job, and was voluble in behalf of "the organization".

Among these people Thyrsis sat three times a day, silent and tortured, paying a high price for each morsel of food he ate. But also he was lonely, and craving any sort of respite; and in the course of time he became acquainted with several of the younger men. One of the diversions in their pitiful and narrow lives was to gather in some room and indulge in petty gambling, sitting for hours upon hours with their faculties alert upon the attempt to get from each other some small fraction of that weekly stipend which kept them alive. Sometimes they played "penny-ante", and sometimes *vingt et un;* once, as it chanced, they needed another player, and they urged Thyrsis to join them.

And so, for the first time in his life, Thyrsis learned

hat it meant to lay his soul upon the lap of the god-
ess of chance. From eight o'clock that evening until
vo the next morning, he sat in a suffocating room full
f cigarette-smoke, trying in vain to win back the dol-
r or two he had lost at the outset; flushed and trem-
ing with excitement, and hating himself with a bitter
nd tormenting hatred. And so he discovered his vice;
e discovered that he had in him the soul of the gambler!
And all the rest of the winter he had to wrestle with
iat shame. He would go to his dinner, tired and
eartsick; and they would ask him to play again; and
e—the man who carried a message for humanity in his
eart—he would yield! Three times during that win-
r he fell into the mire; on Washington's birthday he
egan to play in the morning, and stopping only for
eals, he played until long after midnight. Forever
fterwards he was a humbler and a gentler man be-
ause of that experience; understanding how squalor
oases one, and how swiftly and stealthily an evil pas-
on closes its grasp about the soul.

§ 2. Of this shameful thing he said not a word to
orydon. But he avoided meeting her, because of the
epths of his despair. And so at last there came a
tter from her—a long and unusual one. Corydon,
oo, was having her troubles, it appeared.

"I am writing in haste," she said; "I shall mail the
tter at once, before my resolution fails me. At least
dozen times I have made up my mind to tell you or
o write you what is here, and each time I have turned
ack. But now I have got to a stage where I must have
our help.

"I enclose a long letter which I wrote you years ago,
efore we were married. I was looking over some old

papers the other day and came upon it. General when I wrote you letters that I did not send, I to them up; but something led me to keep this one—I ha a feeling that some day it would be interesting as curiosity. You see, I am always persuading myself tha I can get over this trouble, and learn to laugh at it and I am always succeeding—but only to have it cro up in some different form. I have told you a little o it now and then—but stop and read the enclosed, an you will see."

So Thyrsis read the old letter—a missive of anguis and terror, and beginning with elaborate preluding and hesitations:

"I implore you to be patient with me this once; an when I have gotten through, I want you still to lov me, if possible. I have been trying to get the courag to write you something that is so mean and low, childis and almost imbecile, that there have been moments i which my horror of it was absolutely unspeakable when I have imagined myself as a soul damned when I thought that if you knew, you would think had a diseased brain. I only ask you to read patientl what I am going to write; but know that every word a horrible effort, that it is torture and humiliation t me to write it. I have a feeling now as though I we psychologically dissecting something.

"It must have been eight years ago, when I was sic in bed; in a fever or delirium I conceived the idea tha there was a coffin under my bed. The thought too hold of me, somehow, like an octopus, and I used t writhe under it, and get into fearful perspirations. never went near a bed that I didn't think of this thin with the same horror.

"And so I seemed to have created a nervousness, a nse of dread, before which I was absolutely helpless. cannot tell you how hopelessly or fearfully I suffered, what depths of despondency and despair and black- ss I was cast into. I cannot understand how a eature could so manufacture torments for itself. But is is not all, just for once have mercy—and yet even w I am laughing at myself!

"The winter I was sixteen I was much disappointed at I could not go to college, and almost the whole nter, when I was not diverted, I would brood over this bit. As I grew older, it would come to me in spasms, d it seemed to my dawning sense so monstrously child- ke, so insane, that I was aghast that it had power to fect me. I can find no words to tell you of the un- peakable horror with which I saw, in my older days, at a thought could so torment me; the mere fact of s being able to torment I could never forget. I know was silly, unreasonable; and yet every time it came me I would be plunged into a hopelessness and melan- oly, than which I can honestly conceive nothing more arful upon earth.

"Well, I continued to pursue myself with this mor- dity (I would almost rather kill myself than write is). As I got older my terror was less, but my elancholy greater, until I would be only half con- ious of what I was allowing myself to do. I seemed have engendered within myself a hob-goblin. Once -it was only last winter—I saw a nasty word written a fence, and it sent a shudder through me, for I new it would follow me and make me think of other hings like it. I felt, since thoughts have such power terrorize me, how can I ever get away from them?

"Oh, how I have struggled—tried to say it was not

true—that I was just as sane as other people! And this made my thirst for beauty all the more maddening, and my melancholy all the more complete! So I have lived, at intervals, and words cannot describe the hell that I have endured, the more horrible because it seemed to me so unreasonable, so insane. It occurred to me more or less this summer, though in a milder form; but it often frightened me more than ever, as I felt how beautiful you were, and what you would think of me, if you knew I was capable of being the prey of such thoughts. So they were always more dreadful to me.

"Can you possibly understand how the thought of a word could make me shudder? The mere idea of my being capable of thinking of anything that was not beautiful! When I longed to be only the embodiment of beauty—and sometimes I *am* beautiful! I look into the glass, and I seem to have something in my face that is a promise of a glory to come—a light, a something,—I love to imagine it. And then, that a thought should knock me prone, and make me cringe—from the mere fact of its lowness and meanness!

"For the last two or three days I have again victimized myself; and when I was not studying I was asking myself in anguish what was the matter with me, and if there was no hope for me on earth. I dodged around and tried to laugh it off, then I went to the piano and lost myself in the dissatisfaction of my playing; but when I stopped, I was conscious of a great depression, as though I were chained in a dungeon. I jumped up, and said I could stand it no longer. I will tell Thyrsis, I said; but no, I will die first! I added. He could not tolerate me afterwards, he would think me only fit for the insane-asylum. Oh, why

ould I be so cursed? And then, somehow, I imagined at I told you, and that you laughed at me, that you tied me—and that you held out your hand, and said, ome, you *shall* find beauty—poor, deluded, wretched, tle creature!' I really imagined that this had hap-ened, and I was relieved as with a draught of fresh r.

"Oh, God in Heaven, to think that I could ever have en so degraded! My head hurts, and I absolutely n dazed, to think that I have been able to write you of mething for which (though it has not been my mak-g) I am so ashamed and humiliated I can hardly hold y head up. I think in my short life I have atoned for e sins of many souls."

§ 3. Such was the old-time letter. "And now," rote Corydon, "I don't want you to think that if I did ot send you this, it was because I was afraid to do , or unwilling to trust to your love. It was simply ecause I felt that I could conquer these things—that would be weak and contemptible of me not to do so. or is the reason I write you now that I have not been ble to conquer them, that I am still at the mercy of ich habits. I am a grown woman, and I am not afraid f words: I tell myself this a hundred times; and it is rue—and yet there is a way in which it is not true. he thing is so intricate—I never get to the end of it; rid myself of the fear of a hateful idea, but there emains the fact that I should have been afraid; there the fear of fear. And then comes a flood of shame —that I should have it in me to be afraid of fear!

"Thyrsis, as I write to you now I see clearly how erfectly preposterous and unreal all this is; and again here comes to me the impulse to tear up this letter,

and banish the troop of hob-goblins from my mind But no, this time I am determined to make a clean breas of the thing—for I see that secrecy and solitude ar what it feeds on. If I were happy and busy with you such ideas would have no power over me. But think how it is, with my loneliness and despair! I don't want to say anything to make your task harder—but oh Thyrsis, it is frightful to have nothing to do but wait and wait, and wait! The baby wakes me up in the night and I lie for hours—it is at such times that these phantoms take hold of me. Do you realize that I literally never know what it is to have more than three or four consecutive hours of sleep?

"No, I am not insane, I tell myself; I am not insane It is the circumstances of my life that cause this melancholia and misery. It has been my life, from the very beginning—for what a hopeful and joyous creature I would have been, had I only had a chance as a girl I know that; and you must tell it to me, and help me to believe it."

Thyrsis read this with less surprise than Corydon had imagined; for she had been wont to drop hints about her trouble from time to time. He was shocked however, to find what a hold it had taken upon her the thing sent a chill of fear to his heart. Could it be after all that she had some taint? But he saw at once that he must not let her see any such feeling; the least hint of it would have driven her to distraction. On the contrary, he must minimize the trouble, must help her to laugh it away, as she asked.

He went to meet her in the park, and found her in an agony of distress; she had mailed the letter, and then she had wished to recall it, and had been struggling

r since with the idea that he would be disgusted with
. Now, when she found that such was not the case,
t he still loved her and trusted her, she was trans-
ted with gratitude.

"But dearest," he said, "how absurd it is to be
amed of an idea! If ugly things exist, don't we have
hear of them and know of them? And so why
ghten ourselves because they are in our minds?"

"But Thyrsis," cried she, "they are so hateful!"

"Yes," he said. "But then the more you hate them,
more they haunt you!"

"That's just it!" she exclaimed.

"But what harm can they do? Can they have any
ect upon your character? You must say to yourself
t all this is a consequence of the structure of your
ain-cells. What could be more futile than trying to
rget? As if the very essence of the trying was not
membering!"

So Thyrsis went on to argue with her. He made her
omise him that in future she would tell him of all
r obsessions, permitting no fear or shame to deter
r; and so thereafter he would have to listen periodi-
lly to long accounts of her psychological agonies,
d help her to hunt out the "hob-goblins" from the
ngled thickets of her mind. They were forever set-
ng the matter, positively and finally—but alas, only
have something unsettle it again. So Thyrsis had
add to his other accomplishments the equipment of
psycho-pathologist; he brushed up his French, and
ad learned treatises upon the researches in the *Sal-
trière*, and the theories of the "Nancy School".

§ 4. Another month passed by, and still there was
rift in the clouds. Once more Corydon was for-

bidden to see him, and so her pain grew day by day. At last there came another letter, voicing utter desperation. Something must be done, she declared, she was slowly going out of her mind. Thyrsis could have no idea of the shamefulness of her position, the humiliations she had to face. "I tell you the thing is putting a brand upon my soul," she wrote. "It is something I shall never get over all my life. It is withering me up—it is destroying my self-respect, my very decency; it is depriving me of my power to act, or even to think. People come in, relatives or friends—even strangers to me—and peer at me and pry into my affairs; I hear them whispering in the parlor—'Hasn't he got a position yet?' or 'How can she have anything to do with him?' The servants gossip about me—the woman I have for a nurse despises me and insults me, and I have not the courage to rebuke her. To-day I went almost wild with fury—I rushed into the bathroom and locked the door and flung myself upon the floor. I found myself gnawing at the rug in my rage—I mean that literally. That is what life has left for me!

"I tell you you must take me away, we must get out of this fiendish city. Let us go into the wilderness as you said, and live as we can—I would rather starve to death than face these things. Let us get into the country, Thyrsis. You can work as a farm-hand, and earn a few dollars a week—surely that could not be a greater strain upon us than the way things are now."

When Thyrsis received this, he racked his brains once more; and then he sat down and wrote a letter to Barry Creston. He told how he had worked over the play, and how it had gone to ruin; he told of his present plight. He knew, he said, that Mr. Creston had been interested in the play, and that he was a man

who understood the needs of the artist-life. Would he end two hundred dollars, which would suffice until Thyrsis could get another work completed?

He waited a week for a reply to this; and when it arrived he opened it with trembling fingers. He half expected a check to fall fluttering to the floor; but alas, there was not a single flutter. "I have read your letter," wrote the young prince, "and I have considered the matter carefully. I would do what you ask, were it not for my conviction that it would not be a good thing for you. It seems to me the testimony of all experience, that artists do their great work under the spur of necessity. I do not believe that real art can ever be subsidized. It is for men that you are writing; and you must find out how to make men hear you. You may not thank me for this now, but some day you will, I believe."

After duly pondering which communication, Thyrsis racked his wits, and bethought him of yet another person to try. He sat himself down and addressed Mr. Robertson Jones. He explained that he was in this cruel plight, owing to his having devoted so many months to "The Genius." Even the actors had received something for the performances of the play they had given; but the author had received nothing at all. He asked Mr. Jones for a personal loan to help him in a great emergency; and he promised to repay it at the earliest possible moment. To which Mr. Jones made this reply—"Inasmuch as the failure of the play was due solely to your own obstinacy, it seems to me that your present experiences are affording exactly the discipline you need."

§ 5. However, there are many ups and downs in

the trade of free-lance writer. The very day after he had received this letter, there came, in quick succession, two bursts of sunlight through the clouds of Thyrsis' despair. The first was a letter, written in a quaint script, from a man who explained that he was interested in a "Free People's Theatre" in one of the cities of Germany. "You will please to accept my congratulations," he wrote; "I had never known such a play as yours in America to be written. I should greatly be pleased to translate the play, so that it might be known in Germany. Our compensation would have to be little, as you will understand; but of appreciation I think you may receive much in the Fatherland."

To which Thyrsis sent a cordial response, saying that he would be glad of any remuneration, and enclosing a copy of the manuscript of "The Genius". And then—only two days later—came the other event, a still more notable one; a letter from the publisher who had been number thirty-seven on the list of "The Hearer of Truth". Thyrsis had got so discouraged about this work that he now sent it about as a matter of routine, and without thinking of it at all. Great, therefore, was his amazement when he opened the letter and read that this publisher was disposed to undertake it, and would be glad to see him and talk over terms.

Thyrsis went, speculating on the way as to what strange manner of being this publisher might be. The solution of the mystery he found was that the publisher was new at the business, and had entrusted his "literary department" to a very young man who had enthusiasms. The young man held his position for only a month or two; but in that month or two Thyrsis got in his "innings".

The publisher wished to bring the book out that

ring. He offered a ten per cent. royalty, and the embling author summoned the courage to ask for one ndred dollars advance; when he got it, he was divided tween his delight, and a sneaking regret that he had t tried for a hundred and fifty!

The very next day came the contracts and the money; hyrsis marvelled at the fact that there were people ho could sign checks for a hundred dollars, and pparently not mind it in the least. With the oney he was able to pay all his debts, and also a bill hich Corydon had received from a "specialist" who ad been treating her. This was a new habit that Coryon was developing, as a result of headaches and backches and other obscure miseries. These amiable "specialists" permitted one to run up a bill with them; and o, whenever Thyrsis made a new "strike", there were lways debts to eat up the greater part of it.

They had now another hope to lure them; new proofs o read, and in due time, new reviews. But it would be all before they could expect more money from the book, nd meantime there was still the problem of the summer. So, as usual, Thyrsis was plotting and planning, groping about him and trying one desperate scheme fter another; his head was like a busy workshop, from hich came every hour new plans, new expedients, new xperiments. And meanwhile, of course, deep down in is soul there was forming the new work, that some day ould emerge and take possession of him, driving everyhing else from his consciousness.

People would repeat to him, over and over, their reary formula—"Get a position! Get a position!" nd patiently, unwearyingly, Thyrsis would set himself o explain to them what it was like to be inspired. It as not perversity upon his part, it was not conceit; it

was no more these than it was laziness. It was something that was in him—something that he had not put there himself, something that he could not take out of himself; a thing that took possession of him, without any intention upon his part, without any permission; a thing that required him to do certain acts, and that tore him to pieces if he did not do them. And how should he be blamed because he could not do as other men—because he could not take care of himself, nor even of his wife and child? Because he could not have any rights, because he could not possess the luxuries of manhood and self-respect? Because, in short, he was cast out into the gutter for every dog to snarl at and for every loafer to spurn? Could it be that in this whole civilization, with its wealth and power, its culture and learning, its sciences and arts and religions—there was not to be found one single man or woman who could recognize such a state of affairs, and realize what it meant?

§ 6. About this time Thyrsis thought of another plan. Perhaps he might get some one to publish the play in book form—that would bring him a little money, and possibly also it might help him to interest some other manager or actor. So he took the manuscript to his friend Mr. Ardsley, who told him it would not sell, and then gave him another lecture upon his folly in not having written the "practical" novel; and then he took it to the publisher for whom Prof. Osborne acted as reader. So he had another conference with that representative of authority.

"I'll get him some day," Thyrsis had said to himself, after their last interview; and he found that he had almost "got" him now. There was no chance of the play's selling, said the professor, and therefore

no recommending it for publication; but it was indeed a remarkable piece of work—one might possibly say that it was a *great* piece of work.

To which the author responded, "Why can't one say that surely?"

"I'm not quite sure," said the other, "whether your violinist is a genius, or only thinks he is."

Thyrsis pondered this. "That's rather an important question," he said.

"Yes," admitted the other.

"There ought to be some way of deciding such a question definitely."

"Yes, there ought to be."

"But there isn't?"

"No—I'm afraid there isn't. We know too little about genius as yet."

"But, professor," said Thyrsis, "you are a critic—you write books of criticism. And that's the one question a critic has to answer."

"Yes, I know," said Prof. Osborne.

"And yet, when you face the issue, you give up."

"It has generally taken a long time to decide such a matter," was the professor's reply.

"Yes, it has," said the other; "and meantime the man is starved out."

There was a pause. "You have never had any such experience yourself?" asked Thyrsis. "Of inspiration, I mean."

"No," was the answer. "I couldn't pretend to."

"So your judgments are never from first-hand knowledge?"

The professor hesitated. "I am dealing with you frankly——" he began.

"I know," said Thyrsis, "and I appreciate that. You

understand that it's an important point for me to get clear. I've felt that all along about you—I've felt it about so many others who set themselves against me. And yet I have to bear the burden of their condemnation——"

"I never condemned you," interposed the other.

"Ah, but you did!" cried Thyrsis. "You told me that I knew less about writing than anyone in your class! And you spoke as one who had authority."

"But you had given no indications in the classroom——"

"I know! I know! I tried to get you to see the reason. I wanted to create literature; and you set me down with a lot of formulas—you told me to write about 'The Duty of the College Man to Support Athletics!'"

"It's difficult to see," began Prof. Osborne, "how we could teach college boys to create literature——"

"At least," said the other, "you need not follow a method which would make it impossible for one of them to create literature if he had it in him."

"Does it seem to you as bad as that?" asked the professor, a little disturbed.

"It truly does," said Thyrsis.

"But what would you say we could do?"

To which the boy replied, "You might try to get your pupils to feel one deep emotion about life, or to think one worth-while thought; then they might stand a chance of knowing how it feels to write."

§ 7. Thyrsis was still reading in the papers and magazines of philanthropists and public-spirited citizens; and he was still sitting down to write them and explain his plight. He would beg them to believe that

e wanted nothing but a bare living; and he would send opies of his books or articles or manuscripts, and ask nese people to read them. And about this time an unsual thing happened—one of these philanthropists anwered his letter. He wrote that he did not agree with Thyrsis' ideas, by any means, but appreciated the power f his writing, and was certain that he had a career bore him. Whereupon Thyrsis made haste to follow up is advantage, and wrote another letter—one of the nost intense and impassioned that he ever composed in is life.

He told about the new book he was dreaming. For ears he had read his country's history, and lived in and thrilled with it. Especially had he read the Civil War; and now he was planning a book that should old the War, and all the meanings of the War, as a ine-cup holds the rich flavors and aromas of the grape. A titan struggle it had been, the birth-agony of a naion; and it was a thing to be contemplated with amazement, that it should have produced so little in the way f art. Half a dozen poems there were; but of novels ot one above the grade of juvenile fiction.

What Thyrsis was planning was a new form; a eries of swift visions, of glimpses into the very heart f the nation's agony. He described some of the scenes hat were haunting him and driving him. The winter's ight in the ditches in front of Marye's Heights, when he dead and dying lay piled in windrows, and the soul f a people sobbed in despair! The night on the field f Gettysburg, when the young soldier lay wounded, ut rapt in his vision, seeing the hosts of the victorious uture defiling upon that hallowed ground! The ghastly cenes in Andersonville, and the escape, and the long ourney filled with perils; and the siege of Petersburg,

and the surrender; and last of all the ecstasy of the dying man in the capital, when the grim, war-worn legions were tramping for two days through the city. Such, wrote Thyrsis, was the book that he wished to compose, and that was being stifled in him for the lack of two or three hundred dollars.

Upon the receipt of this letter the philanthropist wrote again, suggesting that the poet come to see him and talk things over. He sent the price of a railroad ticket to Boston; and so Thyrsis made the acquaintance of a new world—one might almost say of a whole new system of worlds.

For here was the Athens of America, the hub of the universe. In Boston they worshipped culture, they lived in literature and art and the transcendental excellences; and by the way of showing that there was no snobbery in them, they opened the gates of their most august mansions to this soul-sick poet, and invited him to tea.

Thyrsis got a strange impression among these people, who were living upon their knees before the shrine of their own literary history. One was treading here upon holy ground; in these very houses had dwelt immortal writers—their earthly forms had rested in these chairs, and their auras yet haunted the dim religious light of these drawing-rooms. There were old people who had known them in the flesh, and could tell anecdotes about them—to which one listened in reverent awe; at every gathering one met people who were writing biographies and memoirs of them, or editing their letters and journals, or writing essays and appreciations, criticisms and commentaries and catalogs and bibliographies. And to be worthy of the visitations of such hallowed influences, one must guard one's mind as a temple, a place of silences and serenities, to which no vulgar things

ould penetrate; one excluded all the uproar of these ays of undisciplined egotism—above all things else ne preserved an attitude of aloofness from that which resumed to call itself "literature" in such degenerate mes.

To have become acquainted with these high standards as perhaps worth the rent of a room and the cost of me food and clean collars. So Thyrsis reflected when, fter his week of waiting, he had his interview with the enevolent philanthropist, who explained to him, at reat length, how charity had the effect of weakening ne springs of character, and destroying those quali- es of self-reliance and independence which were the ost precious things in a man.

§ 8. It was a curious coincidence, one that seemed most symbolic—that Thyrsis should have gone from ne Brahmins of Boston to the Socialists of the East ide!

In one of the publishing-houses he visited, Thyrsis ad met a young man who gave him a Socialist maga- ne to read; as the magazine was published in the next uilding, Thyrsis went in and met the editor. About is time they were crowning a new king in England, nd Thyrsis, who had no use for kings, wrote a sar- astic poem which the Socialist editor published free of harge. And so the boy discovered a new way in which e could relieve his feelings.

"I see what you want," he admitted, in his arguments ith this editor; "and it's the same thing as I want— very man with any sense must see that, in the ultimate utcome, all this capital will be owned by the public nd not by private individuals. But what I object to the way you go at it. The industrial process is a

necessary thing; it is drilling and disciplining the workers. They are not yet fitted for the responsibility of managing the world."

"But," asked the editor, "what's to be the sign when they *are* fitted?"

"When they have been educated," Thyrsis answered.

To which the editor responded, "Who is to educate them, if we don't?"

That was an interesting point; and Thyrsis found little by little that a new light was dawning upon him. He had somehow conceived of industrial evolution as something vast and intangible and mechanical, something that went on independent of men, and that could not be hurried or delayed. What this editor pointed out was that the process was a definite one, that it went on in the minds of men, and involved human effort—of which the publishing of Socialist literature was a most essential part.

"You ought to hear Darrell," said the man; and a few days later he wrote Thyrsis a note, asking him to go to a hall over on the East Side that evening.

Thyrsis went, and found a working-men's meeting-room, ill-lighted and ill-ventilated, with perhaps two hundred people in it. The chairman introduced the speaker of the evening; and so Thyrsis got his first glimpse of Henry Darrell.

He was something over forty years of age, slight of build; his face was pale to the point of ghostliness, and this impression was heightened by a jet black mustache and beard. One's first thought was that this man was no stranger to suffering.

He was not a good speaker, in the conventional sense; he fumbled for words, and repeated himself—and yet from his first sentence Thyrsis found himself listening

ellbound. The voice went through him like the toll
f a bell; never in all his life had he heard a speaker
ho put such a burden of anguish into his words—
ho gave such a sense of gigantic issues, of age-long
estinies hanging in the balance, of world-embracing
opes and powers struggling to be born. Here was
prophet who carried in his soul the future of the race;
ho in the sudden flashes of his vision, in the swift
ushes of his passionate pleadings, evoked from the
eeps of the consciousness forces that one contemplated
ith terror—confronted one with martyrdoms and
gonies and despairs.

"Revolution" was his title; he pictured modern civi-
zation as it presented itself to the proletarian man—
gigantic Moloch, to which human lives were fed, a
onster from whose dominion there was no deliverance,
en in the uttermost parts of the earth. He pictured
cident, disease and death, unemployment and starva-
on, child-labor, prostitution, war; he was the voice
f the dispossessed of the earth, the man beneath the
achine, ground up body, mind and soul in this "world-
de mill of economic might". And he showed how this
an dragged down with him all society; how the chain
at bound the slave was fastened also to the master—
that from the poverty and oppression and degrada-
on of this "downmost man" came all the ulcers that
stered in the social body. He saw the great economic
achine grinding on day and night, the mighty forces
ushing to their culmination. He saw the toiling
illions pressed deeper and deeper into the mire; he
w their blind, convulsive struggles for deliverance;
saw over them the gigantic slave-driver with his
ousand-lashed whip—the capitalist state, class-owned
d class-administered—backed by the capitalist church

and the capitalist press and capitalist "public sentiment". So the hopes of the people went down in blood and reaction sat enthroned. The nations, ridden by despotisms, and whirled into senseless wars, ran the old course of militarism, imperialism, barbarism; and so civilization slid back yet again into the melting-pot!

Thyrsis had never heard such a speech as this in his life. When it was over, he went up to the platform where Darrell sat, looking more exhausted and pain-driven than ever; and in a few hesitating words he told of his interest, and asked for the speaker's address that he might write to him. And that night he posted a letter, introducing himself as a young writer, who felt impelled to learn more about Darrell's ideas.

In reply came a note from the other, asking him to dine with him; and Thyrsis answered accepting.

Then, as chance would have it, he mentioned the circumstance to his mother. "Darrell!" she cried. "You don't mean Henry Darrell!"

"Yes," said Thyrsis. "Why?"

"And you would meet that man?"

"Why not?" he asked, perplexed.

"Haven't you read anything about him in the papers? That monster!"

"What do you mean?"

"A man who deserted his wife and children, and left them to starve, and ran away with some rich woman!"

Thyrsis recollected vaguely some sensational headlines, about the clergyman and college professor who had done the shocking things his mother spoke of, and was now a social outcast, and a preacher of anarchy and revolution. He recalled also that there had been a woman, beautiful and richly-dressed, with Darrell at the meeting.

The boy was not disturbed by all this, for he had
ng ago made up his mind that every man had to work
t his own sex-problems; in fact, his first impulse was
admire a man who had had the courage to face the
rld upon such an issue. But he was sorry he had
ntioned it to his mother, for she wept bitterly when
e found that he meant to accept the invitation. That
s the culmination of her life's defeat—that her son,
o had been designed for a bishop, should be going to
at table with Henry Darrell and his paramour!

§ 9. Thyrsis went to the apartment-hotel where
rrell lived, and was introduced to the beautiful lady
Mrs. Darrell, and they went down to the dining-
om—where he noticed that everyone turned to stare
them as they entered. It made him feel that he
ust be doing something quite desperate; and yet it
s not easy to imagine any wickedness of the man op-
site to him—his voice was so kind, and his smile so
ntle, and his whole aspect so appealing. He was
essed in black, and wore a soft black bow at his
roat, which made still more conspicuous the pallor
his face; Thyrsis had never met a man he took to
re quickly—there was something about him that was
e a little child, calling for affection and sympathy.
Yet, also, there was the mind of a thinker. He was
man of culture, in the most vital sense of the word;
had swept the heavens of thought with a powerful
escope—had travelled, and knew many languages, and
ir literatures and arts. He had tested them all by
strong acid of his own; so that to talk with him was
discover the feet of clay of one's idols.
He spoke of Dante and Angelo, who were two of his
roes; he told of great experiences among the latter's

titan frescos. He spoke of Mazzini, whose greatness as a writer the world had yet to appreciate; he spoke also of Wagner, whose music he valued less than his critical and polemical work. He told of modern artists, both in Germany and Italy—revolutionary forces of whom Thyrsis had never heard at all. The day must come, said Darrell, when Americans would discover the great movements of contemporary thought, and realize their own provincialness. America thought of itself as "the land of the free", and that made it hard to teach. It was obvious enough that there had never been any real freedom in America—only government by propertied classes. The Revolution had been a rebellion of country gentlemen and city merchants; as one might know from the "constitution" they had adopted—one of the greatest barriers to human progress ever devised. And so with the Civil War, which to Darrell was one of the deeds of the newly-risen monster of Capitalism.

They went upstairs again, and Thyrsis found another man seated in the drawing-room. He was introduced by the name of Paret, and Thyrsis recognized him as the editor of "The Beacon", a magazine of which he had chanced upon a copy some time before. It was the first Socialist publication he had ever seen, and it had repelled him because its editor had printed his own picture in a conspicuous place, and also because in his leading editorial he had dealt flippantly with an eminent reformer and philanthropist for whom Thyrsis had a profound respect.

But here was the editor himself—not merely his photograph: a little man, clad in evening dress, very neat and dapper. He had a black beard, trimmed to a point, and also a sarcastic smile, and he impressed Thyrsis as a drawing-room edition of Mephistopheles

He lounged at ease in a big chair, not troubling to talk; save that every now and then he would punctuate the discussion with some droll reflection that stuck in one's mind like a burr.

Some one spoke of certain evangelists who were conducting a temperance campaign among the workers in the steel-mills. Said Paret: "If I had to live in hell, I'm sure I'd rather be drunk than sober!" And a little later Thyrsis spoke of a novel he had been reading, which set out to solve the problem of "capital and labor". Its solution seemed to be for the handsome young leader of the union to marry the daughter of the capitalist; and Paret remarked, with his dry smile, "No doubt if the capitalists and their daughters are willing, the union-leaders will come to the scratch." Again, Darrell was telling about the ten years' struggle he had waged to waken the Church to the great issue of the time; and how at last he had given up in despair. Paret remarked, "For my part, I never try to talk economics with preachers. When you talk to a businessman, he understands a business proposition, and you can get somewhere; but when you talk with a preacher, and you think he's been understanding you, you find that all the time he's been thinking what Moses would have said about it."

There came other guests: a German, hard-fisted, bullet-headed—editor of an East Side labor-paper. Some one spoke of working-men losing their votes through being unemployed and cast adrift; and Thyrsis remembered this man's grim comment, "They lose their votes, but they don't lose their voices!" There came a young man, fair as an Antinous, who with his verbal battering-ram shook the institutions of society so as to frighten even the author of "The Higher Canni-

balism". There came also a poetess, whose work he ha seen in the magazines, and with her a Russian yout who had come to study the thought of America, an was now going home, because America had no though Thyrsis had a good deal of patriotism left in him, an might have been angered by this stripling's contempt but the stripling spoke with such quiet assurance, an his contempt was so boundless as to frighten on "These people," he said—"they simply do not kno what the intellectual life means!"

When Thyrsis went home that evening, he carrie with him new ideas to ponder; also some of Darrell pamphlets and speeches—the product of his ten year struggle to make the teachings of Christ of som authority in the Christian Church. Thyrsis sat up lat and read one of these pamphlets, an indictment o Capitalism from the point of view of the artist an spiritual creator. It was a magnificent piece of wri ing; it came to Thyrsis like an echo out of his ow life. So, before he slept that night he had written letter to Darrell, telling of his struggles and his d feats. "I do not ask you to help *me*," he wrote. " ask you to read my work, and decide if that be wor saving. For ashamed as I am to say it, I am at t end of my resources, and if some help does not come, do not know what will become of me."

Thyrsis had now tried all varieties of the great a successful of the earth—the publishers and editors a authors, the college professors and clergymen, t statesmen and capitalists and philanthropists. A now, for the first time, he tried the Socialists. H trembled when he opened Darrell's reply. Could it that this man would be like all the rest?

But no, he was different! "Dear Brother:" he wro

understand what you have told me, and I appreciate our position. Send me your manuscripts at once; I ave to-morrow for a lecture-trip, and on my way I will ad everything, and let you hear from me on my re-rn. In the meantime, I should add that I am helping o Socialist publications, and a good many individuals o, and that my resources have been absurdly exag-erated in the public prints. I say this, that you may ot overestimate what I might possibly be able to do."

§ 10. So Thyrsis sent a manuscript of his play, and copy of his first novel, and a set of proofs of "The earer of Truth"; and then for a couple of weeks he aited in suspense and dread. He could not see how a an like Henry Darrell could fail to appreciate his ork; but on the other hand, after so many disappoint-ents and rebuffs, how could he bring himself to be-eve that any one would really give him aid?

At last came a second letter; a letter full of warm-earted sympathy—pointing out the faults of imma-rity in his work, but also recognizing its real merits. closed with this all-important sentence: "I will do hat I can to help you, so come and let us talk it er."

Thyrsis went; and as they sat in his study, Darrell ut his arm about him, and told him a little of his own areer. He had begun life as a street-waif, a newsboy nd bootblack; and once when he was ill, he had gone a drug-store for help, and the druggist had given m a poison by mistake, so that all his life thereafter e had more sick days than well. He told how, at an rly age, he had gone to a country college to seek n education as a divinity-student; he had arrived, eary and footsore, and with his last cent had bought

a post-card to let his mother know that he was saf
He told how, as a clergyman and college professo
the gospel of the time had come to him; how he ha
preached and labored, amid persecution and obloquy
until he had come to realize that the Church was
dead sepulchre; and how at last he had thrown every
thing to the winds, and given himself to the working
class political movement.

Then Thyrsis, scrupulous as ever, said, "I kno
nothing about Socialism. I mean to study it; but
might not come to believe in it—how can I tell?
would not want you to help me under any misappre
hension."

At which the other smiled gently. "I am workin
for the truth," he said.

They talked about Thyrsis and his needs. Presum
ably, he said, he would have money from his new boo
in the fall, but meantime he wanted to take his famil
into the country. He could live on thirty dollars
month; it would be a matter of some two hundred an
fifty dollars. Darrell said he would give him this; an
Thyrsis sat there, powerless to thank him, his voic
trembling, and a mist of tears in his eyes.

He went on to tell his friend of the work that h
meant to do. Darrell had said that to him the Civ
War was a crime; but Thyrsis did not know what h
meant by that. "I believe in my country!" he sai
"It has tried for high things—and it will come to them
I know that it can be thrilled and roused, and made t
see the shame into which it is fallen."

Darrell pressed his arm, and answered, with a smil
"I won't argue with you about the War; you go ahea
and write your book!"

So Thyrsis went home to Corydon, as one who bring

reprieve to a prisoner under sentence of death. Such deliverance as it was to them! And such transports f relief and gratitude as they experienced! He sang ne praises of Darrell, and of the new friends he had ade at Darrell's; also he brought an invitation for orydon to come with him to an evening reception the ext week. They were anxious to meet her, he said; nd Corydon was anxious to go.

But, alas, this did not work out according to expecta- ons. Thyrsis discovered now what his wife had meant hen she wrote that suffering and humiliation were reaking down her character. She could not bear to eet intellectual people, to take part in the competition f their life. For the most part these were men and omen of intense personalities, absorbed in their own leas, keenly critical, and not very merciful to any sort f weakness. And Corydon was morbidly aware of her wn lack of accomplishments, and acutely sensitive as o what others thought about her. A strange figure ne must have made in any one's drawing-room—with ne old dress she had fixed up, and the lace-collar she ad borrowed for the occasion, and the sad face with ne large dark eyes. The talk of the company ran to olitics; and Corydon had nothing to say about politics. he could only sit in a corner while Thyrsis talked, and uffer agonies of humiliation.

To make matters worse, there came a literary lion nat evening; one of the few modern writers whose books orydon knew and loved. But when they were intro- uced, he scarcely looked at her; he went on talking o an East Side poetess whose opinions were fluent and eady. So Corydon found herself shunted into a cor- er with an unknown old lady. It was one of Cory- on's peculiarities that she abhorred old ladies; and

this one questioned her about the feeding of infants and told her that she was ill-equipped for the responsibilities of motherhood!

On her way home she poured out her bitterness to Thyrsis. "I can see exactly how it is," she said. "They all think you've married a pretty face!"

"You haven't given them much chance to think otherwise," he pleaded.

"They don't want any chance," she exclaimed. "They've got it all settled! You are the rising light which is to astonish the world—and I'm your youthful blunder. I stay at home and take care of the baby, and they all feel sorry for you."

"Do you want them to feel sorry for *you?*" he asked.

To which Corydon answered, "I don't want them to know about me at all. I want to get away, and stay by myself, and get back my self-respect." And so it was decided that in a couple of weeks more—the first of April—they would shake the dust of the city from their feet. They sent for their tent and other goods, and began inquiring about a place to camp.

§ 11. A FEW days more passed; and then, one Sunday morning, Thyrsis' mother came to him in tears, with a copy of a newspaper "magazine-supplement" in her hand.

"Look at this!" she cried; and Thyrsis stared.

There was a full-page article, with many illustrations, and a headline two inches deep—"Henry Darrell to found Free-Love Colony! Ex-college professor and clergyman buys farm to teach his doctrines!" There was a picture of Darrell, standing upon a ladder and nailing up an announcement of his defiance to the

nstitution of marriage; and there were pictures of is wife and child, and of the farm he had bought, and long account of the colony which he was organizing, nd in which he meant to preach and practice his ideas f "free love".

Thyrsis was half dazed. "I don't believe it!" he ried; whereat his mother wrung her hands.

"Not believe it!" she exclaimed. "Why, the paper ven gives the price he paid for the place!"

So Thyrsis took the article and went to see Henry arrell again; and there followed one of the most pain-il experiences of his life.

He found his friend like a man blasted by a stroke f lightning. His very physical appearance was ttered; his voice shook and his eyes were wild, and he aced the room, his whole aspect one cry of agony.

He pointed Thyrsis to a lot of clippings that lay pon the table—the first editorial comments upon this ew pronouncement. There was one from an evening aper, which had close upon a million circulation, and ad devoted its whole editorial page to a scathing de-unciation, in which it was declared that "Prof. Dar-ell's morality is that of the higher apes."

"Think of it!" the man cried. "And the thing will o from one end of the country to the other!"

"But"—gasped Thyrsis, bewildered—"then it is not rue?"

"True?" cried Darrell. "True? How can you ask e?"

"But—the colony! What is it to be?"

"There is not going to be any colony. I never reamed of such a thing!"

"And haven't you bought any farm?"

"My wife bought a farm, over a year ago—becau we wanted to live in the country!"

"But then," gasped Thyrsis—"how dare they?"

"They dare anything with me!" cried the oth "*Anything!*"

"And have you no redress?"

"Redress? What redress?"

He went on to tell Thyrsis what had happened. H and Mrs. Darrell had gone down to the farm to s about getting it ready, and a woman had come, repr senting that she wished to write a magazine article abo "the country-homes of literary Americans". Up this pretext she had secured a photograph of the pla and of Darrell, and of his wife and child. She h even attempted to secure a photograph of his wife aged mother, who lived with her, and who was involv in the affair because the money belonged to her. Th the woman had gone away—and a couple of weeks lat had come this!

"And I thought they were through with us!" Da rell whispered, with a shudder. "I thought it was a over!"

He sat in a chair, with his face hid in his arm Thyrsis put his hand upon his shoulder, and the ma caught it. "Listen," he exclaimed. "You can see th thing from the outside, you know the literary worl Do you think that I can ever rise above this? Is the any use in trying?"

"How do you mean?" Thyrsis asked, perplexed.

"I mean—is it worth while for me to go on writing Can I ever have any influence?"

Thyrsis was shocked at the question—as he had bee at the way Darrell took the whole thing. He kne that his friend had money enough to live comfortably

d why should any sort of criticism matter to a man
no was economically free?

"Brother," he said, "you have forgotten your Dante."

"How do you mean?" asked the other.

"*Segui il tuo corso e lascia dir le gente!*" quoted
hyrsis; and then he added, "You don't seem to realize
at these are newspapers, and nobody really credits
em."

"Ah, but they do!" cried Darrell. "You don't know
nat I have been through with! My oldest friends have
t me! Clergymen have refused to sit at table with
e! The organization that I gave ten years of my life
founding has gone all to pieces. I have been utterly
ined—I have been wiped out, destroyed!"

"But, my dear man," Thyrsis argued, "you are set-
ng out to teach a new doctrine, one that is abhorrent
people. And how can you expect to avoid being at-
cked? It seems to me that either you ought not to
ve done it, or else been prepared for some of this
roar."

"But because a man becomes a Socialist, are they to
el him in these foul ways?"

"I don't mean that. It's not only that you are a
cialist, but that you have defied their marriage-laws."

"But I haven't!" exclaimed Darrell.

"What do you mean?" asked Thyrsis, perplexed.

"I have defied no law—nor even any convention. I
ve done everything that the world requires."

Thyrsis stared at him, amazed. "Why, surely," he
asped, "you and—and Mrs. Darrell—you are not
arried?"

"Married!" exclaimed the other. "We were married
re in New York, by a regularly-ordained clergyman!"

Thyrsis could not find words to express his dis-

may. "I—I had no idea of that!" he gasped. "
thought——"

"You see the lies!" cried the other. "Even *you* ha
swallowed them!"

It took Thyrsis some time to adjust himself to th
new point of view. He had thought of his friend a
a man who had boldly defied the convention of marriage
and instead of that he was apparently a man cowerin
under the lash of the world's undeserved rage. But i
so—what an amazing and incredible thing was th
mesh of slander and falsehood in which he had bee
entangled!

§ 12. Little by little Thyrsis drew from Darrell th
story of his marital experience. Before he had bee
of age, as a poor student, he had boarded with a woma
many years his senior, who had set out to lure him int
marrying her. "I don't believe that she ever loved m
one hour," he said. "She had made up her mind tha
I was a man of brilliant parts, and that I would hav
worldly success. To me the thing was like an ev
dream—I couldn't realize it. And I can't tell you abou
it now—it was too horrible. She was older than
and so different—she was more like a man. An
for twenty years she held me; I had to stay—I was u
terly at her mercy!"

The man's voice fell to a whisper, and he presse
Thyrsis' hand convulsively; there were tears upon h
cheeks. "I could not tell it all to anyone," he sai
"It makes me cry like a child to think of it. I'm onl
getting over it little by little—realizing how I was to
tured. This woman had no interest in me, intellectu
or spiritual; she brought up my children to despise m
I would stay upstairs in my study, writing sermons—

t was all my life! For twenty years I waded through own blood!"

Darrell paused to get control of himself, and then nt on.

"One of my parishioners was my present wife's ther. She was one of the old-time abolitionists, and was wealthy; and now, in her old age, she saw the v light, and became a Socialist. This, of course, s like gall to her family; they were powers in the te—the railroad people, who control the legislature l run the government. And so their newspapers de- nced me, and denounced the university where I ght.

'Then came her daughter—a young girl out of col- e. I was at their home often, and we became friends. saw how unhappy I was, and she tried to open my e's eyes, and to win her over to me. But, of course, failed in that; and then, little by little we found that loved each other. You know me—you know that I not a base man, nor a careless man; and you will ieve me when I tell you that there was nothing be- een us that the world could have called wrong. We ew that we loved, and we knew that there was no pe. And that went on for eight years; for eight ars I renounced—and strove with every power of my rt and soul to make something out of that renuncia- n, to transmute it into spiritual power. And I led—I could not do it; and in the end I knew the son. It was not beauty and nobility—it was mad- s and horror; it was not life—it was death! The e came when I knew that our renunciation was simply rime against the soul. Can you see what I mean?"

'Yes," said Thyrsis, "I can see."

'And see what that meant to me—the situation I

faced! I was a clergyman—and preaching a new crusade to the world. It was like being in a cage, with bars of red-hot metal. A hundred times I would go towards them—and a hundred times I would shrink back. But I had to grasp them in the end."

"I see!" whispered the other.

"The thing was becoming a scandal anyway; the world was bound to make a scandal of it, whether we would or no. It was a scandal that I visited in another woman's home, it was a scandal that I spent her money in my propaganda. The very children on the streets would taunt my children about it. And then, my health broke down from overwork; and the mother was going abroad, and she invited me to go with her and her daughter; and, of course, that made it worse. So at last the old lady came to me. 'You love my daughter,' she said, 'and the world has thrown her into your arms. You must let a divorce be arranged, and then marry my daughter.' "

"And you got the divorce yourself?" asked Thyrsis.

"No," said Darrell. "There were grounds enough; but it would have meant to attack my wife in the public prints, and I would not do it. I had to let her charge me with desertion, and say nothing."

"And, of course, they distorted that," said Thyrsis.

"They distorted everything!" cried the other. "My present wife gave my first wife all her patrimony; and I thought that was generous—I thought it was a proof of love. But the newspapers made it that she had bought me!"

"And they distorted your second marriage?" asked Thyrsis.

"They lied about it deliberately," was Darrell's reply. "Some of our friends gave little addresses of greeting;

d so the newspapers called it a new kind of wedding
a 'Socialist wedding', which we had designed for our
v kind of unions! And now, when we buy a farm,
that we can live quietly in the country, they turn
it into a 'free love colony'!"

§ 13. Thyrsis went away from this interview with
ne new problems to ponder upon. He had seen a
tle of this power of the newspapers to defile and
rment a man; but he had never dreamed of anything
bad as this. This was murderous, this was mon-
rous. He saw these papers now as gigantic engines
exploitation and oppression—irresponsible, unscrup-
ous, wanton—turned loose in society to crush and
stroy whom they would.

They had taken this man Darrell and they had poured
t their poisons upon him; they had tortured him
deously, they had burned him up as with vitriol. As
public force he was no longer a human being at all—
was a deformity, a spectre conjured up to bring
ight to the beholder. And through it all he was
terly helpless—as much at their mercy as an infant
the hands of savages. And what had he done? Why
d the torture been visited upon him?

Thyrsis pictured the men who had led in this soul-
nt. They were supposed to be enlightened Americans
the dawn of the twentieth century; and did they
uly hold to the superstition of marriage as a religious
crament, not to be dissolved by mortal power? Did
ey really believe that a man who had once been drawn
to matrimony was obligated for life—no matter how
nhappy he might be, no matter to what indignities he
ight be subjected? Or, if they did recognize the
ermissibility of divorce—then why this hue and cry

after Darrell, who had borne his punishment for twen
years, and had waited for eight or ten years to te
the depths of his new love?

The question answered itself; and the answ
fanned Thyrsis' soul into a blaze of indignation. A
this patter about the deserted wife, sitting at home wi
her children and weeping her eyes out—all that w
so much hocus-pocus for the ears of the mob. Th
chiefs of this Inquisition and their torturers and slav
wrote it with their tongues in their cheeks. What the
saw was that they had got securely strapped upon the
rack the man who had threatened their power, who ha
laid bare its sources and exposed its iniquity. An
they meant that if ever he came out of their tortur
chamber, it should be so mangled and crippled tha
never again would he lift a finger against them!

The gist of the "Darrell case", when you got rig
down to it, was a quarrel over property; it was th
snarling of wolves who had been disturbed at the
feeding. Darrell had denounced wealth and the ex
ploiters of wealth, and now he had married a woma
of wealth; and was he to get away with his prize? Tha
was the meaning of all the loud halloo—for that th
hounds were unleashed and the hunting-horns sounde

Thyrsis pictured the men who "wrote up" the Da
rell story. He had known them in the newspaper-wor
—the servants of the giant publicity-machine; livin
and working in the roar and rush of it, in a stifling a
mosphere where the finer qualities of the soul we
poisoned and withered over night. They lived the
lives, almost without exception, by means of alcohol an
coffee and tobacco; they were scornful, disillusione
cynical beyond all telling and all belief. Their on
god in heaven or earth or the waters under the ear

"copy". To such men there were two possible ds of interest in a woman—the first being lust, and second money. In the case of Henry Darrell they nd both these motives; and so how clear the story to them!

Thyrsis thought, also, of the men who owned and naged the papers; those who had turned loose the nt and directed it. Rich men were they, who had lt these publicity machines for their own purposes. d what were they in their private lives? Some of m were notoriously dissolute; and still others hid ir ways under a veil of hypocrisy—just as in their torials they hid their class-interests under pretenses principle. And how easy it would have been for rrell to get what he wanted without losing his repuion—if only he had been willing to follow the exple of these eminent citizens! Thyrsis knew one n, the editor of an appallingly respectable journal, o had invited a young girl to his wife's home and re attempted to seduce her. He knew the proprietor another, whose cheerful custom it was to go about ong his newly-married women-friends and suggest nt, inasmuch as he was a "superman," and their husnds were weaklings, they should let him become in ret the father of their children. This amateur genist was accustomed to maintain that the great men history had for the most part been bastards; and hyrsis, knowing this fact about him, would read edirials in his papers, in which Henry Darrell was deunced as an enemy of the home!

Meantime Thyrsis was reading Darrell's books and mphlets, and coming to realize what a mind was here ing destroyed. For this man, it seemed to him, was aster of the noblest prose utterance that had been

heard in America since Emerson died. He went agai to hear him speak, in another ill-lighted and stuffy hal before less than a hundred people; and the pain of thi was more than he could bear. He went home that nigh with his friend, and labored with him with all the forc of his being. "You stay here," he declared, "and pu yourself at the mercy of your enemies! You waste you faculties contending with them—even knowing abou them is enough to destroy you. And all the whil you might escape from them altogether—might do you real work, that the world knows nothing of. No on can hinder you. And when you have written the book o your soul, then your tormentors will be—they will b like the tormentors of Dante! Go away! Go away t Europe, where you can be free!"

And so before long, he stood upon a steamer-pier an waved Henry Darrell and his wife farewell. And ever now and then would come letters, telling of long, long agonies; for Darrell had to fight for those few rar days when ill health would permit him to think. So yea by year he labored at what Thyrsis knew, if it was eve finished, would be America's first world-poem; and i the meantime eminent statesmen and moralists who wer alarmed at the progress of "Socialist agitation", woul continue to conjure up before the public mind the night mare spectre of the once-respected clergyman, who ha deserted his weeping wife and children, and run awa with a rich woman to found a "free-love colony"!

§ 14. A couple of days after the Darrells sailed Thyrsis set out himself to find a home. On accoun of the new book, he would have to be near a library and so he had selected a college-town not far from New

rk. He went there now, and put up for a week at a dents' boarding-house, while prosecuting his search. A strange experience it was to him, after the years struggle and contact with the world, to come back that academic atmosphere; to find men who were l peacefully counting up the "feminine endings" in kespeare's verse, and writing elaborate theses upon sources of the Spenserian legends. Upon his exsions into the country some of these young men uld tramp with him—threshing out, student-fashion, problems of the universe; and how staggering it s to meet a man who was about to receive a master's gree in literature—and who regarded Arthur Hugh ugh as a "dangerous" poet, and Tennyson's "Two ces" as containing vital thought, and T. H. Green as world's leading philosopher! And this was the "eduion" that was dispensed at America's most aristotic university—for this many millions of dollars had n contributed, and scores of magnificent buildings cted!

Thyrsis saw that a partial explanation lay in the ct that in connection with the university there existed great theological seminary. Some of these future nisters came also to the boarding-house, and Thyrsis tened to their shop-talk—about the difference beeen "transubstantiation" and "consubstantiation", d the status of the controversy over the St. John spel. He heard one man cite arguments from Paley's Ioral Philosophy"; and another making bold to state at he was uncertain about the verbal inspiration of e Pentateuch!

To Thyrsis, as he listened to these discussions, it s as if he felt a black shadow stealing across his ul. He wondered why he should hate these men with

a personal hatred; he tried to argue with himself that they must be well-meaning and earnest. The truth was that they seemed to him just like the law-students, men moved by sordid and low ideals; the only difference was that their minds were not so keen as the lawyers'. Thyrsis was coming little by little to understand the economic causes of things, and he perceived that this theological world represented a stagnant place in the stream of national culture; it being a subsidized world, maintained half by charity, vital men turned from it; it drew to itself the feebler minds, or such as wished to live at ease, and not inquire too closely into the difference between truth and falsehood.

§ 15. A few miles out from the town Thyrsis found a farm with an abundance of wild woodland, where the farmer gave him permission to camp. And so he went back and got some lumber, and loaded his tent and supplies on a wagon, and wrote Corydon that he would meet her the next afternoon. With the help of the farmer's boy he labored the rest of the day at building the platform, and putting up the tent, and getting their belongings in order. The next day he was up at dawn, constructing tables and stands; and later on he hired the farmer's "jagger-wagon", and drove in for Corydon and Cedric and the trunks.

It was a glorious spring day, of turquoise sky and glinting sunshine; and later, when the sun was low, the woods were flushed with a glow of scarlet and purple. It lent a glory to the scene, shedding a halo about the commonest tasks; the unpacking of blankets and dishes, the ranging of groceries upon shelves. They were free from all the world at last—they were setting out upon the journey of their lives together!

So it was with singing and laughter that they went at their work. The baby crawled about on the tent-floor and got into everybody's way, and crowed with delight at the novel surroundings; and later on his mother gave him his supper and put him to bed; and then she spread a feast of bread and butter, and fresh milk and eggs and a can of fruit, and they sat down to the first meal they had eaten together in many a long, long month.

They were tired and ravenously hungry; but their happiness of soul was keener even than any physical sensation, and they sat leaning upon their elbows and gazing across the table, reading the wonder in each other's eyes.

"It has been a year since we parted!" whispered Corydon.

"Just a year!" he said. "It seems like ten of them."

"And do you remember, Thyrsis, how we prayed! How we prayed for this very hour!"

He took her hands in his. Once more they renewed their pledges of devotion; once more the vision of their hopes unrolled before them. "From now on," he whispered, "our life is our own! We can make it whatever we will. Let us make it something beautiful."

And so there they made a compact. They would speak no more of the year that was past; it was a bad dream, and now it was gone. Let it be swept from their thoughts, and let them go on to make the future what they desired it to be.

Book XII

THE TREADMILL

They sat in the little cabin, where she had been reading some lines from the poem again—

"O easy access to the hearer's grace
When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine!"

"Ah, yes!" he said. "But our lot was cast in a different time."

She put her hand upon his. "Even so," she said; and then turned the page, and read once more—

"What though the music of thy rustic flute
Kept not for long its happy, country tone;
Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note
Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,
Which task'd thy pipe too sore, and tired thy throat—
It failed, and thou wast mute!
Yet hadst thou always visions of our light!"

§ 1. The *mise-en-scène* of their new adventure in domesticity was a tent eighteen feet by twelve; but as the side-walls were low, they could walk only in the centre, and must range their belongings at the sides. To the left, as one entered the tent, there stood a soap-box with a tiny oil-stove upon it; and then a stand, made out of a packing-box, to hold their dishes, their cooking-utensils and their limited supply of provisions. Next down the line came a trunk, and in the corner the baby's crib—which had been outgrown by the farmer's children, and purchased by Thyrsis for a dollar. At the rear was a folding-table, and above it a board from which Corydon hung her clothing; along the other wall were her canvas cot, and a little stand with some books, and a wash-stand and another trunk.

Some distance off in the woods stood a second tent, seven feet square, in which Thyrsis had a cot for himself, and also a canvas-chair in which he sat to receive the visits of his muse. They got their drinking water from a spring near by; there was a tiny stream beside the tent which provided their washing-water. In this stream Thyrsis hollowed out a flat basin, in which they might set their butter-crock, and a pail of milk, and a larger pail that held their meat. Below that was a deeper pool from which they dipped water, and lower yet a third pool, with a board on which Corydon might sit and wash diapers, to her heart's content and her back's exhaustion.

The tent had been old when Thyrsis got it, and as

this was the third season he had used it, it was dark and dun of hue. They had not noticed this at the outset, as they had put it up on a bright, sunshiny day, and also before the trees had put out all their foliage. But now, when rain came, they found that they had to light a lamp in order to read in the tent; and, of course, it was on rainy days that they had to be inside. Thyrsis did not realize the influence which this tent had upon his wife's spirits; it was only after he saw her made physically ill by having to live in a room with yellow wall-paper, that he came to understand the power which her surroundings had over Corydon.

If they so much as touched a finger to the roof of the tent while it was raining, a steady dripping would come through at that point. Then, as the rains grew heavier, water took to running down the pole that stood in the centre of the tent, and formed a pool in the middle of the floor, so that Thyrsis had to get the axe and cut a hole there. And, of course, there was no way to dry anything; the woods, which were low, were turned into a swamp, and one's shoes became caked with mud, and there was no keeping the tent-floor clean.

In this place they had to keep an able-bodied, year-and-a-half-old baby! There was no other place to keep him. He could not be allowed on the damp floor, nor where he could touch the top of the tent; so Thyrsis set up sticks at all four corners of his crib, and tied strong twine about them, making a little pen; and therein they put the baby, and therein he had to stay. He had his rattle and his rubber-doll and his blocks and the rest of his gim-cracks; and after he had howled long enough to satisfy himself that there was no deliverance from his prison, he settled back and accepted his tragic fate. There came occasions when Corydon

as sick, and unable to move; then Thyrsis would put
o his umbrella and take Cedric to his own tent, where
e would draw a chalk-line across the floor. One-half
f the forty-nine square feet of space was his, and in
he would sit and read and study; in the other half
ne baby would play. After long experience he came
o realize that at such times Papa would not pay any
ttention to him, and that crossing the chalk-line in-
olved getting one's "mungies" spanked.

There were other troubles that fell upon them. At
rst, it being April, it was cold at night; and they had
o stove, and no room for a stove. Later on the
easeless rains brought a plague of mosquitoes; and so
Thyrsis had to rig up a triangular door and cover
he entrance to the tent with netting; and when the
eather grew better, he had to get more netting and
onstruct a little house, in which the baby could play
utdoors.. And then there had to be more spankings
f "mungies", to teach the infant that this mysterious
nosquito-bar must not be walked through, nor pulled
t, nor poked with sticks, nor even eaten.

They prayed for fair days, and a little sunshine; and
t seemed as if the weather-demons had discovered this,
nd were playing with them. There would come a
right morning, and they would spread a rug in the
aby's cage, and hang out all their damp belongings
o dry; and then would come a sudden shower,
nd baby and rug and belongings would all
ave to pile back into the tent. And then it
would clear again, and everything would go out once
nore; and they would prepare dinner, and be com-
fortably settled to eat, when it would begin to sprinkle
gain. They would move in the clothing and the baby,
nd when it began to rain harder, they would move in

the table and the food; and forthwith the rain would cease. Because it was poor fun eating in a dark tent by lamp-light, amid the odor of gas-stove and cooking, they might move out once more—but only to repeat the same experience over again.

For six weeks after their arrival there was not a day without rain, and it would rain sometimes for half a week without ceasing. So everything they owned became damp and mouldy—all their clothing, their food, the very beds upon which they slept. One of their miseries was the lack of place to keep things; all their odds and ends had to be stowed away under the cots—where one might find clothing, and books, and manuscripts, and a hammock, and an umbrella, and some shoes, and a box of prunes, and a sack of potatoes, and half a ham. When water got in at the sides of the tent and wet all these objects, and the bedclothing hung over the floor and got into them, it was trying to the temper to have to rummage there.

§ 2. Before she left the city Corydon had taken the baby to consult a famous "child-specialist"—at five dollars per consultation; she had received the dreadful tidings that Cedric was threatened with the "rickets". So she had come out to the country with one mighty purpose in her soul. "Under-nourishment", the doctor had said; and he had laid out a regular schedule. Six times daily the unhappy infant was to be fed; and each time some elaborate concoction had to be got ready—practically nothing could be eaten in a state of nature. The first meal would consist of, say a poached egg on a piece of toast, and the juice of an orange, with the seeds carefully excluded; the next of some chicken broth with a cracker or two, and the pulp of prunes

th the skins removed; the next of some beef chopped
and pounded to a pulp and broiled, together with
bit of mashed potato or some other cooked vegetable;
e next of some gruel, with cream and sugar, and
me more prunes.

And these operations, of course, took the greater
rt of Corydon's day; she would struggle at them
til she was ready to drop, and when she had to give
they would fall to Thyrsis. Some of them fell to
m quite frequently—for instance, the pounding of
e meat. It had to have all the fat and gristle care-
lly cut out; and there had to be a clean board, and
clean hammer, both of which must be scraped and
shed afterwards; and whenever by any chance Cory-
n let the meat stay on the fire a second too long,
that it got hard, the whole elaborate operation had
be gone over again—was not the baby's life at stake?
It was quite vain for him to protest as to the pains
at Corydon took to remove every tiniest fragment of
e skin of a stewed prune. "Surely, dearest," he
uld argue, "the internal arrangements of a baby are
t so delicate as to be torn by a tiny bit of prune-
in!"

But to Corydon the internal arrangements of babies
re mysterious things—to be understood only by a
ild-specialist at five dollars per visit. "He told me
at to do," she would say; "and I am going to do it."
So she would prepare the concoctions, and would sit
d feed them to the baby, spoonful by spoonful; and
ng after the little one had been stuffed to the burst-
g-point, she would hold the spoon poised in front of
s mouth, making tentative passes, and seeking by some
vice to cajole the mouth into opening and admitting
e last morsel of the precious nutriment. The child

had a word of its own inventing, wherewith it denoted things that were good to eat. "Hee, gubum, gubum!" he would exclaim; and Corydon would hold the spoon and repeat "Gubum, gubum,"—long after the baby had begun to sputter and gasp and make plain that it was no longer "gubum".

Also, under the instructions of the specialist, they made an attempt to break the child of the "hoodaloo mungie" habit. A baby should lie down and go to sleep without handling, the authority had declared; and now that there was all outdoors for him to cry in, they resolved that he should be taught. So they built up the fence about the crib, and laid the baby in for his afternoon nap, and started to go away. And the baby gave one look of perplexity and dismay, and then began to cry. By the time they had got out of the tent he was screaming like a creature possessed; and Corydon and Thyrsis sat outside and stared at each other in wonder and alarm. When she could stand it no more, they went away to a distance; but still the uproar went on. Now and then they would creep back and peep in at the purple and choking infant; and then steal away again, and discuss the phenomenon, and wish that the "child-specialist" were there to advise them. Finally, when the crying had gone on for two hours without a moment's pause, they gave up, because they were afraid the baby might cry itself into convulsions. And so the "hoodaloo mungie" habit went on for some time yet.

Under the "stuffing régime" the infant at first thrived amazingly; he became fat and rosy, and Corydon's heart beat high with joy and pride. But then came midsummer, and the hot season; and first of all a rash broke out upon the precious body, and in spite of

wders and ointments, refused to go away. Later on me the "hives", with which the baby was spotted like e top of a pepper-crust. And then, as fate willed it, e family of a woman who did some laundry for Cory- n developed the measles; and Corydon found it out o late—and so they were in for the first of a long ogram of "children's diseases".

It was a siege that lasted for a month and more—a ghtmare experience. The child had to be kept in a rk place, under pain of losing its eyesight; and when was very hot in the tent, some one had to sit and fan It could not sleep, but writhed and moaned, now reaming in torment, now whimpering like a frightened r—a sound that wrung Thyrsis' very heart. And , the sight of the little body—purple, a mass of erup- ns, and with beads of perspiration upon it! Cory- n's mother came to help her through this ordeal, and uld sit for hours upon hours, rocking the wailing ant in her arms.

§ 3. But there were ups as well as downs in this ting adventure. There came glorious days, when y took long tramps over the hills; or when Thyrsis uld carry the child upon his shoulder, and they would nder about the meadows, picking daisies and clover, d making garlands for Corydon. Once Cedric sat wn upon a bumble-bee, and that was hard upon him, d perhaps upon the bee. But for the most part the le one was enraptured during these excursions. He s fascinated with the flowers, and continually seeking an opportunity to devour some of them; while he s doing it he would wear such a roguish smile—it was possible not to believe that he understood the agi- ion which these abnormal appetites occasioned in his

parents. Corydon would be seized with a sudden acces of affection, and she would clutch him in her arms and squeeze him, and fairly smother him with kisses. O course the youngster would protest wildly at this, an so not infrequently the demonstration would end tragi cally.

"I can't have any joy in my baby at all!" she woul lament; and Thyrsis would have to soothe the child, an plead with her to find more practical ways of demon strating her maternal devotion.

Cedric was beginning to make determined efforts t talk now, and he had the most original names for things His parents would adopt these into their own speech which thus departed rapidly from established usage They had to bring themselves to realize that if the went on in that fashion, the child would never learn t speak so that any one else could understand him. Th grandmothers were most strenuous upon this point, an would laboriously explain to the infant that chicken and pigeons and sparrows were not all known as "ducky ducks"; they would plead with it to say "bottle of milk" while its reckless parents were delighting themselve with such perversions as "bobbu mookie-mook."

Two or three times each week the farmer would brin their mail; and once a week they would hire an o scare-crow of a horse, and a buggy which might ha passed for the one-horse shay in its ninety-ninth yea and drive to a town for provisions. It was amazin what loads of provisions a family of three could co sume in the course of a week—especially when one them was following the "stuffing régime". There h to be a lot of figuring done to get it for the sum thirty dollars a month; and this put another grievo burden upon Thyrsis. Corydon, alas, had no talen

or figuring, and was cursed with a weakness for such superfluities as clean laundry and coffee with cream. This was one more aspect of the difference between the Hebrew and the Greek temperament; and sometimes the Hebrew temperament would lose its temper, and the Greek temperament would take to tears. The situation was all the more complicated because of their pitiful ignorance. They really did not know what was necessity and what was luxury. For instance, Thyrsis had had somewhere that people could live without meat; but Corydon had never heard of such an idea, and insisted with vehemence that it was an absurdity.

However, there was no evading the issue of poverty; for the thirty dollars was all they had. "The Hearer of Truth" had been out several months now, and had not sold a thousand copies; and so it was to be doubted if Thyrsis would ever get another dollar from that. Also, he had heard from the translator of "The Genius", and had agreed to accept twenty-five dollars as an "honorarium" for the production of his play in Germany—this princely sum to be paid when the play came out during the following winter.

Meantime, of course, he was driving away at his new work. Domestic duties took up most of his morning; but he would get away into the woods in the afternoons, and in the evenings, when the family was asleep, he would work until far after midnight. He was bringing out basketfuls of books from the library of the University; and he lived another life in these—sharing, in a hundred different forms, the agony of the War. He was not writing yet; he was filling up his soul with the thing, making it a reservoir of impressions. Some times it would seem that the reservoir was nearly full, and he would be seized with a hunger to be at

work; he would go about possessed by it—absent-minded, restless, nervous when he was spoken to. It was hard for a man who listened all night to the death groans of the thousands piled up before "Bloody Angle", to get up in the morning and be satisfactory in the rôle of "mother's assistant".

Here again was the torment of this matrimonial bond to a man who wished to be an artist. He had to live two lives, when one was more than he could attend to; he had to be always aware of another soul yearning for him, reaching out to him and craving his attention. To be sure, Corydon was interested in what he was doing; she even made heroic efforts to read the book that he was reading. But she had so many duties, and so many headaches; and when night came she was so tired! She would ask him to tell her about his vision, and was not the thing untellable? Why else did he have to labor day and night, like a man possessed? He would explain this to her, and she would bid him go on and do his work and not mind her. But when he would take her at her word, and there would follow a week or two of indifference and preoccupation—then he would discover that she was again unhappy.

§ 4. This never ceased to be the case between them, but perhaps it was intensified at this time by the fact that their sex-life had to be suppressed. This was a problem which they had talked out between them before they came away. Thyrsis, who was groping for the truth about these matters, had come to the conclusion that the factor which gave dignity and meaning to intercourse between a man and woman was the desire, or at any rate the willingness, to create a child. Corydon was not sure that she agreed with him in this

ıt so far as their own case was concerned, it was quite ear that they could take no remotest chance of any :cident—another child would mean certain destruction or all three of them. And so they had gone back to ıe "brother and sister" arrangement with which they ıd begun life. This was a simple matter for Thyrsis, ho was utterly wrapped up in his book; it was not) simple for Corydon, though neither of them realized , nor could have been brought to admit it. As usual, orydon desired to be what he was, and to feel what e felt; and so Thyrsis did not realize how another side f her was being blighted. Hers was predominantly a ve-nature; it was intolerable to her that any one she ved should not love her in return, and love her in the ame way, and to the same extent; and now, when her ntire being went out to him, she found herself obliged) suppress her emotions.

Sometimes the thing would break out in spite of her. "Thyrsis," she would cry, "aren't you going to kiss ıe good-night?"

"Didn't I kiss you, dearest?" he would answer.

"Oh, but such a cold and perfunctory kiss!"

And so he would come and put his arms about her; ut even while she held him thus, she would feel the fe go out of his caresses, and see his eyes with a far-ff expression. She would know that his thoughts were way upon some battle-field.

"Tell me, Thyrsis," she would exclaim. "Do you eally love me?"

"Yes, dear," he would reply. "I love you."

"But how *much* do you love me?"

And then he would be dumb. What a question to sk him! As if he had the time and the energy to climb o those heights, to speak again that difficult language!

Had he not told her a thousand times how much h loved her! and could she not believe it and understan it?

"But why should it be so hard to tell me?" she woul protest.

And he would answer that to him it was a denial o love to explain or to make promises. He was as un changeable as the laws of nature—he could no mor be faithless to her soul than he could to his own.

"I want you to take that for granted," he would say "to know it as you know that the sun will rise to-mor row morning."

"But, Thyrsis," she would answer, when he used thi metaphor, "don't people sometimes like to go out an see the sun rise?"

§ 5. The summer passed; and Thyrsis found to hi dismay that his relentless muse had not yet permitte him to write a word. He had not a sufficient gras upon his mighty subject—nor for that matter had h freedom to get by himself and wrestle it out. H shrunk from that death-grapple, while they were in thi unsettled state. They could not stay in tents throug the winter-time; and where were they to go?

Thyrsis was consumed with the desire to build a tin house in these woods. He had roamed the countr over, without finding any place that was habitable; an besides, he did not want to pay rent—he wanted home of his own, however humble. He had meant t build one with the money from "The Hearer of Truth" but now there came a statement from the publishe showing that there would be due him on the book trifle over eleven dollars!

He tried a new plan. He wrote out a "scenario" o

projected novel, and sent this to his publisher, to
if he could get a contract in advance. He asked
r five hundred dollars—with that he could build the
use he wanted, and live for another six months, until
e book was done. The publisher wrote him to come to
e city, where, after some parleying, he submitted a
oposition; he would advance the money and publish
e book, paying ten per cent. royalty; but he must
so have the option to publish the author's future
itings for ten years upon the same basis.

This rather staggered Thyrsis. He was business-
an enough by this time to realize that if he ever had
real success he could get fifteen or twenty per cent.
on his future work—there were even some authors
no got twenty-five per cent. And moreover, he did
ot like to tie himself to this publisher, who was of the
ard and grasping type. He went home to think it
er, and in the end he wrote to Henry Darrell. He set
rth the situation, and showed how much money it
ight mean to him—money which he would otherwise
e able to devote to some useful purpose. It all de-
ended upon what Darrell could do in the emergency.

He waited three weeks, and then came Darrell's reply,
ying that he could not possibly do what Thyrsis
ished. There were so many calls upon him—the So-
alist paper was in trouble, and so on. Thereupon
hyrsis wrote to the publisher to say that he accepted
ne offer and would sign the contract; but in a couple
f days he received a curt reply, to the effect that the
ublisher had changed his mind, and no longer cared to
onsider the arrangement. He had, as Thyrsis found
fterwards, got rid of the enthusiastic young man who
ad inveigled him into "The Hearer of Truth"; and

perhaps also he had been reading the ridicule which t
critics were pouring out upon that unhappy book.

So once more Thyrsis wrote to Darrell—a letter
agonized entreaty. He was at the most critical mome
of his life; and now, at the very culmination of his
fort, to have to give up would be a calamity he cou
simply not contemplate. If only he could finish t
task, he would be saved; for this was a book that wou
grip men and shake them—that it should fail was simp
unthinkable. He could make out with two hundred d
lars; and he besought his friend at any sacrifice to sta
by him. He asked him to cable; and when, a couple
weeks later, the message came—"all right"—to Thyr
it was like waking up and escaping from the grip
some terrible dream.

§ 6. And so began the house-building. It was hi
time, too—the latter part of September, and the nigh
were growing chill. He sought out a carpenter to h
him, and had an interview with his friend the farm
who agreed to rent a bit of land, in a corner of
orchard, by the edge of the wood. It was under t
shade of a great elm-tree, and sufficiently remote fr
all the world to satisfy the taste of any literary herm

For months before this he and Corydon had d
cussed the plans of their future home; every squa
inch of it had been a subject of debate. In its arc
tectural style it was a compromise between Corydo
aesthetic yearnings, and the rigid standards of econo
which circumstance imposed. It was to be eight
feet long and sixteen feet wide—six feet high at
sides and nine in the centre. It was to be "weath
boarded", and roofed with paper, instead of shingles
this being so much cheaper. Corydon heard with d

y that it would be necessary to paint this roofing-
ber black; and Thyrsis, by way of compensation,
reed that the weather-boards should have some
atural finish", instead of common paint. There was
be a six-foot piazza in front, and a little platform in
k, with steps descending to the spring.

There had been long discussions about the method
heating the mansion. Corydon had been observing
customs of her neighbors in this typical "small-
ming" district, and declared that they had two lead-
characteristics: first, they were not happy until
y had had all their own teeth extracted, and a com-
te set of "store-teeth" substituted; and second, as
n as they moved into a house, they boarded over the
en fire-place and covered the boards with wall-paper.
t Thyrsis, making investigations along practical
es, found that the open fire-place had a bad reputa-
n as a consumer of fuel; and also, it would take a
son to build a chimney, and the wages of masons were
gh. So Corydon had to reconcile herself to a house
h a stove, and a stove-pipe that went through a hole
the wall!

Nevertheless this house-building time was one of the
ppiest periods of their lives. For here was something
nstructive, in which they could both be occupied.
yrsis would be up and at work early in the morn-
g, before the carpenter came; and in between the
oy's various meals, Corydon would come also, and
ke part in the operations. A miraculous thing it
s to see the house of their dreams coming into be-
g, with every feature just as they had planned it.
d what a palatial structure it was—with so much
ace and air! One could actually move about in it
thout danger of striking one's head; coming into it

from the tent, one felt as if he were entering
cathedral!

They were so consumed with a desire to see it finishe
that Thyrsis would stay at the work until darkne
came upon him, and sometimes even worked by moo
light, or with a lantern. And how proud they wou
be when the carpenter came next morning, and fou
the last roof-boards laid, or the flooring all complete
Thyrsis learned the mysteries of window-sills and doo
frames, the excitements of "weather-boarding," and t
perils of roof-painting. He realized with wonder h
many achievements of civilization the privileged class
take as a matter of course. What a remarkable thi
it was, when one came to think of it, that a door shou
swing true upon its hinges, and fit exactly into i
frame, and latch with a precise and soul-satisfyi
snap! And that windows should slide up and do
in their frames, and stop at certain places with a sprin
catch!

Corydon too was interested in these discoveries, a
became skilled at holding weather-boards while her hu
band nailed them, and at helping to unroll and measu
roofing-paper, and climbing up the ladder and holdi
it in place. Even the baby became fired with the spi
of achievement, and would get himself a hammer and
board, and plague his parents until they started
dozen or so of nails for him—after which he would
and blissfully pound them into the board, and all b
pound them through the board in his enthusiasm. B
fore long he even learned to start them himself; a
a most diverting sight it was to see this twenty-tw
months old youngster driving nails like an infant He
cules. For the fastening of the roofing-paper they us
little circular plates of tin called "cotterels"; and the

o Cedric must learn to use. So a new phrase was
ded to the vocabulary of "dam-fool talk". "Bongie
wtoos" was the name of the operation; for a couple
years thereafter, whenever Corydon and Thyrsis
shed to be let alone to discuss the problems of the
iverse, they would get the baby a hammer and some
ils and a board, and repeat that magic formula, and
e problem was solved.

Unfortunately, however, it was not all smooth sailing
the carpentry-business. There were mashed thumbs
d sawed fingers; and then, in an evil hour, Thyrsis
me upon an advertisement which told of a wonderful
w kind of wall-paper which could be applied directly
laths—thus enabling one to dispense with plaster.
e sent for ten or twelve dollars' worth of this ma-
rial, and he and Corydon spent a whole morning mak-
g a mixture of glue and flour-paste and water, and
iling it in an iron preserving-kettle. But alas, the
aper would not paste; and then they had a painful
me. Corydon gave up in disgust, and went away;
ut Thyrsis, to whom economy was a kind of disease,
ould not give up, and was angry with the other for
rging him to give up. He spent a whole day wrestling
ith the concoction, and gave himself a headache with
e ghastly odor. But in the end he had to dump it
ut, and clean the kettle, and fasten the paper to the
ths with "bongie cowtoos". As the strips of paper
d not correspond with the studding, he found himself
riving nails into springy laths, an operation most
rying to the temper of any man of letters. One of
ne trials of this house forever after was that upon the
ast jar a corner of the ceiling was liable to fall loose;
nd then one would have to get a ladder, and climb up
nto a hot region, and pound nails into a broken lath,

with dust sifting down into one's eyes, and the hamm
hitting one's sore thumb, and occasioning exclamatio
not at all suitable for the ears of a two-year-old i
telligence.

§ 7. When the doors were fitted, and the windo
set in, and the piazza laid, and the steps built, th
got down to the furniture, which was also to be hom
made. Thyrsis was gratified beyond telling by the
tables and dressing-stands and shelves and book-case
which he could build of hemlock boards in an hour
two, and which cost only thirty or forty cents apie
He would labor with Corydon to induce her to sha
this joy; but alas, he would only succeed in losing h
own joy, without increasing hers. On many occasio
he attempted such things as this; it was only after lo
years that he came to realize that Corydon's temper
ment was the one fixed fact in the universe with whi
he had to deal.

Two hundred and twenty-five dollars was the tot
cost of this establishment when completed. And whi
the carpenter was putting the finishing touches, Thyrs
was using up thirty dollars more of lumber in construc
ing himself a "study" in the woods near by. Eight b
ten this cabin was to be; it was to have a door and
window, and a little piazza in front, upon which the i
habitant might sit in fair weather. Also Thyrsis bui
for it a table and a bookcase; and as he had now eight
square feet instead of forty-nine, there was room fo
a cot and a chair, and a coal-stove fourteen inches
diameter. As fate would have it, there was some blac
paint left over; and to Corydon's horror it was a
nounced that this would be used on the study. Hov
ever, Thyrsis insisted that it was *his* study; and b

es, there was some red paint left, with which he ght decorate the window and the door-frame, and ipe the edges of the roof and the corners. Surely at would be festivity enough for the most exacting Greek temperaments!

Then came the rapturous experience of moving into ese new mansions. The joy of having shelves to put ings on, and hooks to hang things from. Of being able take books and manuscripts out of their trunks, and t pile them under their beds. Of carrying over their longings, and having everything fit into the place that d been made for it!

Thyrsis purchased an old stove, and also a kitchen- nge from a neighbor; he sank a barrel in the spring, id walled it round with cement; he built a stand in the tchen, and set up a sink and a little pump.

This was the time of year when there were held at arious places in the country what the neighbors called vandews". He and Corydon found it diverting to get ie scarecrow nag and the one-horse shay, and drive some farm-house, where one might see the history of family for the last fifty years spread out upon the wn. They would stand round in the cold and snow hile the auctioneer disposed of the horses and cows and ay and machinery, waiting until he came to the house- old objects upon which they had set their eye. So ney would invest in some stove-pipe, and a couple of hastly chromos (for the sake of the frames), and ome odds and ends of crockery, and a spade, and some ld rope to make a swing for the baby. They would et these things for five or ten cents each, and get in ddition all the excitements of the bargain-hunt.

Once they had a real adventure—they came upon a onderful old "grandfather's clock", about six feet

high; and Corydon exclaimed in rapture, "Oh Thyrsis, I'd be happy for the rest of my life if we could have that clock!" On such terms it appeared to Thyrsis that the clock might be worth making a sacrifice for, and he got up the courage to declare that he would offer as high as five dollars for it. And so they stood, trembling with excitement, and waiting.

"Don't lose it, even if it's as high as six dollars!" whispered Corydon; but alas, the first bid for the clock was twenty-five dollars. They stood staring with dismay, until the treasure was sold to a dealer from the city for the incredible sum of eighty-seven dollars; and then they drove home, quite awe-stricken by this sudden intrusion from the world of luxury outside their ken.

§ 8. However, this disappointment did not trouble them for long; there were too many luxuries in their own home. Not very long after it was finished, there fell a deluge of rain; and what a delight it was to listen to it, and know that they were safe from it! That not only did they have a dry roof over their head—but they were able to move about, and to reach up their hands without peril, and to sit down and read without a lamp! They would stand by the window with their arms about each other, watching the rain beating upon the fields, and dripping from the elm tree, and flowing in torrents past the house; they would listen to it pounding overhead and streaming off the roof before their faces. They were dry, quite dry! All their belongings were dry—their shoes were not mildewing, their books were not getting soft and shapeless, their bed-clothing would be all right when night came!

The down-pour lasted for three whole days, yet they joyed it all. It proved to be a memorable rain to rydon, for it brought to her a great occasion—the ginning of her poetical career. It happened late one ght, when, as usual, the cry of "hoodaloo mungie" vakened her from a sound slumber. The day had been particularly hard one, and the heaviness of exhaus- on was upon her. For a moment she stared up into ie darkness, listening to the rain close above her, and ying to nerve herself to put out her arm in the cold.

She shuddered at the thought; there came to her a erfectly definite impulse of hatred—hatred of the ild, of its noise and its demands. She had felt it efore—sometimes as a dull, cold dislike, sometimes as mething passionate. Why should she have to sacrifice erself to this insatiable creature, whom she did not ve? What did it matter to her if other women loved eir children? She had wanted life—and was this life? t that moment the cry of "hoodaloo-mungie" sym- olized for her all the sordid cares and nervous agony f her existence.

And suddenly, unexpectedly, a daring impulse seized er. "No!" she thought, and set her teeth—"I'll let im cry! I'll cure him of this—and I'll do it to-night!" o she turned and told Cedric to go to sleep; at which, f course, the child began to scream.

Corydon lay very still in the dark, her eyes wide and very nerve tense. She could not feel, she could not hink; it seemed as though she were deprived of every ense except that of hearing; and in her, through her, nd around her rang a senseless din, piercing, intense, ncreasing in volume every minute, and completely drowning out the beating of the rain.

"Can I stand it?" she thought. "Or will his lungs

burst? And yet, I must, I must—this can't go on forever!" And so she clenched her hands and waited. But the sounds did not diminish in the slightest; ten minutes, twenty minutes must have passed, and the baby only seemed to gain increased power with each crescendo.

It seemed to Corydon at last as though she had always lain like this, and as though she must for endless time. She found herself getting used to it even; her muscles relaxed. There came to her a sense of the ludicrous side of it. "He means to conquer me!" she thought. "Can I hold out? If I only had something to think about, then I'd be a match for him." And suddenly the inspiration came to her. "I'll write a poem!"

What should it be about? The rain had been increasing in violence, and she became conscious of the steady downpour; it fascinated her, and she concentrated her attention upon it, and began——

"I am the rain, that comes in spring!"

So, after a while, she found herself in the throes of composition; she was eager, excited—and marvel of marvels, utterly forgetful of the baby! She had never tried to write verses before; but it did not seem at all difficult to her now.

The poem was simple and optimistic—it told of the beneficent qualities of rain, as it would appear to one whose roof did not leak. Somewhere in the course of it there was this stanza:

"I am the rain that comes at night,
When all in slumber is folded light—
Save one by weary vigils worn
Who counteth the drops unto the morn."

This seemed to her an impressive bit, and she wondered what Thyrsis would think of it.

There were eight stanzas altogether, and when she finished the last of them the dawn was breaking, and it seemed hours since she had begun. As for the baby, he was still crying. She turned and peered at him; his eyelids drooped, and the crying came in spasms and gasps—it sounded very feeble, and a trifle perfunctory. Obviously he could not hold out much longer; Corydon would win, yes, she had won already. She lay still, and thrills of happiness went through her. Was it the poem, or the thought of her release, and the nights of quiet sleep in the future?

When Thyrsis came in, an hour or two later, he found her huddled up in blankets on the floor of the living-room, her cheeks bright, her hair dishevelled. How fascinating she looked in such a guise! She was eagerly pondering her poem; and the baby was sleeping quietly, save for a few convulsive gasps, the last stragglers of his routed forces.

"And oh, Thyrsis," she exclaimed, "to-morrow night he will only cry half as long, and still less the next night. And soon he will go to sleep quietly like any well brought-up, civilized baby. And, my dear, I believe I'm going to be a poetess—I think that to-night I was really inspired!"

So he made haste to build a fire, and then came and sat and listened to the poem. How eagerly she waited for his verdict! How she hung upon his words! And what should a man do in such a case—should he be a husband or a critic? Should he be an amateur or a professional?

But even as he hesitated, the damage was done. "Oh,

you don't like it!" she cried. "You don't think it's good at all!"

"My dear," he argued, "poetry is such a difficult thing to write. And there are so many standards—a thing can be good, and yet not good! The heights are so far away——"

"But oh, how can I ever get there," wailed Corydon, "if nobody gives me any encouragement?"

§ 9. The time had now come for Thyrsis to put his job through. There was no longer any excuse for hesitation or delay. The book had come to ripeness in him; the birth-hour was at hand, and he must go and have it out with himself. He explained these things to Corydon, sitting beside her and holding her hands; they ascended once more to the heights of consecration; they renewed their vows of fortitude and faith, and then he went away.

For weeks thereafter he would be like the ghost of a man in the house, haggard and silent and preoccupied. All the work that he had ever done in his life seemed but child's play in comparison. Before this he had portrayed the struggles of men and women; but now he was to portray the agony of a whole nation—his heart must beat with the pulse of millions of suffering people. And the task was like a fiend that came upon him in the night-time and laid hold of him, dragging him away to sights of terror and madness. He was never safe from the thing for a moment—he could never tell when it might assail him. He might be washing the dishes, or wrestling with the refractory pump; but the vision would come to him, and he would wander off into the forest—perhaps to sit, crouching

the snow, trembling, and staring at the pageant in is soul.

He lived in the midst of battles; the smoke of powder lways in his nostrils, the crash of musketry and the nunder of cannon in his ears. He saw the cavalry weeping over the plains, the infantry crouching behind ntrenchments; he heard the yells of the combatants, he shrieks of the wounded and dying; he saw the nangled bodies, and the ground slippery with blood. New aspects of the thing kept coming to him—new glimpses into meanings yet untold. They would come o him in great bursts of emotion, like tempests that wept him away; and these things he had to wrestle vith and master. It meant toil, the like of which he nad never faced before, a tension of all his faculties, hat would last for hours and hours, and leave him bathed in perspiration, and utterly exhausted.

A scene would come to him, in some moment of in-sight; and he would drop everything else, and follow t. He would go over it, at the same time both creating and beholding it, at the same time both overwhelmed by it and controlling it—but above all things else, remembering it! He would be like Aladdin in the palace, stuffing his pockets with priceless jewels; coming away so loaded down that he could hardly stagger, and spilling them on every side. Then, scarcely pausing to rest, he would go back after what he had lost; he would grope about, gathering diamonds and rubies that he had all but forgotten—or perhaps coming upon new vaults and new treasure-chests.

So he would labor over a description, going over it and over it, not so much working it out, as letting it work itself out and stamp itself upon his memory. It made no difference how long the scene might be, he

would not write a word of it; it might be some battle picture, that would fill thirty or forty pages—he would know it all by heart, as Demosthenes or Webster might have known an oration. And only at the end would he write it down.

Over some of the scenes in this new book he labored thus for two or three weeks at a stretch; there would be literally not a moment of the day, nor perhaps of the night, when the thing was not working in some part of his mind. He would think about it for hours before he fell asleep; and when he opened his eyes it would be waiting at his bedside to pounce upon him. If he tried for even a few minutes to rest, or to divert his mind to some other work, he would find himself ill at ease and troubled, with a sense as of something pulling at him, calling to him. And if anything came to interrupt him, then he would be like a baker whose oven grows cold before the bread is half done—it would be a sad labor making anything out of that batch of bread.

§ 10. And this work he had to do as a married man, the father of a family and the head of a household; living with a child who was one incessant and irrepressible demand for attention, and a wife who was wrestling with weakness and sickness—eating out her heart in cruel loneliness, and cowering in the grip of fiends of melancholia and despair!

He had thought that when they moved into the new home, their domestic trials would be at an end. But now the cruel winter fell upon them. They had never known what a winter in the country was like; they came to see why the farmer had protested against their building in such a remote place. There were many days when they could not get to town, and some when they

ould not even get to the farm-house. Also there was
ne pump, which was continually freezing, and necessi-
ating long and troublesome operations before they
ould get any water.

It was, as fate would have it, the worst winter in the
ldest inhabitant's memory. The farmer's well froze
ver on three occasions, and it had never frozen before,
o he declared. For such weather as this they were
ltogether unprepared; they had only a wood-stove, and
ould not keep a fire all night; and the cheap blankets
ney had bought were made all of cotton, and gave them
lmost no protection. They would not sleep with the
indows down; and so, for weeks at a time, they would
o to bed with their clothing, even their overcoats on;
nd would pile curtains and rugs upon these—and even
o, they would waken at two or three o'clock in the
norning, shivering and chilled to the bone.

And in this icy room they would have to get up and
uild a fire; and it might be half an hour before they
ould get the house warm. Also, they had no facilities
or bathing; and so little by little they began to lose
heir habits of decency—there were days when Corydon
eft her face unwashed, and forgot to brush her hair.
Everyday, it seemed, they slipped yet further down the
rade. Thyrsis would work until he was faint and
xhausted, and then he would come over, and find there
vas nothing ready to eat. By the time that he and
Corydon had cooked a meal, they would both of them
e ravenous, and they would sit and devour their food
ike a couple of savages. Then, because they had over-
aten, they would have to rest before they cleared things
away; and like as not Thyrsis would get to thinking
bout his work, and go off and leave everything—and
he dishes and the food might stay up on the table until

the next meal. There was nearly always a piled-up mass of dishes and skillets and sauce-pans in the house —to Thyrsis these soiled dishes were the original source of the myth of Sisyphus and his labor.

And then there was the garbage-pail that he had forgotten to empty, and the lamps he had neglected to fill and the slop-pails and the other utensils of domesticity. There were the diapers that somebody had to wash— and outside was always the bitter, merciless cold, that drove them in and shut them up with all this horror. The time came, as the winter dragged on, when the house which they had built with so many sacrifices, and into which they had moved with such eager anticipations, came to seem to them like a cave in which a couple of wild beasts cowered for shelter.

§ 11. There was another great change which this cold weather effected in their lives; it broke down the barriers they had been at such pains to build up between them. It was all very well for them to agree that they were "brother and sister," and that it was impossible for them ever to think of anything else. But now came a time when night after night the thermometer went to ten or fifteen degrees below zero; and first Thyrsis gave more bedding to Corydon—because she was able to suffer more than he; and he would go over to his cold hut alone, and crawl into a cold bed, and lie there the whole night through without a wink of sleep. But then, as the cold held on for a week or more, the resistance of both of them was broken down—they were like two animals which crawl into the same hole to keep each other from freezing. They piled all their bedding upon one narrow cot; and sleeping thus, they could be warm. Even then, they tried to keep to the resolution

ıey had made; but this, it seemed, was not within the ower of flesh and blood; and so, once more, the sex-actor was introduced into the complications of their ves.

To Thyrsis this thing was like some bird of prey that ircled in the sky just above him—its shadow filling im with a continual fear, the swish of its wings making im cringe. He was never happy about it; there was o time in his life when he was not in a state of inward ar. His intellect rebelled; and on the other hand, there as a part of his nature that craved this sex-experience nd welcomed it—and this part, it seemed, was favored y all the circumstances of life. There was no chance o settle the matter in the light of reason, to test it by ny moral or aesthetic law; blind fate decreed that one art of him should have the shaping of his character, he determining of his needs.

He tried to make clear to himself the basis of his istrust. Sexual intercourse as a *habit*—this was the ormula by which he summed it up to himself. To be ight, to win the sanction of the intellect and the con-cience, the sex-act must be the result of a supreme reative impulse. Its purpose was the making of a ew soul—and this could never be right until those who ook that responsibility had used their reasons, and etermined that circumstances were such that the new oul might be a sound and free and happy and beautiful oul. And how different was this from the customs hich prevailed under the sanction of the "holy bonds f matrimony"! When sexual intercourse became a elf-indulgence, like the eating of candy, or the drink-ng of liquor; a thing of the body, and the body alone; thing determined by physical propinquity, by the

sight and contact of the flesh, the dressing and undressing in the same room!

Then again, the means which they had to use to prevent conception—which destroyed all spontaneity in their relationship, and dragged the thing out into the cold light of day! And the continual fear that they might have made another blunder! Something of this sort was always happening, or seeming to have happened, or threatening to have happened, so that they waited each month in suspense and dread. It was this which made the terror of the whole matter to Thyrsis and had so much to do with his repugnance. They were like people drawing lots for a death-sentence; like people who ate from dishes, one of which they knew to contain poison. What was the tragic destiny that hung over them—the Nemesis that gripped them, and forced them to take such a chance?

But the barriers were down, and there was no building them up again; Thyrsis never even tried, because of the revelation which came to him from Corydon's side. Corydon was craving, reaching out hungrily for something which she had not in herself, and which life did not give her in sufficiency. She called this thing "love"; and she had no hesitations and no limits to her demand for it. To Thyrsis this "love" was something quite else—it was sustenance and support. To demand it was an act of weakness, and to yield it was a kind of spiritual blood-transfusion. It was the first law of his life-code that every soul must stand upon its own feet and walk its own way; and to surrender this spiritual autonomy was the one blunder for which there could be no pardon.

But then—he would argue with himself—what folly it was to talk of such things in their position! The

ere not souls at all—the life of the soul was not for
iem, the laws of the soul had nothing to do with
iem. They were two bodies—two miserable and cold
nd sick and tormented bodies; and with yet a third
ody, utterly helpless and dependent upon them—in
efiance of all the most high-sounding pronouncements
bout "the soul"!

So Thyrsis would mock himself into subjection once
iore, and go on to play his part as husband and father
nd head of a household of bodies. He would play the
ame of "love" as Corydon wanted it played; he would
ield to her demands, he would gratify her cravings,
e would force himself to take her point of view. But
hen the other mood would come upon him—the mood
hat he knew to be the real expression of himself. He
vould begin the battle of his genius again; he would
'hear the echoes afar off, the thunder of the captains
nd the shouting". If one gave one's self up to the
ody, and accepted the regimen and the laws of the
ody, how should the soul ever come to be free? To
nake such a concession was to pass upon it a sentence
f life-imprisonment!

So would come to Thyrsis again that sense of the
wful tragedy that was impending in their lives. Some
lay, he knew, he would break out of this prison. Some
lay, he knew, he would have to be himself, and live his
wn life!

And meanwhile, how pitiful were Corydon's attempts
o shape him to her needs, and to persuade herself that
he was succeeding in doing it! She would set forth
o him elaborately how much he had improved; how much
gentler and more human he was—in contrast with that
blind and stupid and egotistical and impossible person
he had first known. And with what bitterness Thyrsis

would hear this—and how he had to struggle to suppress his feeling! For he knew that those qualities which were so hateful to her, were but the foam cast up to the surface of his soul by the seething of his genius within. When it had ceased altogether, how placid and still would be the pool—and what a beautiful mirror it would make for Corydon to behold her own features in!

§ 12. In later years they used to discuss this problem, and they could never be sure what would have happened in their lives—what would have been the reaction of their different temperaments—if they had been given any fair chance to live and grow as they wanted to. But here they were, mashed together in this stew-pot of domesticity, with all the most unlovely aspects of things forced continually upon their attention. Each was in some way a handicap and a torment to the other—a means which fate used to limit and crush and destroy the other; and as ever, they had in their hours of anguish no recourse save to sit down and reason it out together, and absolve each other from blame.

Thyrsis invented a phrase whereby he might make this point clear to Corydon, and keep it in her thoughts. The phrase was "the economic screw"; it pressed upon him, and through him it crushed her. All things that he sought to be and could not be, all things that he would not be and was; all that was hard and unloving in him—his irritability and impatience, his narrowness and bitterness—in all this he showed her that cruel force that was destroying them both.

It was a hard rôle for Thyrsis, to be the judge and the jury and the executioner of the stern will of this "economic screw". There was, for instance, the episode

f the "turkey-red table-cover", which became a classic
n their later lives. Corydon was always chafing at the
areness of their little home; and going into the shops
n the town, and discovering things which might have
nade it lovely. One evil day she went alone; and when
he came back, Thyrsis, as usual, pounced upon his
nail, and came upon a letter from a magazine-editor
vhom he had been trying to please with an article, and
vho now scolded him mercilessly for his obstinacy and
is egotism and his didacticism, and all his other un-
publishable qualities. Then came the unwrapping of
he bundles, and Corydon's guileless and joyful an-
nouncement that she had come upon a wonderful bar-
gain in the dry-goods store, a beautiful piece of
"turkey-red" cloth which would serve as the table-cover
for which her soul had been pining—and which she had
obtained for the incredibly small sum of thirty cents!

Whereupon, of course, Thyrsis began to exclaim in
lismay. Thirty cents was a third of all they had to
ive upon for a day! And to pay it for a fool piece
of rag for which they had no earthly need! So Corydon
ank down in the middle of the floor and dissolved in
loods of tears; and at the next trip into town the
"turkey-red table-cover" was returned, and over the
oare board table there were new expositions of the
heory of the "economic screw"!

To these arguments Corydon would listen and assent.
With her intellect she was at one with him, and she
trove to make this intellect supreme. But always, deep
underneath, was the other side of her being, that had
nothing to do with intellect, but was pure primitive im-
pulse—and that pushed and drove in her always, and
carried her away the moment that intellect loosened
ts brake. Corydon was ashamed of this primitive self

—she was always repudiating it, always shutting her eyes to it. There was no way to wound her so deeply as to posit its reality and identify it with her.

She was always fighting to make her temperament like Thyrsis'; she despised her own temperament utterly and set up his qualities as her ideal. He was self-contained and masterful; he knew what he wanted and how to get it; he was not dependent upon anyone else, he needed no one's approval or admiration; he could control his emotions, and destroy those that inconvenienced him. So Corydon must be these things also; she *was* these things, and no one must gainsay it! And if ever she had felt or wished or said or done anything else—that was all misunderstanding or delusion or accident she would repudiate it with grief and indignation, and proclaim herself the creature of pure reason that every person ought to be!

But then would come something that appealed to her emotions—to her love of beauty, her craving for joy; and there in a flash was the primitive self again. The task of compelling Corydon to economy reminded her husband of a toy which had been popular in his childhood days. The name of it was "Pigs in Clover"; there were five little balls which you had to coax into a narrow entrance, and while you were getting the last one in, the other four were almost certain to roll out. It was a labor of hours to get Corydon to recognize an unpleasant fact; and then—the next day she had forgotten it. There were some things about himself and his life that he could never get her to understand; for instance, his preoccupation with the newspaper—that symbol of all that was hateful in life. Just then was the beginning of the Russian revolution; and to Thyrsis the Russian revolution was like the coming of relief to

shipwrecked mariner. It was a personal thing to him —the overthrow of a horror that pressed upon the life f every human being upon earth. And so each day he ungered for the news, and when the paper came he ould pounce upon it.

"Now dearest," he would say, "please don't disturb ie. I want to read."

"All right," she would answer; and five minutes ould pass.

Then—"Do you want potatoes for supper, Thyrsis?"

"Yes, dear. But I'm reading now."

"All right." And then another five minutes.

"Thyrsis, who was Boadicea?"

"I'm reading now, dearest."

"Oh yes." And then another five minutes.

"Thyrsis, do you spell choke with an a?"

At which Thyrsis would put down the paper. "Tell ie, Corydon—isn't there something I can do so that ou won't interrupt me?"

Instantly a look of pain would sweep across her ace. "Do you have to speak to me like that, Thyrsis? f you'd only just tell me, kindly and pleasantly——"

"But I've told you three or four times!"

"Thyrsis! How can you say that?"

"But didn't I?"

"Why, of course not!"

And then they would have an argument. He would ring up each case and confront her with it; and how very unloving a procedure was that—and how exasperating was his manner as he did it!

§ 13. Then again, Corydon would be going into own to do some shopping; and he would ask her to ring out the afternoon paper. It would be the day

of the October massacre, for instance; and he would be on fire for the next batch of news. He would explain this to her; he would tell her again and again—whatever else she forgot, she must remember the afternoon paper. He would walk out to meet her, burning with impatience; and he would ask for the paper, and see a blank look come over her face.

Then, of course, he would scold. He had certain phrases—"How perfectly unspeakable! Perfectly paralyzing!" How she hated these phrases!

"I had so many things to get!" she would exclaim.

"But only one thing for me, Corydon!"

"Everything is for you—just as much as for myself! All these groceries—look at the bundles! I haven't had a single moment——"

"But how many moments does it take to buy a newspaper?"

"But Thyrsis——"

"And how many times would I have to tell you? Have I got to go into town myself, just for the sake of a newspaper?"

"I tell you I tried my very best to remember it——"

"But what's the matter with you? Is your mind getting weak?"

And then like as not Corydon would burst into tears. "Oh, I think you are a brute!" she would cry. "A perfect brute!"

Or else, perhaps, she would grow angry, and they would rail at each other, exchanging recriminations.

"I think I have burdens enough in my life," he would exclaim. "I've a right to some help from you."

"You have no sense of proportion!" she would answer. "You are impossible! You would drive any saint to distraction."

"Perhaps so. But I can't drive you anywhere, and
n sick of trying."
"Oh, if you only weren't such a talker! You talk—
k—talk!"
And all the while they did this, what grief was in the
oths of them! And afterwards, what ghastly wounds
Corydon's soul, that had to be bound up and tended
d healed! The pity of it, the shame of it—that they
ould be able to descend to such sordidness! That
eir love, which they had planned as a noble temple,
ould turn out an ugly hovel!
"Oh Thyrsis!" the girl would cry. "The idea that
u should think less of my soul than of an old news-
per!"
"But that is not so, dearest," he would answer. He
ould try to explain to her how much the newspaper
d meant to him, and just why his annoyance had got
e better of him. So they would rehearse the scene
er again; and like as not their irritation would sweep
er them, and before they realized it they would find
emselves disputing once more.
Thyrsis would be making a desperate attempt to
ing her to a realization of his difficulties; he would
in the midst of pouring out some eloquence, when she
ould interrupt him.
"But Thyrsis, wait a moment—you do not under-
and!"
"I am speaking!" he would say.
"But, Thyrsis——"
"I am speaking!" He would not be interrupted.
But then would come a time when they sat down to-
ther and talked all this out, perceiving it as one more
pect of the disharmony of their temperaments. It
as no fault of either of them, they would agree; it

was just that they were different. Thyrsis had a simi
that he used—"It's a marriage between a butterfly an
a hippopotamus. You don't blame the butterfly becaus
it can't get down into the water and snort; and on th
other hand, when the hippopotamus tries to flap h
wings and flit about among the flowers, he doesn't mak
a success of it."

There would be times when he took Corydon's poin
of view entirely. She was beautiful and good; he
naïveté and guilelessness were the essence of her charm
and how preposterous it was to expect her to think
about newspapers, or to be familiar with the price o
beefsteaks! As for him—he was a blundering creatur
dull and pragmatical; he was a great spiny monste
that she had drawn up from the ocean-depths. Sh
would cut off his spines, but at once they grew ou
again; she could do nothing with him at all!

But then she would protest. "It's not so bad as tha
Thyrsis. You have your work."

"Yes, that's it," he would answer. "My work! I'
just a thinking-machine. I'm fit for nothing else. An
here I am—married!"

He would say that, and he would mean it; he woul
try to act upon the conviction. Of course Corydon
nature was a thing more lovely than his; and, of cours
it ought to have its way, to grow in freedom and joy
But alas—there was "the economic screw"! His qual
ties—hateful though they might be—were the produc
of stern conditions; they were the qualities which ha
to dominate in their lives, if they were to survive in th
grim struggle for life.

§ 14. It was, as always, their tragedy that they ha
no means of communicating, except through suffering

ey had no work, and they had no art, and they had religion. To Thyrsis it seemed that this last was e supreme need of their lives; but it was quite in vain at he tried to supply it. He had no theologies to fer, but he had a rough working faith that served s needs. He had a way of prayer—informal prayers, the undiscovered gods—"Oh infinite Holiness of life, seek to be reminded of Thee!" He would contemplate eir failures and agonies and despairs, and floods of ty would well up in him; and then he would come back Corydon, seeking to make these things real to her. ut this he could never do—he could never carry her th him, he could never find anything with her but ilure and disappointment.

This was, in part, the outrage that the creed-mongers d done to her; with their dead formulas and their otesque legends and their stupid bigotries they had llied and defaced all the symbols of religion—they d made a noble temple into a sepulchre of dead bones. hey had taken her by force, when she was a child, d dragged her into it, and filled her with terror and athing. To abandon the language of metaphor, they d sent her to a Protestant-Episcopal Sunday-school, here a vinegary spinster had taught her the catechism d the ten commandments. And so forever after the hole content of Christianity was a thing alien and teful to her.

But also, in their disharmony was something even ore fundamental. Corydon's emotions did not come in e same way as her husband's. With her a joy had to a spontaneous thing; there could be no reasoning out it, and it was not the product nor the occasion any act of will. In fact, if anyone were to say to orydon, "Come, let us experience a certain emotion"—

then straightway it would become certain that she mig
experience any emotion in the world, save only that on

Thyrsis told himself that he was to blame for thi
having destroyed her spontaneity in the very beginnin
But how was he to have known that, understanding
he did no temperament but his own, being powerless
handle any tools but his own? The process of h
soul's life was to tell himself all his vices over; and
he would become filled with hatred of himself, and wou
forthwith evolve into something different. But wi
Corydon, this method produced, not rage and resol
tion, but only black despair. The process of Corydon
soul-life was that some one else should come to her, a
tell her that she was radiant and exquisite; and straigh
way she would become these things, and yet more
them; and until such a person came to her, all her soul
life stood still.

This was illustrated whenever there was any misu
derstanding between them, any crisis of unhappiness
fit of melancholia. It was quite in vain at such tim
that Thyrsis would ask her to sweep these things asi
and forget them; it was disastrous to suggest that sh
put any blame upon herself, or scold herself into a di
ferent attitude. He might take days to make up h
mind to do what he had to do—yet that fit of misen
would last until he had come and done it. He had
put his arms about her, and make her realize that sh
was precious to him, that she was necessary to him, th
he loved her and appreciated her and believed in he
so, and so only, would the current of her life beg
once more to flow.

And why could he not do this more quickly? Why di
he have to wait until she had suffered agonies? Why di
he have to be dragged to it by the hair of his head,

were—as a means of keeping her from going insane
om misery? Was it that he did not really love her?
ecking voices in his soul told him that was it—but
knew it was not so. He loved her; but he loved her
his way, and that was not her way. And how shall
explain that strange impulse in the heart of man,
t makes it impossible for him to be content with
ything that is upon the earth—that makes him rest-
s in the presence of beauty and love and joy, and all
se things with which he so obviously ought to be
tent?

It is so clearly irrational and unjustifiable; and yet
t impulse continues to drive him forth, as it drove
to destroy the statues in the Athenian temples, and
burn the silken robes and the jewelled treasures in
public-squares of Venice. One contemplates the
ng in its most unlovely aspects—in the form of
neon Stylites upon his pillar, devoured by worms, or
Bernard Gui, with his racks and his thumb-screws and
"secular arm"—and it seems the very culmination of
human madness and horror. And yet, it does not
se to come; and he upon whom it seizes may not
e himself by any power of his will, by any cunning
his wit; and no agony of yearning and grief may be
ficient to enable him to love a woman as a woman de-
es to be loved.

§ 15. Thyrsis would work over the book until he
s utterly exhausted; and then, limp as a rag, he
uld come back to the world of reality and face these
plications. He needed to rest, he needed to be
thed and comforted and sung to sleep; he needed to
eive—and instead he had to give. Sometimes he
ndered vaguely if this might not have been otherwise;

he knew nothing about women—but surely there mig have been, somewhere in the world, some woman wh would have understood, and would have asked nothin from him. But he dwelt on that thought but seldo for it seemed a kind of treason; he was not married any such hypothetical woman—he was married to Cor don, and it was Corydon he had to save from t wolves.

So, time after time, he would come back to her, a take the cup of her pain in his trembling hands, a put it to his lips and drain it to the dregs. He wou sit with her, and hear the tale of her struggles, h would fan the sparks of his exhausted emotions int flame, so that she might warm herself by the glow. An when the burden became too great for him, when th black floods of anguish and despair which she poure out upon him threatened to engulf him altogether- then he would tramp away into the forest, or out upo the snow-encrusted hills, and call up the demons of h soul once more, and proclaim himself unconquered an unconquerable. He would spread his wings to the glo of his vision; he would feel again the surge and swee of it, he would sing aloud with the power of it, an pledge himself anew to live for it—if need be even die for it.

The world was trying to crush it in him; the wor hated it and feared it, and was bound that it shou not live; and Thyrsis had sworn to save it—and the issue was joined. He would hearten himself f the struggle—he would fling himself into the thick it, again and again; he would summon up that thi which he called his Genius, that fountain of endle force that boiled up within him. Whatever streng they brought against him, he could match it; he mig

knocked down, trampled upon, left for dead upon field, but he could rise and renew the conflict! He uld talk to himself, he would call aloud to himself, would repeat to himself formulas of exhortation, s of defiance, proclamations of resolve. He would mon his enemies before him, sometimes in hosts, metimes as individuals—all those who ever in his life mocked and taunted him, scolded him and threatened . He would shake his clenched fists at them; they ght as well understand it—they could never conquer , not all the power they could bring would suffice! would call upon posterity also; he would summon friends and lovers of the future, to give him com- t in his sore distress. Was it not for them that he s laboring—that they might some day feed their souls on his faith?

Thyrsis would think of the "Song of Roland", re- ling that heroic figure and his three days' labor: en he had read that poem, his heart had seemed throb with pain every time that Roland lifted his ord-arm. He would think of the old blind "Samson onistes"; he would think of the Greeks at Ther- pylæ, of the siege of Haarlem. History was full of h tales of the agonies that men had endured for the e of their faith; and why should he expect exemp- n, why should he shrink from the fiery test?

§ 16. So he lived and fought two battles, one within d one without; and little by little these two became rged in his imagination. He had conceived a figure ich should embody the War; and that figure had come be himself.

The War of which he was writing had come upon people unsuspecting and unprepared; they had not

sought it nor desired it, they did not love it, they
not understand it. But the nation must be preserv
and so they set out to forge themselves into a swo
They had wealth, and they poured it out lavishly; a
they had enthusiasm—whole armies of young men ca
forward. They were uniformed and armed and drill
and one after another they marched out, with bann
waving, and drums rolling, and hearts beating high w
hope; and one after another they met the enemy, a
were swallowed up in carnage and destruction, and ca
reeling back in defeat and despair. It happened
often that the whole land moaned with the horror of
—there was Bull Run and then again Bull Run, a
there was the long Peninsula Campaign—an entire y
of futility and failure; and there was the ghas
slaughter of Fredericksburg, and the blind confusi
of Chancellorsville, and the bitter disappointment
Antietam.

Thyrsis wished to portray all this from the point
view of the humble private, who got none of the glo
and expected none, but only suffering and toil; wh
lot it was to march and countermarch, to delve a
sweat in the trenches, to be stifled by the heat a
drenched by the rain and frozen by the cold; to w
through seas of blood and anguish, to be wounded a
captured and imprisoned, to be lured by victory a
blasted by defeat. And into it all he was pouring
distillation of his own experiences. For there was
much of it that he had not known in his own pers
Surely he had known what it was to be cold and hung
surely he had known what it was to be lured by vict
and blasted by defeat. He had watched by the dea
bed of his dearest dreams, he had listened to the moan
of multitudes of imprisoned hopes. He had kno

at it was to set before him a purpose, and to cling it in spite of obloquy and hatred; he had known at it was to suffer until his forehead throbbed, and things reeled and swam before his eyes. He had own also what it was to sacrifice for the sake of the ture, and to see others, who thought of no one but emselves, preying upon him, and upon the community, d living in luxury and enjoying power.

Little by little, as he studied this War, Thyrsis had me upon a strange and sinister fact about it. oughly speaking, the population of the country might ve been divided into two classes. There were those whom the Union was precious, and who gave their oor and their lives for it; they starved and fought d agonized for it, and came home, worn, often crip-ed, and always poor. On the other hand there were me who had cared nothing for the Union, but were ding their chance to grow rich and to establish them-lves in the places of power. They were selling shoddy ankets and paper shoes to the government; they were eculating in cotton and gold and food. There were few exceptions to this, of course; but for the most rt, when one came to study the gigantic fortunes hich were corrupting the nation, he discovered that was just here they had begun.

So this was the curious and ironic fact; the nation d been saved—but only to be handed over to the oney-changers! And these now possessed it and ominated it; and a new generation had come forward, hich knew not how these things had come to be—hich knew only the money-changers and their power. nd who was there to tell them of the War, and all at the War had meant? Who was there to make

that titan agony real to them, to point them to th high destinies of the Republic?

Along with his war-books, Thyrsis was reading hi daily newspaper, which came to him freighted with th cynicism of the hour. It was when the revelations o corruption in business and political affairs were a their flood; high and low, in towns and cities, in state and in the nation itself, one saw that the governmen of the country had been bought. Everywhere through out the land Mammon sat upon the throne, and me cringed before him—there was only persecution an mockery for those who believed in the things for whic America stood to all the world.

And this new Lord, who had purchased the people and held them in bond, was extracting a toll of suffer ing and privation, of accident and disease and death that was worse than the agony of many wars. Th whole land was groaning and sweating beneath the bur den of it; and Thyrsis, who shared the pain, and knew the meaning of it, was sick with the responsibility i put upon him, yearning for a thousand voices wit which he might cry the truth aloud.

Some one must bring America face to face with it soul again; and who was there to do it—who was ther that was even trying? Thyrsis had seen the statues o St. Gaudens, and he knew there was one man who ha dreamed the dream of his country. But who was ther to put it into song, or into story, that the young migh read? Like the newspapers and the churches, th authors had sold out; they were writing for matinée girls, and for the Pullman-car book-trade; and mean time the civilization of America was sliding down int the pit!

So here again was War! Here again were pain an

ckness, hunger and cold, solitude and despair, to be ndured and defied; death itself to be faced—madness en, and soul-decay! Armies of men had gone out, nd laid themselves down and filled up the ditches with eir bodies, to make a bridge for Freedom to pass on. nd the ditches were not yet full—another life was eeded!

Nor must he think himself too good for the sacrifice; here had been greater men than he, no doubt, burned p in the Wilderness, and blown to pieces by the cannon t "Bloody Angle"; there had been dreamers of mighty reams among them—and they were dead, and all their reams were dead. And neither must he love his own oo dearly; there had been women who had suffered and ied in that War, and babes who had perished by tens f thousands; and they, too, had been born with agony, ad been loved and yearned for, and wept and prayed or.

So, out of the dead past, were voices calling to Thyrsis; he heard them in the night-time as one mighty ymphony of grief. They had died for nothing, unless the Republic should be saved, unless their dream f freedom and justice could be made real. And for hat was the poet but that? So that the new generaions might know what their fathers had done—that he youth of America might be roused and thrilled nce more! Surely it could not be that the land was ll sunk in selfishness and unfaith—that there were no onger any generous souls who could be stirred by a rumpet-call, and led forth to strike a new blow for he great hope of Humanity!

§ 17. The long winter dragged by, and the fury f it seemed to increase; they were as if besieged by

demons of cold and storm. There came another bli zard, and the snows drifted down to their hollow b the edge of the woods, so that it was two days befo they could get out, even to the farm-house. And the was no place for them to walk—a path from the house to Thyrsis' study was a labor of half a day dig. Also Corydon caught a cold, which ran in d course through the little family, and added to the misery and discomfort.

The snow seemed to be symbolical, walling them from all the world. "There is no help", it seemed say to them; whatever strength they got they mu wring out of their own hearts. Here in this plac it seemed to Thyrsis, he learned the real meaning Winter; he saw it as primitive man had seen it, a cru and merciless assailant, a fiend that came ravenin dealing destruction and death. He thought of the o by Thomas Campbell—

> "Archangel! Power of desolation!
> Fast descending as thou art,
> Say, hath mortal invocation
> Spells to touch thy stony heart?"

Surely no Runic Odin, who "howled his war-song to t gale", no Lapland savage who cowered in his hut, ev panted for the respite of the spring-time more tha these two lovers in their tiny cottage.

It was evident that Corydon was going down-h under the strain. She became more and more nervou and wretched, her headaches and her fits of exhaustio were more frequent. Then, too, her old mental troubl the habit of "thinking things", was plaguing her agai She would come to Thyrsis with long accounts of h

ychological entanglements, and he would patiently ravel the skein. Or sometimes, if he was very tired, might give some signs of a desire to escape the or- al; and then he would see a look of terror stealing to Corydon's eyes. So these things were real after l—they were real even to Thyrsis!

One morning he opened his eyes, and looked from his udy-window, to find that another heavy snow had llen; and when he had dressed and gone over to the ouse, he found Corydon in bed. She complained of a adache, and had had chills during the night, and was w quite evidently feverish. He was alarmed, and ter he had made her as comfortable as he could, he essed the baby and took him upon his shoulder, and ade his way with difficulty to the farm-house. He ft the baby there, and with a horse and sleigh set out r town. The horse had to walk all the way, and veral times the sleigh was upset in the drifts, so that was two hours before he reached his destination. As e doctor was out upon his rounds, he had to wait a uple of hours more—and then only to learn that the an could not possibly attempt the trip. He had veral patients who were dangerously ill, and he had be on hand.

He sent Thyrsis to another doctor, but this one said actly the same; and so the boy spent the day wander- g about the town. The thought of Corydon's lying ere alone, helpless and suffering, made him wild; but erywhere he met with the same response—the cold eather had apparently brought an epidemic of disease, d there was no doctor in the place who could spare ree or four hours to make the long journey in the ow.

So there was nothing for him to do but go back.

The farmer's wife offered to take care of the baby over night, and he went down to the cottage alone where he found Corydon much worse. He sat and held her hand, a terror clutching at his heart; and all night long he sat and tended her—he filled hot water bottles when she was chilled, and got ice when she was hot and made cool lemonade, and prepared tidbits and tempted her to eat. He would whisper to her and soothe her; and later, when she fell into a doze, he sat nodding in his chair and shivering with cold, but afraid to touch the fire for fear of disturbing her.

Then, towards dawn, she wakened; and Thyrsis was almost beside himself with anguish and fear—for she was delirious, and did not know where she was, or what she was doing. She kept talking as if to the baby—in their baby-talk. Thyrsis would listen, until he would choke up with tears.

He left her, and went up to the farm, and got the horse and sleigh again, and drove to another town. It made no difference what doctor he got—to Thyrsis all doctors were alike, the keepers of the keys of health. After several hours' pursuit he found that this man also was busy. All he could say was that he would try to get out that night.

So Thyrsis went back again, to find his wife with flushed face, and beads of perspiration upon her forehead; now sitting up and babbling aimlessly, now sinking back exhausted. He sat once more through a night of torment, holding her hot hands in his, and praying in vain for the coming of the doctor.

It was afternoon of the next day before the man finally came, and brought some relief to Thyrsis' soul and perhaps also to Corydon's body. He took her temperature and listened to her breathing, and pro-

ounced it a severe attack of grippe, with a touch of onchitis; and he laid out an assortment of capsules d liquids, and promised to come again if Thyrsis sent r him.

And so the boy set out in the double rôle of trained rse and mother's assistant. He gave Corydon her edicines, and brought fresh water for her, and oothed her pillows and talked to her, and prepared me delicacies for her when she wished to eat; also he essed and bathed the baby, and cooked his complex eals and fed them to him; he put on his rubbers and s leggings and his mittens, and the overcoat and eaked hood (which Corydon had devised for him out f eighty cents' worth of woolly red cloth), and turned im out to "bongie cowtoos" in the snow. Likewise e got his own meals and washed the dishes, and tended ne fires and emptied the ashes and filled the lamps nd swept the floors; and in the interim between these arious duties he fought new battles within himself, and ot new side-lights upon Chickamauga and "Bloody ngle".

§ 18. It was two weeks before this siege was lifted, nd Corydon was able to take up her burdens once nore. It was then March, and the snow had given lace to cold sleety rains, and the fields and the ground bout their home were miniature swamps full of mud. Thyrsis would tramp through this to the hill-tops here the storm-winds howled, and there vow defiance o his foes, and come home to pour new hope and ourage and resolution into a bottomless pit.

He was finishing his vision of the field of Gettysburg—the three-days' grapple between two titan armies, hat meant to him three weeks of soul-terrifying toil.

Men had said that Gettysburg meant the turning o
the tide, that victory was certain; and yet there ha
followed Sherman's long campaign, and all the horro
of the Wilderness fighting, and Mine Run and Col
Harbor and the ghastly siege of Petersburg. And no
Thyrsis had to fight his way through this. He sa
the figure that he had dreamed, and that possessed hin
a soldier who was the rage of the War incarnate, th
awakened frenzy of the nation. He was a man lifte
above pain and cold and hunger; he was gaunt an
wild of aspect, restless and impatient, driving, drivin
to the end. He went about the duties of the camp lik
one in a dream; he marched like an automaton—fo
hours, or for days, as need might be—his thought
flying on to those moments that alone were real to hin
to the charge and the fury of the conflict, the blow
that were the only things that counted. He lived ami
sights and sounds of horror, with groans and weepin
in his ears, with a mist of blood and cannon-smoke b
fore his eyes; he drove on, grim and implacable, th
very ground about him rocking and quivering in a d
lirium of torment. He was the War!

Meantime Corydon was growing paler, and mo
wretched than ever. For her, too, this winter wa
symbolized as a battle-ground. To him it was a fie
in which armies clashed, and the issue was uncertain
but to her it was a field of inevitable defeat, strew
with the corpses of her hopes. For hours she would l
upon her couch in the night-watches, silent, alone, sta
ing out of the window at the wide waste of snow in th
pitiless moonlight.

Thyrsis would have preferred to sleep in his ow
study, as he worked so late at night; but Corydo

gged him not to do this, she would rather be wakened, e said.

So, on one occasion, he came over at about two o'clock the morning, and found her sleeping, as he thought, d crawled into his own cot. He was just dozing off sleep, when he heard what he thought was a stifled b.

He listened; he thought that she was crying in her ep. But then, as the sound grew clearer, he sat up. he moonlight was shining in upon her, and Thyrsis ught a bright glint of steel. Swift as a flash the eaning of that swept over him. He had provided her th a revolver, that she might feel safe when she was ft alone; and now he bounded out of bed and sprang ross the room, and found her with the weapon pointed her head.

He struck it away; and Corydon, with a terrified cry, utched at him and collapsed in his arms.

"Oh Thyrsis!" she wailed. "Save me! Save me!"

"What is it?" he gasped.

"I couldn't do it!" she cried, choking. "I couldn't! tried—I tried so hard!"

"Sweetheart", he whispered, in terror.

"Don't let me do it!" she sobbed. "Oh, Thyrsis, ou must save me!"

He pressed her to his bosom, shuddering with dread, nd trying to soothe her hysterical outburst. So, little y little, he dragged the story from her. For three ays she had been making up her mind to shoot her- lf, and she had chosen that night for the time.

"I've been sitting here for an hour," she whispered —"with the revolver in my hand. And I couldn't get p the courage to pull the trigger."

He clasped her, white with horror.

"I heard you coming," she went on. "I lay do and pretended to sleep. Then I tried again—but can't, I can't! I'm a coward!"

"Corydon!" he cried.

"There was only one thing that stopped me. Y would have got on without me——"

"Don't say that, dearest!"

"You would—I know it! I'm only in your way. B oh, my baby! I loved him so, and I couldn't bear leave him!"

She clung to him convulsively. "Oh, Thyrsis," s panted, "think what it meant to me to leave hi He'd have been without a mother all his life! A something might have happened to you, and he'd ha had no one to love him at all!"

"Why did you want to do it?" he cried.

"Oh Thyrsis, I've suffered so! I'm weary—I'm wo out—I'm sick of the fight. I can't stand it any mo —and what can I do?"

"My poor, poor girl," he whispered, and pressed h to his heart in a paroxysm of grief. "Oh, my Cor don! My Corydon!"

The horror of the thing overwhelmed him; he beg to weep himself—his frame was shaken with tearle agonizing sobs. What could he do for her, how cou he help her?

But already he had helped her; it was not often th she saw him weeping, it was not often she found th she could do something for *him*. "Thyrsis, do y really *want* me?" she whispered. "Do you truly lo me that much?"

"I love you, I love you!" he sobbed.

And she replied, "Then I'll stay. I'll bear anythin if you need me—if I can be of any use at all."

19. So their tears were mingled; so once more, g sufficiently plowed up with agony, they might old the deeps of each other's souls. Being at their gasp, and driven to desperation, they would make convulsive effort, and break the crust of dullness commonplace, and reveal again the mighty forces den in their depths. At such hours he beheld Cory- as she was, the flaming spirit, the archangel soned in the flesh. If only he could have found the to those deep chambers, so that he could have had ess to them always!

But alas, they knew only one path that led to them, that through the valley of despair. From despair led to anguished struggle, and from struggle to ance, to rage and denunciation—and thence to ons and invocations, raptures and enthralments. So night, for instance, behold Corydon, first holding husband's hands, and shuddering with awe, and dging her faith all over again; and then, later on, en the dawn was breaking, sitting in the cold moon- nt with a blanket flung about her, her wild hair toss- , and in her hand the revolver with which she had ant to destroy herself. Behold her, making sport her own life-drama—turning into wildest phantasy domestic ignominies, her inhibitions and her help- te's blunderings; evoking the hosts of the future as a festival, rehearsing the tragedy of her soul with posterity as her audience. When once these mad eds of her fancy were turned loose, one could never where their course would be; and strange indeed re the adventures that came to him who rode with !

There seemed to be no limit to the powers of this bliminal woman within Corydon. Her cheeks would

kindle, her eyes would blaze, and eloquence would pou from her—the language of great poetry, fervid an passionate, with swift flashes of insight and illumina tion, tumultuous invocations and bursts of prophecy Thyrsis would listen and marvel. What a mind she ha —sharp, like a rapier, swift as the lightning-flash The powers of penetration and understanding, an above all the sheer splendors of language—the blaze of metaphor, the explosions of coruscating wit! Wha a tragic actress she might have made—how she woul have shaken men's souls, and set them to shuddering with terror! What an opera-singer she could have been with that rich vibrant voice, and the mien of a disin herited goddess!

It was out of such hours that the faith of thei lives was made; and it was out of them also that Thyrsi formed his idea of woman. To him woman was a equal; and this he not only said with his lips, he lived it in his feelings. The time came when he went ou into the world, and learned to understand the world' idea, that woman meant vanity and pettiness an frivolity; but Thyrsis let all this pass, knowing th woman-soul. Somewhere underneath, not yet under stood and mastered, was pent this mighty force tha in the end would revolutionize all human ideas and insti tutions. Here was faith, here was vision, here was th power of all powers; and how was it to be delivere and made conscious, and brought into the service o life?

Most women liked Thyrsis, because they divined i some vague way this attitude; and some men hated hi for the same reason. These men, Thyrsis observed were the slave-drivers; they held that woman was th weaker vessel, and for this they had their own motives

ere were women, too, who liked to be ruled; but yrsis never argued with them—it was enough, he dged, to treat any slave as a free man, or any servant a gentleman, and sooner or later they would divine at he meant, and the spirit of revolt would begin to ker.

Book XIII

THE MASTERS OF THE SNARE

They stood upon the porch of the little cabin, listening to the silence of the night.

"How far away it all seems!" she said—

"How many a dingle on the loved hill-side
Hath since our day put by
The coronals of that forgotten time!"

"It makes one feel old," he said—"like the coming of the night!"

"The night!" she repeated, and went on—

"I feel her finger light
Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train;—
The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new,
And hope once crush'd less quick to spring again!

§ 1. Throughout this long winter of discontent me to them one ray of hope from the outside world. The Genius" was given in the little town in Germany, d Thyrsis' correspondent sent the twenty-five dollars, d wrote that it had made a great impression, and at more performances were to be expected. Then, ter an interval, Thyrsis was surprised to receive from s clipping-bureau some items to the effect that his ay was to be produced in one of the leading theatres Berlin. He wrote to his correspondent for an exanation, and learned to his dismay that his play had en "pirated"; it was, of course, not copyright in ermany, and so he had no redress, and must content mself with what his friend referred to as "the renowns nich will be brought to you by these performances".

The play came out, in the early spring, and aparently made a considerable sensation. Thyrsis read ng reviews from the German papers, and there were ccounts of it in several American papers. So people gan to ask who this unknown poet might be. The ublishers of "The Hearer of Truth" were moved to nture new advertisements of the book—whereby they ld perhaps a hundred copies more; and Thyrsis was oved to pay some badly-needed money to have more pies of the play made, so that he might try to interest me other manager. He carried on a long correpondence with a newly-organized "stage society", which nought a great deal about trying the play at a matinée, ut did nothing.

Also, Thyrsis received a letter from one of th country's popular novelists, who had heard of the pla abroad, and asked to read it. When he had read i and told what an interesting piece of work it wa Thyrsis sat down and wrote the great man about hi plight, and asked for help; which led to correspondenc and to the passing round of the manuscript among group of literary people. One of these was Haddo Channing, the critic and essayist, who was intereste enough to write Thyrsis several long letters, and t read the rest of his productions, and later on to ca to see him. Which visit proved a curious experience fo the family.

He arrived one day towards spring, when it chance that Corydon was in town visiting the dentist. Thyrsi had just finished his dinner when he saw two peopl coming through the orchard, and he leaped up in hast to put the soiled dishes away, and make the place a presentable as possible. Mr. and Mrs. Channing ha come in their car (they lived in Philadelphia), and wer followed by an escort of the farmer's children—sinc an automobile was a rare phenomenon in that neigh borhood. The entrance to the peach-orchard prove not wide enough for the machine, so they had to g out and walk; and this they found annoying, becaus the ground was wet and soft. All of which seemed t emphasize the incongruity of their presence.

Haddon Channing might have been described as dilettante radical. He employed a highly-wrought an artificial style, which scintillated with brilliant epigram one had a feeling that it rather atoned for the evi in human life, that they became the occasion of s much cleverness in Channing's books. Perhaps that wa the reason why most people did not object to the vagu

ess of his ideas, when it came to any constructive ggestion. In fact he rather made a point of such agueness—when you tried to do anything about a so- al evil, that was politics, and politics were vulgar. ne could never pin Channing down, but his idea seemed be that in the end all men would become free and dependent spirits, able to make their own epigrams; fter which there would be no more evil in the world. And here he was in the flesh. It seemed to Thyrsis s if he must have made a study of his own books, and ien proceeded to fit his person and his clothing, his ccent and his manner, to make a proper setting thereto. Ie was tall and lean, immaculate and refined; he spoke ith airy and fastidious grace, pouring out one con- nuous stream of cleverness—any hour of his conver- ation was equivalent to a volume of his works at a ollar and a quarter net.

Also, there was Mrs. Channing, gracious and ex- uisite, looking as if she had stepped out of one of ossetti's poems. She was a poetess herself; writing bout Acteon, and Antinoüs, and other remote sub- ects. Thyrsis assumed that there must be something these poems, for they were given two or three pages the thirty-five-cent magazines; but he himself had ever discovered any reason why he should read one hrough.

§ 2. They seated themselves upon his six-foot iazza; and Thyrsis, who had very little sense of per- onality, and was altogether wrapped up in ideas, was oon in the midst of a free and easy discussion with hem. It seemed ages since he had had an opportunity o exchange opinions with anyone except Corydon. With these people he roamed over the fields of litera-

ture; and as they found nothing to agree about any
where, the conversation did not flag.

A strange experience it must have been to them, t
come to a lonely shanty in the woods, and encounte
a haggard boy in a cotton-shirt and a pair of fraye
trousers, who was all oblivious of their elegance, an
unawed by their reputation, and who behaved like
bull in the china-shop of their orderly opinions. Mr
Channing, it seemed, was completing her life-work,
volume which was to revolutionize current criticism
and lead the world back to artistic health; to he
modern civilization was a vast abortion, and in Gree
culture was to be sought the fountain-head of health
She sang the praises of Athenian literature and ar
and life; there was sanity and clarity, there was balanc
and serenity! And to compare it with the jangle
confusion and the frantic strife of modern times!

To which Thyrsis answered, "We'd best let moder
times alone. For here you've all facts and no general
zation; and in the case of the Greeks you've all gener
alization and no facts."

And so they went at it, hot and heavy. Mrs. Chan
ning, her Greek serenity somewhat ruffled, insisted tha
she had studied the facts for herself. The other pro
ceeded to probe into her equipment, and found tha
she knew Homer and Sophocles, but did not know Ari
tophanes so well, and did not know the Greek epigram
at all. Thyrsis maintained that the dominant note i
the Greek heritage was one of bewilderment and despair
in support of which alarming opinion he carried th
discussion from the dreams of Greek literature to th
realities of Greek life. Did Mrs. Channing know ho
the Greeks had persecuted all their great thinkers

d she know anything about the cruelties of their
ve-code?
"Have you ever studied Greek politics?" he asked.
o you realize, for instance, that it was the custom
statesmen and generals who were defeated by their
litical rivals, to go over to the enemy and lead an
pedition against their homes?"
"Isn't that putting it rather strongly?" asked Mrs.
anning.
"I don't think so," he answered. "Didn't the con-
erors of both Salamis and Platæa afterwards sell
t to the Persian king? And then you talk about the
ble ideal of woman which the Greeks developed! Don't
u know that it was nothing but a literary tradition?"
"I had never understood that," said Mrs. Channing.
To which the other answered: "It was handed down
om imaginary Homeric days. The Greek lady of
e Periclean age was a domestic prisoner and drudge."

§ 3. Then, late in the afternoon, came Corydon;
nd this part of the adventure must have seemed
ranger yet to the Channings. Corydon wore a shirt-
aist and a ten-cent straw hat, trimmed with some white
osquito-netting, and an old blue skirt which she had
orn before her marriage, and had enlarged little by
ttle during the period of her pregnancy, and had taken
again after the baby was born. Also she was pale
nd sad-looking, much startled by the sight of the
utomobile, and the sudden apparition of elegance.
he got rid of her armfuls of groceries and bundles,
nd seated herself in an inconspicuous place, and sat
stening while the argument went on. For a full
our she never uttered a word; only once during the
ontroversy over the "Greek lady", Mrs. Channing

turned to her and asked, "Don't you agree with me?" But Corydon could only answer, "I don't know, I have not read much history." And who was there to tell the visitor that this strange, wide-eyed girl knew more about the tragedies and terrors of the Greek temperament than she with all her culture and her college-degrees could have learned in many life-times?

The two stayed to supper, and Corydon and Thyrsis set out the meal upon the rustic outdoor table; they apologized for their domestic inadequacies, but Mrs. Channing declared that she "adored picknicking". The evening was spent in more discussion; and finally it was decided that the visitors should stay over night at the hotel in town, and come out again in the morning.

Thyrsis concluded, as he thought the matter over, that the two must have been fascinated by this domestic situation, and curious to look deeper into it. Perhaps they saw "material" in it; or perhaps it was that Haddon Channing was really impressed by Thyrsis' powers, and sought to understand his problems and help him. Whatever may have been the motive for it, when they came the next morning, the critic took Thyrsis for a walk in the woods and proceeded to discuss his affairs. And meanwhile his wife had set herself to the task of probing the innermost corners of Corydon's soul.

The burden of Channing's discourse was Thyrsis' impatience and lack of balance, his fanaticism and his too great opinion of his own work. "My dear fellow," he said, "you are the most friendless human being I have ever encountered upon earth. How can you expect to interest men if you don't get out into the world and learn what they are doing?"

"That means to get a position, I suppose?" said Thyrsis.

"No, not necessarily——" began the other.

"But I haven't money to live in the city otherwise."

That was too definite for Channing, and he went off on another tack. He had been reading "The Higher Cannibalism", and he could not forgive it. A boy of Thyrsis' age had no right to be seething with such bitterness; there must be some fundamental and terrible cause. He was destroying himself, he was eating out his heart in this isolation; he was so wrapped up in his own miseries, his own wrongs—in all the concerns of his own exaggerated ego!

They were seated beside a little streamlet in the woods. "What you need is something to get you out of yourself," the critic was saying—"something to restore your sanity and balance. It'll come to you some day. Perhaps it'll be a love-affair—you'll meet some woman who'll carry you away. I know the sort you need—they grow in the West—the great brooding type of woman-soul, that would fold you in her arms and give you a little peace."

Thyrsis was silent for a space. "You forget," he said, in a low voice, "that I am already married."

The other shrugged his shoulders. "Such things have happened, even so," he said.

Thyrsis had taken his part in the conversation before this, defending himself and setting forth his point of view. But now he fell silent. The words had cut him to the quick. It seemed to him an insult and a bitter humiliation; here, at his home, almost in the presence of his wife! What was the man's idea, anyway?

And suddenly he turned upon Channing with the question, "You think that I've married a doll?"

The other was staggered for a moment. "I don know what you've married," he replied.

"No," said Thyrsis. "Then how can you advise m in such a matter?"

"I see that you're not happy——" the other begar

"Yes," said the boy. "But I don't want any mor women."

There was a pause, while Thyrsis sat pondering Should he try to explain to this man? But he shoo his head. No, it would be useless to try. "She is no in your class," he said.

"How do you mean?" asked the other.

"She has none of your culture, none of your soci graces. She can't write, and she can't sing—she can do anything that your wife does."

"I'm afraid," said Channing, in a low voice, "yo don't take my remarks in the right spirit."

"Even suppose that she were not what you call 'great woman-soul'," persisted Thyrsis—"at least sh has starved and suffered for me; and wouldn't commo loyalty bind me to her?"

"I have tried to do something very difficult," said th other, after a silence. "I have tried to talk to yo frankly. It is the most thankless task in the world t tell a man his own faults."

"I know," said Thyrsis. "And that's all right—I'm perfectly willing. I don't mind knowing my faults."

"It is evident that you have resented it," declared th other.

Thyrsis answered with a laugh, "Don't you admit o replies to your criticisms? Suppose I'm pointing ou some of *your* faults—your faults as a critic?"

Channing said that he did not object to that.

"Very well, then," said Thyrsis. "I simply tell yo

t you have missed the point of my trouble. There's hing the matter with me but poverty and lack of op-tunity; and there's nothing else the matter with my e. We're doing our best, and it's the simple fact t we've endured and dared more than anybody we've r met. And that's all there is to it."

It was evident that Channing was deeply hurt. He ned the conversation to other matters, and pretty n they got up and strolled on. When they came r to the house, he went off to see his chauffeur, and yrsis stood watching him, and pondering over the sode.

It was the same thing that had happened to him in city; it was the thing that would be happening to all the time. He saw that however wretched he ght be with Corydon, he would always take her part ainst the world. Whatever her faults might be, they re not such as the world could judge. Rather would make it the test of a person's character, that they uld understand and appreciate her, in spite of her k of that superficial thing called culture—the ability rattle off opinions about any subject under the sun. So it was that loyalty to Corydon held him fast. her temperament was his law, and her needs were his ndards; and day by day he must become more like , and less like himself!

§ 4. He returned to the house, entering by the rear or. The baby was lying in the room asleep, and out on the piazza he could hear Corydon and Mrs. Chan-g. Corydon was speaking, in her intense voice.

"The trouble with me," she was saying, "is that I ve no confidence! Other women are sure of them-ves—they are self-contained, serene, satisfied."

"But why shouldn't you be that way?" Thus Mr Channing.

"I aim too high," said Corydon. "I want too muc I defeat myself."

"Yes," said the other, "but why——"

"It's been the circumstances of all my life! I've be defeated—thwarted—repressed! Everything drives back into myself. There is nothing I can *do*—I c only endure and suffer and wait. So all the influenc in my life are negative—

> 'I was sick with the Nay of life—
> With my lonely soul's refrain!' "

"What is that you are quoting?" asked Mrs. Cha ning.

"It's from a poem I wrote," said Corydon.

"Oh, you write poetry?"

"I couldn't say that," was the reply. "I have technique—I never studied anything about it."

"But you try sometimes?"

"I find it helps me," said Corydon—"once in a gr while I find lines in my mind; and I put them togeth so that I can say them over, and remind myself things."

"I see," said Mrs. Channing. "Tell me the poem quoted."

"I—I don't believe you'd think much of it," s Corydon, hesitating. "I never expected anybody——

"I'd be interested to hear it," declared her visitor

So Corydon recited in a low voice a couple of stan which had come to her in the lonely midnight hou Thyrsis listened with interest—he had never heard th before:

"What matters the tired heart,
What matters the weary brain?
What matters the cruel smart
Of the burden borne again?

I was sick with the Nay of life—
With my lonely soul's refrain;
But the essence of love is strife,
And the meaning of life is pain."

There was a pause. "Do you—do you think that is
th while at all?" asked Corydon.
"It is evidently sincere," replied Mrs. Channing. "I
nk you ought to study and practice."
"I can't make much effort at it——"
But the other went on: "What concerns me is the
itude to life it shows. It is terrible that a young
l should feel that way. You must not let yourself
into such a state!"
"But how can I help it?"
"You must have something that occupies your mind!
at is what you need, truly it is! You've got to stop
nking about yourself—you've got to get outside
rself, somehow!"
Thyrsis caught his breath. He could tell from the
e of the speaker's voice that she was laboring with
ydon, putting forth all her energies to impress her.
was tempted to step forward and cry out, "No, no!
at's not the way! That won't work!"
But instead, he stood rooted to the spot, while Mrs.
anning went on— "This unhappiness comes from the
t that you are so self-centred. You must get some
structive work, my dear, if it's only training your
y. You must realize that you are not the only

person who has troubles in the world. Why, I kno a poor washerwoman, who was left a widow with fo children to care for——"

And then suddenly Thyrsis heard a voice cry o in anguish, "Oh, oh! stop!" He heard his wife sprin up from her chair.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Channing.

"I can't listen to you any more!" cried Corydo "You don't know what you're saying!—You don't u derstand me at all!"

There was a pause. "I'm sorry you feel that," sa Mrs. Channing.

"I had no right to talk to you!" exclaimed the othe "There's no one can understand! I have to fig alone!"

At this point Thyrsis went into the kitchen, and ma some noise that they would hear. Then he called, "A you there, dearest?"

"Yes," said Corydon; and he went out upon th piazza. He saw her standing, white and tense.

"Are you still talking?" he said, with forced car lessness.

And as Mrs. Channing answered "Yes," Coryd said, quickly, "Excuse me a moment," and went in the house.

So the poet sat and talked with his guest about th state of the weather and the condition of the road until at last her husband arrived, saying that it w time they were starting. Corydon did not appe again, and so finally Thyrsis accompanied them out their car, and saw them start off. They promised come again, but he knew they would not keep th promise.

5. He went back to the house, and after some
rch he found Corydon down in the woods, whither
had fled to have out her agony.
'Has that woman gone?" she panted, when he came
r.
'Yes, dear," he said. "She's gone."
'Oh!" cried Corydon. "How dared she! How dared
!"
'Get up, sweetheart," said Thyrsis. "The ground is
."
'She's gone off in her automobile!" exclaimed the
l, passionately. "She spent last night at a hotel
t charged twelve dollars a day, and then she told
about her washerwoman! Now she's gone back to
beautiful home, with servants and a governess and
iano and everything else she wants! And she talked
me about 'occupation'! What *right* had she to come
e and trample on my face?"
'But why did you let her, dearest?"
'How could I *help* myself? I had no idea——"
'But how did you get started?"
'I've nobody to confide in—nobody!" cried Corydon.
nd she wanted to know about me—she led me on.
thought she sympathized with me—I thought she
derstood!"
'She's a woman of the world, my dear."
'She was just pulling me to pieces! She wanted to
how I worked! Don't you see what she was looking
, Thyrsis—she thought I was *material!*"
"She only writes about the Greeks," said Thyrsis,
h a smile.
"I'm a horrible example! I'm neurasthenic and self-
ıtred—I'm the modern woman! She read me a long
ture like that! I ought to get busy!"

"Dearest!" he pleaded, trying to soothe her.

"Busy"! repeated Corydon, laughing hysterical
"Busy! I wash and dress and amuse a baby! I g
six meals a day for him, I get three meals for us, a
clean up everything. And the rest of the day I'm
exhausted I can hardly stand up, and a good part
the time I'm sick besides. And then, if I think abo
my troubles, it's because I've nothing to do!"

"My dear," Thyrsis replied, "you should not ha
put yourself at her mercy."

"How I hate her!" cried Corydon. "How I *ha*
her!"

"You must learn to protect yourself from such p
ple, Corydon."

"I won't meet them at all! I'm not able to face th
—I've none of their weapons, none of their trainir
I don't want to know about them, or their kind of li
They have no souls!"

"It isn't easy for them to understand," said Thyr
"They have never been poor——"

"That woman talks about the Greek love of beau
What sacrifice has she ever made for beauty—w
agony has she ever dared for it? And yet she
prattle about it—the phrases roll from her! Sh
been educated—polished—finished! She's been tau
just what to say! And I haven't been taught, and
she despises me!"

"It's deeper than that, my dear," he said. "
have something in you that she would hate instinctive

"What do you mean?"

"I've told you before, dearest. It's genius, I thi

"Genius! But what use is it to me, if it is? It
unfits me for life. It eats me up, it destroys me!

"Some day," he said, "you will find a way to exp

It will come, never fear.—But now, dear, be sensi-
The ground is wet, and if you sit there, you will
y be laid up with rheumatism."
e lifted her up; but she was not to be diverted.
enly she turned, and caught him by the arms.
rsis!" she cried. "Tell me! Do you blame me
e does? Do you think I'm weak and incompetent?"
hatever answer he might have been inclined to make,
w in her wild eyes that only one answer was to be
ght of. "Certainly not, my dear!" he said, quickly.
w could you ask me such a question?"
)h, tell me! tell me!" she exclaimed. And so he had
o on, and sing the song of their love to her, and
out balm upon her wounded spirit.
ıt afterwards he went alone; and then it was not
mple. Little demons of doubt came and tormented
Might it not be that there was something in the
t of view of the Channings? He took Corydon at
own estimate—at the face value of her emotions:
might it not be that he was deluding himself, that
as a victim of his own infatuation?
e would ponder this; he tried to have it out with
elf for once. What did he really think about it?
t would he have told Corydon if he had told her
)ald truth? But such doubts could not stay with
for long. They brought shame to him. He was
a man travelling across the plains, who comes upon
woman he loves, being tortured by a band of
ches; and who is caught and bound fast, to watch
)roceedings. Would such a man spend his time ask-
whether the woman was weak and incompetent?
-his energies would be given to getting his arms
, and finding out where the guns were. He would
er free, and give her a chance; and then it would

be time enough to measure her powers and pass jud
ment upon her.

§ 6. It was a long time before the family got ov
that visitation. Corydon burned all Channing's boo
and she wrote a long and indignant letter to Mrs. Ch
ning, and then burned the letter. Thyrsis never t
her about his conversation with the husband, for
knew she would never get over that insult. For hims
he concluded that the Channings were lucky in hav
got into a quarrel with them, as otherwise he wo
surely have compelled them to lend him some money.

In truth, the advent of some fairy-godmother
Lady Bountiful was badly needed just then. They h
struggled desperately to keep within the thirty-dol
limit, but it could no longer be done. Illnesses w
expensive luxuries; and there was the typwriting of t
book—some twenty dollars so far; also, there were ma
things that happened when one was running a hou
hold—a tooth-ache, or a telegram, or a hot-water bot
that got a hole in it, or a horse that ran away a
broke a shaft. Little by little the bills they had b
obliged to run up at the grocer's and the butche
and the doctor's had been getting beyond the lim
of their monthly check; and to cap the climax, th
came a letter from Henry Darrell, saying that the n
two checks would be the last he could possibly send.

So Thyrsis set to work once more at the shell of t
tough old oyster, the world. He made out a "scenar
of the rest of his new book, and sent it with the p
he had already done to his friend Mr. Ardsley. T
for three weeks he waited in dread suspense; until
last came a letter asking him to call and talk over
proposition.

Mr. Ardsley had been reading all Thyrsis' manuipts, nor had he failed to note the triumph of "The nius" abroad. It became at once apparent to Thyrsis t the new book had scored with him; it was a book t could hardly fail, he said—if only it were finished it had been begun. Thyrsis made it clear that he ended to finish it; no man could gaze into his wild s, and hear him talk of it in breathless excitement, hout realizing that he would die, if need be, rather n fail.

So then the author went in to have a talk with the d of the firm. He spread out the treasures of his l before this merchant, and the merchant sat and praised them with a cold and critical eye. But Thyr-, too, had learned something about trade by this time, l was watching the merchant; he made a desperate ort and summoned up the courage to state his dends—he wanted five hundred dollars advance, in inllments, and he wanted fifteen per cent. royalty upon book. To his wonder and amazement the merchant ver turned a hair at this; and before they parted mpany, the incredible bargain had been made, and ited only the signing of the contracts!

Thyrsis went out from the building like a blind man o had suddenly received his sight. It seemed to him that moment as if the last problem of his life had en solved. He sent off a telegram to Corydon to tell of the victory, and a letter to Darrell, saying that need send no more money—that the path was clear fore his feet at last!

§ 7. This marked a new stage in the family's finanl progress; and as usual it was signalized by a grand bauch in bill-paying. Also there was a real table-

cover for Corydon, and a vase in which she might pu
spring-flowers; there were new dresses for the baby
and more important yet, a new addition to the hous
This was to be a sort of lean-to at the rear, sixtee
feet wide and eight feet deep, and divided into tw
apartments, one of which was to be the kitchen, and th
other an extra bed-room. For they were going to kee
a servant!

This was a new decision, to which they had com
after much hesitation and discussion. It would be
frightful expense—including the cost of the extra foo
it would add over thirty dollars a month to their ex
penses; but it was the only way they could see th
least hope of freedom, of any respite from household
drudgery. It had been just a year now since the
had set out upon their adventure in domesticity; an
in that time Corydon figured that she had prepare
two thousand meals for the baby. She had fed eac
one of them, spoonful by spoonful, into his mouth; an
also she had washed two thousand spoons and dishe
and brushed off two thousand tables, and swept tw
thousand floors. And with every day of such drudger
the heights of music and literature seemed further awa
and more unattainable.

Thyrsis had seen something of servants in earli
days—he had memories of strange figures that durin
intervals of prosperity had flitted through his mother'
home. There had been the frail, anæmic Swedi
woman, who lived on tea and sugar, and afterwards ha
gone away and borne nine children, more frail an
anæmic than herself; there had been the stout pe
sonage with the Irish brogue who had dropped th
Christmas turkey out of the window and had not tak
the trouble to go down after it; there had been the lit

negress who had gone insane, and hurled the salt-
at his mother's head. But Thyrsis was hoping that
y might avoid such troubles themselves; he had an
a that by watching at Castle Garden they might lay
d upon some young peasant-girl from Germany, who
uld be untouched by any of the corruptions of civi-
tion. "A sort of Dorothea", he suggested to Cory-
n; and they agreed that they would search diligently
d find such a "*treffliches Mädchen*", who would be
sting and affectionate, and would talk in German
h the baby.

So now he spent several days hunting in strange
ces; and at last, in a dingy East-side employment-
ce, he came upon his *Schatz*. She was buxom and
rty, and fairly oozed good-nature at every pore;
had only been a week in the country, and was evi-
tly naïve enough for any purpose whatever. She
d no golden hair like Dorothea, but was swarthy—
German was complicated with a Hungarian accent,
d with strange words that one had not come upon in
ethe and Freitag, and could not find in any dic-
nary.

Thyrsis helped to gather up her various bags and
ndles, and transported her out to the country. On
train he set to work to gain her confidence, and was
thwith entertained with the tale of all her heart-
ubles. Back in the Hungarian village she had fallen
ove with the son of a rich farmer, quite in Hermann
d Dorothea fashion; but alas, in this case there had
n no "*gute verständige Mutter*" and no "*würdiger
rrer*"—instead there had been a hateful step-mother,
d so the "*treffliches Mädchen*" had had to come away.
They reached the little cottage at last; and then what
house-cleaning there was, what scrubbing of floors

and brushing out the cobwebs, and scouring of lam chimneys and scraping of kettles and sauce-pans! A what a relief it was for Corydon and Thyrsis to able to go off for a walk together, without first havi to carry the baby up to the farm-house! And how ve poetical it was to come back and discover Dorothea wi the baby in her lap, feeding it a supper of *butte brod* with a slice of raw bacon!

As time went on, alas, it came more and more to se that the Dorothea idyl had not been meant to be tak as a work of realism. The "*treffliches Mädchen*" w perhaps *too* kind-hearted; her emotions were too volu inous for so small a house, her personality seem to spread all over it. She would sing Hungarian lo ditties at her work; and somehow calling these "fol songs" did not help matters. Also, alas, she distri uted about the house strange odors—of raw onio boiled cabbage and perspiration. So, after three wee poor Dorothea had to be sent away—weeping copious and bewildered over this cruel misfortune. Coryd and Thyrsis went back again to washing their o dishes; being glad to pay the price for quietness a privacy, and vowing that they would never again t to "keep a servant".

§ 8. The spring-time had come; not so much t spring-time of poets and song-birds, as the spring-ti of cold rains and wind. But still, little by little, t sun was getting the better of his enemies; and so w infinite caution they reduced the quantity of the bab apparel, and got him and his "bongie cowtoos" upon the piazza.

Meantime Thyrsis was over at his own place, wre ling with the book again. He had told himself that

ld be easy, now that he was free from the money-
or. But alas, it was not easy, and nothing could
e it easy. If he had more energy, it only meant
his vision reached farther, and set him a harder
. Never in his life did he write a book, the last
rter of which was not to him a nightmare labor.
would be staggering, half blind with exhaustion—
a runner at the end of a long race, with a rival
e at his heels.

lso, as usual, his stomach was beginning to weaken
er the strain. He would come over sometimes, late
he afternoon, and lay his head in Corydon's lap,
ost sobbing from weariness; and yet, after he had
en a little and helped her with the hardest of her
ks, he would go away again, and work half through
night. There was nothing else he could do—there
s no escaping from the thing; if he lay down to rest,
went for a walk, it would be only to think about it
whole time. He would feel that he was not getting
ugh exercise, and he would drive himself to some
lily tasks; but there was never anything that he
ld do, that he did not have the book eating away at
mind in the meantime. It was one of the calamities
his life that there was no way for him to play; all
could do was to take a stroll with Corydon, or to
mp over the country by himself.

He finished the book in May; and he knew that it was
od. He sent it off to Mr. Ardsley, and Mr. Ardsley,
, declared himself satisfied, and sent the balance of
e money. So Thyrsis sank back to get his breath, and
put back some flesh upon his skeleton. He was wont
say when he was writing, one could measure his
ogress upon a scales; every five thousand words he
ished cost him a Shylock's price.

This summer was, upon the whole, the happiest tir
they had yet known. The book was scheduled to appe
early in September; and they had money enough to la
them meantime, with careful economy. Their little hor
was beautiful; they planted some sweet peas and rose
and Thyrsis even began to dig at a vegetable-garde
Also, it was strawberry-time, and cherry-time was nea
nor did they overlook the fact that they lived in clo
proximity to a peach-orchard. These, perhaps, we
prosaic considerations, and not of the sort which Thy
sis had been accustomed to associate with spring-tim
But this he hardly realized—so rapidly was the disci
line of domesticity bringing his haughty spirit to term

He built a rustic seat in the woods, where they mig
sit and read; he built a table beside the house, whe
the dishes might be washed under the blue sky; a
he perfected an elaborate set of ditches and dykes,
that the rain-storms would not sweep away their mi
and butter in the stream. He talked of building a p
for chickens—and might have done so, only he di
covered that the perverse creatures would not lay e
cept at the time when eggs were cheap and one did n
care so much about them. He even figured on the co
of a cow, and the possibility of learning to milk it; a
was so much enthralled by these bucolic occupatio
that he wrote a magazine-article to acquaint his stru
gling brother and sister poets with the fact that the
too, might escape to the country and live in a hom
made house!

With the article there went a picture of the hou
and also one of the baby, who had been waxing enc
mous, and now constituted a fine advertisement. T
winter had seemed to agree with him, and the summ
agreed with him even better. Thyrsis would smile n

d then, thinking of his ideas of martyrdom; it was
de evident that one member of the family was not
nded for anything of the sort. The parents might
come so much absorbed in their soul-problems that
ey forgot the dinner-hour; but one could have set
watch by the appetite of the baby. Nature had
ovided him, among other protections, with a truly
enomenal pair of lungs; and whenever life took a
rse that was not satisfactory to him, he would roar
face to a terrifying purple.

He was one overwhelming and incessant outcry for
venture. He would toddle all day about the place,
tting his "mungies" into all sorts of messes. He was
rd to fit into so small a place, and there were times
en his parents were tempted to wish that some phe-
menon a trifle less portentous had fallen to their lot.
t for the most part he was a great hope—a sort of
ible atonement for their sufferings. He at least was
achievement; he was something they had done. And
could not be undone, nor doubted—he put all skep-
ism to flight. In his vicinity there was no room for
ssimistic philosophies, for *Weltschmerz* or *Karma*.

Thyrsis would sit now and then and watch him at
ay, and think thoughts that went deep into the mean-
g of things. Here was, in its very living presence,
at blind will-to-be which had seized them and flung
em together. And it seemed to Thyrsis that somehow
ature, with her strange secret chemistry, had repro-
ced all the elements they had brought to that union.
is child was immense, volcanic, as their impulse had
en; he was intense, highly-strung, and exacting—
d these qualities too they had furnished. Curious
o it was to observe how Nature, having accomplished
r purpose, now flung aside her concealments and de-

vices. From now on they existed to minister to th
new life-phenomenon, to keep it happy and prosperou
and she cared not how plain this might become to the
—she feared not to taunt and humiliate them. An
they accepted her sentence meekly, they no longer tri
to oppose her. Her will was become an axiom whic
they never disputed, which they never even discusse
No matter what might happen to them in future, th
Child must go on!

§ 9. Thyrsis utilized this summer of leisure to be
gin a course of reading in Socialism—a subject whic
had been stretching out its arms to him ever since h
had made the acquaintance of Henry Darrell. He ha
held away from it on purpose, not wishing to compl
cate his mind with too many problems. But now he ha
finished with history, and was free to come back to th
world of the present.

There were the pamphlets that Darrell had given hin
and there was Paret's magazine. Strange to say, th
latter's reckless jesting with the philanthropists an
reformers no longer offended Thyrsis—he had bee
travelling fast along the road of disillusionment. Also
there was a Socialist paper in New York—"Th
Worker"; and more important still, there was the "Ap
peal to Reason". Thyrsis came upon a chance refe
ence to this paper, which was published in a little tow
in Kansas, and he was astonished to learn that
claimed a circulation of two hundred thousand copi
a week. He became a subscriber, and after that th
process of his "conversion" was rapid.

The Appeal was an "agitation-paper". Its busines
was to show that side of the capitalist process whic
other publications tried to conceal, or at any rate t

and dress up and make presentable. Each week
e four closely-printed newspaper-pages, picturing
rors in mills and mines, telling of oppression and
ıstice, of unemployment and misery, accident,
ase and death. There would be accounts of political
ruption—of the buying of legislatures and courts,
he rule of "machines" of graft in city and state
nation. There would be tales of the manners and
als of the idle rich, set against others of the suf-
ngs of the poor. And week by week, as he read
pondered, Thyrsis began to realize the absurd in-
quacy of the placid statement which he had made
is first Socialist acquaintance—that the solution of
ı problems was to be left to "evolution". It be-
e only too clear to him that here was another war
he class-war; and that it was being fought by the
ters with every weapon that cunning and greed
ld lay hands upon or contrive. In that struggle
rsis saw clearly that his place was in the ranks
he disinherited and dispossessed.

This was not a difficult decision; for in the first place
vas one of the disinherited and dispossessed himself;
in the next place, even before the "economic screw"
penetrated his consciousness, he had been a rebel
is sympathies and tastes. Jesus, Isaiah, Milton,
lley—such men as these had been the friends of his
; and he had sought in vain for their spirit in
lern society—he had thought that it was dead, and
he, and a few other lonely dreamers in garrets,
e the only ones who knew or cared about it. But
he came upon the amazing discovery that this
it, driven from legislative-halls and courts of jus-
from churches and schools and editorial sanctums,
flamed into life in the hearts of the working class,

and was represented in a political party which nu
bered some thirty millions of adherents and cast so
seven million votes!

Beginning nearly a century ago, these workingm
had taken the spirit of Jesus and Isaiah and Mil
and Shelley, and had worked out a scientific basis
it, and a method whereby it could be made to count
the world of affairs. They had analyzed all the e
of modern society—poverty and luxury, social and
litical corruption, prostitution, crime and war; th
had not only discovered the causes of them, but had l
down with mathematical precision the remedies, and l
gone on to carry the remedies into effect. In ev
civilized land upon the globe they were at work a
political party of protest; they were holding conv
tions and adopting programs; they had an enorm
literature, they were publishing newspapers and ma
zines, many of them having circulations of hundr
of thousands of copies.

The strangest thing of all was this. Thyrsis was
educated man—or was supposed to be. He had sp
five years in schools, and nine years in colleges and u
versities; he had given the scholars of the world full
portunity to guide him to whatever was of importan
Also, he had been an omnivorous reader upon his c
impulse; and here he was, at the end of it all—pra
cally ignorant that this enormous movement existed

In economic classes in college there had, of cou
been some mention of Socialism; but this had been
the utopian variety, the dreams of Plato and St. Sim
and Fourier. There had been some account of the
numerable communities which had sprung up in Am
ica—with careful explanation, however, that they l
all proven failures. Also one heard vaguely of M

Lassalle, two violent men, whose ideas were still
ular among the ignorant masses of Europe, but
d be of no concern to the fortunate inhabitants of
ee Republic.

nd then, after this, to come upon some piece of writ-
—such as, for instance, the "Communist Manifesto"!
read this mile-stone in the progress of civiliza-
, this marvellous exposition of the development of
an societies, and of the forces which drive and con-
them; and to realize that two lonely students, who
cast in their lot with the exploited toilers, had been
to predict the whole course of political and in-
rial evolution for sixty years, and to foresee and
ound with precision the ultimate outcome of the
le process—matters of which the orthodox econo-
s were still as ignorant as babes unborn!

r to discover the writings of such a man as Karl
tsky, the intellectual leader of the modern move-
t in Germany; such books as "The Social Revolu-
", and "The Road to Power"—in which one seemed
see a giant of the mind, standing in a death-duel
those forces of night and destruction that still
le of the fair earth a hell! With what accuracy he
able to measure the strength of these powers of
, to anticipate their every move, to plan the exact
ry with which to meet them! To Thyrsis he seemed
some general commanding an army in battle, with
hopes of future ages hanging upon his skill. But
was a general who fought, not with sword and
but with ideas; a conqueror in the cause of "right
on and the will of God". He wrote simply, as a
ntist; and yet one could feel the passion behind the
t words—the hourly shock of the incessant con-
, the grim persistence which pressed on in the face

of obloquy and persecution, the courage which had be tested through generations of anguish and toil.

Thyrsis' mind rushed through these things like prairie-fire; and all the time that he read, his wond grew upon him. How *could* he have been kept ignora of them? He was quick to pounce upon the essenti fact, that this was no accident; it was something th must have been planned and brought about deliberatel He had thought that he was being educated, when reality he was being held back and fenced off fro truth. It was a world-wide conspiracy—it was th very class-war which the established order was wagin upon these men and their ideas!

§ 10. It was not difficult for any one to understan the ideas, if he really wished to. They began with t fact of "surplus value". One man employed anoth man for the sake of the wealth he could be made to pr duce, over what he was paid as wages. That seeme obvious enough; and yet, what consequences came fro following it up! Throughout human history men ha been setting other men to work; whether they we called slaves, or serfs, or laborers, or servants, t motive-power which had set them to work had bee the desire for "surplus value". And as the proce went on, those who appropriated the profits combin for mutual protection; and so out of the study of "su plus value" came the discovery of the "class-struggle Human history was the tale of the arising of son dominating class, and of the struggle of some subje class for a larger share of what it produced. Huma governments were devices by which the master-cla preserved its power; and whatever may have been t original purposes of arts and religions, in the end the

l always been seized by the master-class, and used aids in the same struggle.

One came to the culmination of the process in modern pitalist society. Here was a class entrenched in wer, owning the sources of wealth, the huge machines ereby it was produced, and the railroads whereby it s distributed, and above all, the financial resources on which the other processes depended. One saw this ss holding itself in power by means of the policeman's b and the militiaman's rifle, by machine-gun and ttle-ship; one saw that, whether by bribery or by tright force, it had seized all the powers of governnt, of legislatures and executives and courts. One w that in the same way it had seized upon the sources ideas; it controlled the newspapers and the churches d the colleges, that it might shape the thoughts of n and keep them content. It set up in places of thority men whose views were agreeable to it—who lieved in the beneficence of its rule and the permanence its system; who would pour out ridicule and contempt on those who suggested that any other system might conceivable. And so the class-war was waged, not rely in the world of industry and politics, but also the intellectual world.

And step by step, as the processes of capitalism culnated, this war increased in bitterness and intensity. or, of course, as capital heaped up and its control came concentrated, the ratio of exploitation increased. he great mass of labor was unorganized and helpless; hereas the masters had combined and fixed their prices; nd so day by day the cost of living increased, and isery and discontent increased with it. As capital exanded, and new machines of production were added, here were more and more goods to sell, and more and

more difficulty in finding markets; and so came ove
production and unemployment, panics and crises;
came wars for foreign markets—with new opportu
ties of plunder for the exploiters and new hardshi
and new taxes for the producers. And so was fulfil
the prophecy of Marx and Engels; under the pressu
of bitter necessity the proletariat was organizing a
disciplining itself, training its own leaders and thinke
forming itself into a world-wide political party, wh
destiny it was to conquer the powers of government
every land, and use them to turn out the exploiters, a
to put an end to the rule of privilege.

This change was what the Socialists meant by t
"revolution"—the transfer of the ownership of t
means of production; and it was about that issue th
the class-war was waged. Nothing else but th
counted; without that all reform was futility, and
benevolence was mockery, and all knowledge was i
norance. So long as the means of producing necessiti
were owned by a few, and used for the advantage of
few, just so long must there be want in the midst
plenty, and darkness over all the earth. Whatever e
one went out into the world to combat, he came
realize that he could do nothing against it, because
was bound up with the capitalist system, was in fa
itself that system. If little children were shut up
sweat-shops, if women were sold into brothels, it w
not for any fault of theirs, it was not the work of a
devil—it was simply because of the "surplus valu
they represented. If weaker nations were conquer
and "civilized", that, too, was for "surplus value
And these epidemics of "graft" that broke out up
the body politic—they were not accidental or sporad
things, and they were not to be remedied by puttin

number of men in jail; they were to be understood
he system whereby an industrial oligarchy had ren-
d impotent a political democracy, and had fenced
t from the fields of privilege.

nd so also was it with the dullness and sterility that
ailed in the intellectual world. The master-class
ot want ideas—it only wanted to be let alone; and
put in the seats of authority men who were blind
he blazing beacon-fires of the future. It would be
xaggeration to say that the intellectual and cul-
l system of the civilized world was conducted,
her deliberately or instinctively, for the purpose
eeping the truth about exploitation from becoming
to the people.

he master-class owned the newspapers and ran them.
ad built and endowed the churches, and taught the
gy to feed out of its hand. In the same way it had
ded the colleges, and named the trustees, who in
named the presidents and professors. The ordi-
mortal took it for granted that because vener-
bishops and dignified editors and learned college-
essors were all in agreement as to a certain truth,
must be some inherent probability in that truth;
never once perceived how the cards were stacked
the dice loaded—how those clergymen and editors
professors had all been selected because they be-
d that truth to be true, and believed the contrary
hood to be false!

nd how smoothly and automatically the system
ked! How these dignitaries stood together, and held
ach other's hands, maintaining the august tradi-
the atmosphere of authority and power! The
ops praising the editors, and the editors praising
rofessors, and the professors praising the bishops!

And when the circle was completed, what *lèse maje* it seemed for an ordinary mortal to oppose their c clusions!

The bishops, one perceived, were "orthodox"—t is to say they were concerned with barren formul and they were "spiritual"—they were concerned w imaginary future states of bliss. The editors w "safe" and "conservative"—that is to say, their s were dead and their eyes were sealed and their god property. And when it came to the selecting of college professors, of the men who were to guide instruct the forthcoming generations—what prec tions would be taken then! What consultations and vestigations, what testimonials and interviews and ex inations! For after all, in these new days, it could no easy matter to find men whose minds were steriliz who could face without blenching all the horrors of capitalist régime! Who could see courts and congres bought and sold; who could see children ground up mills and factories, and women driven by the lash want to sell their bodies; who could see the surplus the world's wealth squandered in riot and debauche and the nations armed and drilled and sent out slaughter each other in the quest for more. Who co know that all these things existed, and yet remain their cloistered halls and pursue the placid ways scholarship; who could teach history which regar them as inevitable; who could care for literature t had been made for the amusement of slave-drivers, art which existed for the sake of art, and not for sake of humanity; who could know everything that usseless, and teach everything that was uninteresti and could be dead at once to the warnings of the p and to all that was vital and important in the prese

§ 11. Not since he had discovered the master-key Evolution had Thyrsis come upon any set of ideas t meant so much to him. It was not that these were to him—they were the stuff out of which his whole had been made; but here they were ordered and tematized—he had a handle by which to take hold them. The name of this handle was "the economic erpretation of history". And its import was that as did not come by hazard, or out of the air, but re products of social conditions; and that when one w by what method the wealth of any community s produced, and by what class its "surplus value" s appropriated—then and then only could one unstand the arts and customs, the sciences and reons, which that community would evolve.

n the light of this great principle Thyrsis had to ise all his previous knowledge; he had to cast out s of rubbish from the chambers of his mind, and rt his thinking life all over again. Just as, in early rs, he had exchanged miracles and folk-tales for ts of natural science; so now he saw political instiions and social codes, literary and artistic canons, and ical and philosophical systems, no longer as things d and excellent, having relationship to truth—but ply as intrenchments and fortifications in the class-, as devices which some men had used to deceive and nder some other men. What a light it threw upon losophy, for instance, to perceive it, not as a search truth, but as a search for justification upon the t of ruling classes, and for a basis of attack upon part of subject-classes!

So, for instance, on the one side one found Rousseau, on the other Herbert Spencer. Thyrsis had read ncer, and had cordially disliked him for his dogma-

tism and his callousness; but now he read Kropotkin "Mutual Aid as a Factor in Evolution", and came a realization of how the whole science of biology h been distorted to suit the convenience of the Briti ruling-classes. *Laissez-faire* and the Manchester scho had taught him that "each for himself and the devil ta the hindmost" was the universal law of life; and had accepted it, because there seemed nothing else th he could do. But now, in a sudden flash, he came see that the law of life was exactly the opposite; ever where throughout nature that which survived was n ruthless egotism, but co-operative intelligence. Th solitary and predatory animals were now almost e tirely extinct; and even before the advent of man wi his social brain, it had been the herbivorous and gr garious animals which had become most numerou When it came to man, was it not perfectly obvious th the races which had made civilization were those whi had developed the nobler virtues, such as honor a loyalty and patriotism? And now it was proposed trample them into the mire of "business"; to abando the race to a glorified debauch of greed! And th travesty of science was taught in ten thousand schoo and colleges throughout America—and all because ce tain British gentlemen had wished to work their cotto operatives fourteen hours a day, and certain others h wished to keep land which their ancestors had seized the days of William the Conqueror! Shortly after th Thyrsis came upon Edmond Kelly's great work, "Go ernment, or Human Evolution"; and so he realized th Herbert Spencer's social philosophy had at last be cleared out of the pathway of humanity. And this w a great relief to him—it was one more back-breakin task that he did not have to contemplate!

§ 12. Then one of his Socialist friends sent him horstein Veblen's "Theory of the Leisure Class"; a ook which he read in a continuous ebullition of glee. ruly it was a delicious thing to find a man who could nploy the lingo of the ultra-sophisticated sociologist, nd use it in a demonstration of the most revolutionary ropositions. The drollery of this was all the more enoyable because Thyrsis could never be sure that the uthor himself intended it—whether his sesquipedalian ony might not be a pure product of nature, untouched y any human art.

Veblen's book might have been called a study of the ltimate destiny of "surplus value"; an economic inrpretation of the social arts and graces, of "fashions" nd "fads". Where men competed for the fruit of each her's labor, the possession of wealth was the sign of xcellence. This excellence men wished to demonstrate others; and step by step, as the methods of prouction and exploitation changed, one might trace the hange in the methods of this demonstration. The avage chief began with nose-rings and anklets, and the ophies of his fights; then, as he grew richer, he would nploy courtiers and concubines, and shine by vicarious lendor. He would give banquets and build palaces the end being always "the conspicuous consumption goods".

Later on came those stages when he no longer had to in his wealth by physical prowess; when cunning took e place of force, and he ruled by laws and religions d moral codes, and handed down his power through ng lines of descendants. Then ostentation became a ghly specialized and conventionalized thing—its cririon changing gradually to "conspicuous waste of ne". Those characteristics were cultivated which

served to advertise to the world that their possessor ha never had to earn wealth, nor to do anything for hin self; the aristocrat became a special type of being, wit small feet and hands and a feeble body, with speci ways of walking and talking, of dressing and eatin and playing. He developed a separate religion, a sepa rate language, separate literatures and arts, separat vices and virtues. And fantastic and preposterous a some of these might seem, they were real things, the were the means whereby the leisure-class individual too part in the competition of his own world, and secure his own prestige and the survival of his line. Som philosopher had said that virtue is a product like vine gar; and it was a pleasant thing to discover that Frenc heels and "picture-hats" and course-dinners were pro ducts also.

Thyrsis would read passages of this book aloud t Corydon, and they would chuckle over it together; bu the reading of it did not bring Corydon the same un alloyed delight. In the leisure-class *régime*, the woma is a cherished possession—for it is through her tha the ability to waste both time and goods can best b shown. So came Veblen's grim and ironic exposition of the leisure-class woman, an exposition which Cory don found almost too painful to be read. Fo Corydon's ancestors, as far back as documents coul trace, had been members of that class. They had left her the frail and beautiful body, conspicuous ly useless and dependent; they had left her all th leisure-class impulses and cravings, all the leisure-clas impotences and futilities to contend with. They had taught her nothing about cooking, nothing about sew ing, nothing about babies, nothing about money; they had taught her only the leisure-class dream of "love

a cottage"—and she had run away with a poor poet try it out!

The depth of these instincts in Corydon was amus-ly illustrated by the fact that she always woke up ll and discouraged, and was seldom really herself til afternoon; and that along about ten o'clock at ght, when for the sake of her health she should have en going to bed, she would be laughing, talking, sing-, ablaze with interest and excitement. Thyrsis uld point this out to her, and please himself by turing the rôle which she should have been filling—aring an empire gown and a rope or two of rubies, d presiding in an opera-box or a *salon*. Corydon uld repudiate all this with indignation; but all the me she never escaped from the phrases of Veblen—remained his "leisure-class wife" from that day th. Not so very long afterwards they came upon sen's "Hedda Gabler"; and Thyrsis shuddered to ob-ve that of all the heroines in the world's literature, t was the one which most appealed to her. Nor did fail to observe the working of the thing in himself; subtle and deeply-buried instinct which made him fer to be wretched with a "leisure-class wife" rather n to be contented with a plebeian one!

Book XIV

THE PRICE OF RANSOM

The faint grey of dawn was stealing across the lak
and still the spell was upon them.

"There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here
Sole in these fields! yet will I not despair."

So she whispered; and he answered her—

"He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep,
Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.
Some life of men unblest
He knew, which made him droop, and filled his hea
He went; his piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground

1. In the course of that summer there befell Cory-
an adventure; Thyrsis had gone off one day for a
k, and when he came back she told him about it—
a young lady had stopped at the house to ask for
rink of water, and had sat upon the piazza to rest,
had talked with her. Now Corydon was in a state
excitement over a discovery.

Whenever Thyrsis met a stranger, it was necessary
him to go through elaborate intellectual processes,
ind the person out by an exchange of ideas. And
by any chance the person was insincere, and used
is as a blind and a cover, then Thyrsis might never
him out at all. In other words, he took people at
face-value of their cultural equipment; and only
r long and tragic blunderings could he by any
nce get deeper. But with his wife it happened quite
erwise; this case was the first which he witnessed, but
same thing happened many times afterwards. With
there would be a strange flash of recognition; it
a sort of intuition, perhaps a psychic thing—who
ld tell? By some unknown process in soul-chemistry,
would divine things about a person that he might
e been a life-time in finding out.

t might be a burst of passionate interest, or on the
er hand, of repugnance and fear. And long years
practice taught Thyrsis that this instinct of hers
never to be disregarded. Not once in all her life
he know her to give her affection to a base person;
if ever he disregarded her antipathies, he did it to

his cost. Once they were sitting in a restaurant, an man was brought up to be introduced by a friend; was a person of not unpleasant aspect, courteous apparently a gentleman, and yet Corydon flushed, could scarcely keep her seat at the table, and wo not give the man her hand. Years after Thyrsis ca upon the discovery about this man, that he made a pr tice of unnatural vices.

He came home now to find Corydon flushed with citement. "She has such a beautiful soul!" she claimed. "I never met anyone like her. And we j took to each other; she told me all about herself, a we are going to be friends."

"Who is she?" asked Thyrsis.

"She's visiting Mr. Harding, the clergyman Bellevue," was the answer.

Bellevue was a town in the valley, on the other s from the university; it had a Presbyterian chur whose young pastor Thyrsis had met once or twice his tramps about the country. This Miss Gordon, seemed, was the niece of an elderly relative, his hou keeper; she was studying trained nursing, and aft wards intended to go out as a missionary to Africa.

"She's so anxious to meet you," Corydon went "She's coming up to see me to-morrow, and she's goi to bring Mr. Harding. You won't mind, will yo Thyrsis?"

"I guess I can stand it if he can," said Thyrs grimly.

"You mustn't say anything to hurt their feelings said Corydon, quickly. "She's terribly orthodox, y know; and she takes it so seriously. I was surpris —I had never thought that I could stand anybody li that."

yrsis merely grunted.

guess ideas don't matter so much after all," said
don. "It's a deep nature that I care about. But
fancy—she was pained because the baby hadn't
baptized!"

ou ought to have hid the dreadful truth," said

couldn't hide things from her," laughed Corydon.
she says I can make a Socialist out of her, and
make a Christian out of me!"

is reply was, "Wait until she discovers the sensuous
erament!"

ut Corydon answered that Delia Gordon had a
ious temperament also. "She seemed to me like a
of Arc. Just think of her going away from all
family, to a station on the Congo River! She told
ll about it—how wretched the people are, and what
women suffer. She woke up in the middle of the
t, and a voice told her to go—told her the name
he place. And she'd never heard it before, and
'd had the least idea of going away!"

hyrsis was unmoved by this miracle. "I suppose,"
aid, "you'll be hearing voices yourself, and going
her. Tell me, is she pretty?"

You wouldn't call her pretty," said Corydon, after
tle thought. "She's just—just dear. Oh, Thyrsis,
nply fell in love with her!"

You certainly chose an odd kind of an affinity," he
. "A Presbyterian missionary!"

It's worse than that," confessed Corydon. "She's
eventh-day Adventist."

Good God! And what may that be?"

Why, she keeps Saturday instead of Sunday. She
s it the Sabbath. And she thinks that 'evolution' is

wicked, and she believes in some kind of a hell! Sh
not just sure what kind, apparently."

"You watch out," said he, "or the first thing
know she'll be baptizing the baby behind your back."

"Would that do any good?" asked Corydon, gu
lessly.

He laughed as he answered, "It would, from
point of view."

To which she replied, "Well, if we didn't know it
the baby didn't, I guess it wouldn't do any harm."

"And it might save him from some kind of a hel
added Thyrsis.

§ 2. Miss Gordon came the next morning, M
Harding with her; and the four sat out under the tr
and talked. She was a girl some three years older th
Corydon, but much more mature; she was short, b
athletic in build, and with a bright personality. Thy
sis could see at once those fine qualities of idealism a
fervor which had attracted Corydon; and to his su
prise he found that, in addition to her religious virtu
the Lord had generously added a sense of humor.
Delia Gordon was really a person with whom one cou
have a good time.

The Lord had not been quite so generous with t
Rev. Mr. Harding, apparently. Mr. Harding w
about thirty years of age, tall and finely-built, with
slight, fair moustache, and a rather girlish complexio
He was evidently of a sentimental inclination, very sen
tive, and a lovable person; but the sense of hum
Thyrsis judged was underdeveloped. He was inclin
towards social-reform, and had a club for workin
boys in his town, of which he was very proud; he ask
Thyrsis to come and give a literary talk to these boy

Thyrsis replied that his views of things were hardly odox. When the clergyman asked for elucidation, rsis added, with a smile, "I don't believe that Jonah swallowed the whale". Whereupon Mr. Harding eeded with all gravity to correct his misapprehen- of this legend.

he fires of friendship, thus suddenly lighted between two girls, continued to burn. Delia Gordon came ly every day to see Corydon, and once or twice rdon went down to the town and had lunch with They told each other all the innermost secrets of hearts, and in the evening Corydon would retail e to Thyrsis, who was thus put in the way to acquire knowledge of human nature so essential to a list. Delia had never been in love, it seemed—her passion was for savage tribes along the Congo; Mr. Harding had been involved in a heart-tragedy time ago, and was supposed to be still inconsolable. edible as it might seem, he was apparently not in with Delia.

so, needless to say, the pair did not fail to thresh problems of theology. Delia made in due course dreadful discovery of the sensuous temperament; also she probed to the depths the frightful ocean northodoxy that was hid beneath the placid sur- of Corydon. But strange to say, this did not her, nor make any difference in their friendship. rsis took that for the sign of a liberal attitude, Corydon corrected him with a shrewd observation She's so sure of her own truth she can't believe in reality of any other. She *knows* I'll come to Jesus her some day!"

was a wonderful thing to Thyrsis to see his wife's piness just then; she was like a flower which has

been wilting, and suddenly receives a generous sh of rain. It was just what he had prayed for; ha seen all along that her wretchedness was owing to being shut up alone with him. So now he did his to repress his own opinions, and to let the two fr work out their problem undisturbed.

"Oh, Thyrsis," Corydon exclaimed to him, one n "if I could only have her with me, I'd be happy alwa

"Then why don't you get her to stay with y asked Thyrsis, quickly.

"Ah, but she wouldn't think of it," said Cory "She doesn't really care about anything in the w but her Congo savages!"

"We might try," said he. "When does she com her course?"

"Not until the end of the year."

"Well, we can do a lot of arguing in that time. when the book is out, we'll have money enough, so we can offer to pay her. She might become a sor 'mother's helper.'"

§ 3. So Thyrsis began a struggle with Jesus the Congo savages, for the possession of Delia's s He set to work to interest her in his work; he gave his first novel, which contained no theology at all; also "The Hearer of Truth"—the social radicalism which he was pleased to see did not alarm her. then he gave her the war-novel, and saw with joy she was thrilled over that. He laid himself out to m his purpose and his vision clear to her; and t one afternoon, when Corydon had a headache and taking a nap, he led her off to a quiet place in woods, and set before her all the bitter tragedy of t lives.

e pictured the work he had to do, and the loneli-
to which this consigned Corydon; he told her of
horrors they had so far endured, and what effect
e had had upon his wife. He showed her what her
er was—how she could make life possible for both
hem. For she had that magic key which Thyrsis
elf did not possess, she could unlock the treasure-
nbers of Corydon's soul.

ut alas, Thyrsis soon perceived that his efforts had
in vain. Delia was stirred by his eloquence, but
only effect was to move her to an equally eloquent
ount of the sufferings of the natives of the Congo
n. It was important that he should get his books
ten; but how much more important it was that some
should be carried to these unhappy wretches!
y never saw any books, they were altogether beyond
reach; and who was to take the light to them? She
him harrowing tales of sick women, beaten and
ured and burned with fire to drive the devils out of
n.

hyrsis met this by attempting to broaden the girl's
al consciousness. He showed her how the waves
ntelligence, beginning at the top, spread to the
st strata of society—changing the character of all
an activities, and affecting the humblest life. He
ved her the capitalist system, and explained how it
ked; how it reached to the savage in the remotest
ner of the earth, and seized him and made him over
rding to its will. It was true, for instance—and
in any poetic sense, but literally and demonstrably
—that the fate of the Congo native was determined
Wall Street, and in the financial centres of London
Paris and Brussels and Berlin. The essential thing
ut the natives was that they represented rubber and

ivory. And Delia might go there, and try to tea
them and help them, but she would find that there w
forces engaged in beating them down and destroyi
them—forces in comparison with which she was as he
less as a child. It was true of the Congo blacks, as
was true of the people of the slums, of the proletari
of the whole earth, that there was no way to help the
save to overthrow the system which made of them, n
human beings, but commodities, to be purchased a
passed through the profit-mill, and then flung into t
scrap-heap.

But Thyrsis found to his pain that it was impossib
to make these considerations of any real import
Delia. She understood them, she assented to them; b
that did not make them count. Her impulses came fr
another part of her being. Her savages were nak
and hungry and ignorant and miserable; and th
needed to be fed and clothed, and more important y
to be baptized and saved. She was all the more impell
to her task by the fact that all the forces of civilizati
were arrayed against her. The fires of martyrd
were blazing in her soul. She meant to throw hers
over a precipice—and the higher the precipice, and t
more jagged the rocks beneath, the greater was t
thrill which the prospect brought her.

§ 4. They went back to the house; as Delia h
arranged to spend the night with them, and as Co
don's headache was better, the controversy was co
tinued far into the evening. Thyrsis took no part
it, he listened while Corydon pleaded for herself, a
pictured her loneliness and despair.

Delia put her arms about her. "Don't you s
dear," she argued—"all that is because you are witho

aith! You cast out Jesus, and deny him; and so
can *I* help you? If you believed what I do, you
ld not be lonely, even if you were in the heart of
ica."

"But how can I believe what isn't *true?*" cried Cory-
; and so the skeletons of theology came forth and
tled their bones once more.

A couple of hours must have passed, while Thyrsis
d nothing, but listened to Delia and watched her,
bing deeply into the agonies and futilities of life.
had given up all hope of persuading her to stay with
m; he thought only of the tragedy, that this noble
rit should be tangled up and blundering about in the
zes of a grotesque dogma. And the time came when he
ld endure it no more; something rose up within him,
hething tremendous and terrible, and he laid hold
Delia Gordon's soul to wrestle with it, as never be-
e had he wrestled with any human soul except
rydon's.

The truth of the matter was that Thyrsis loved the
gious people; it was among them that he had been
ught up, and their ways were his ways. This was
act that came to him rarely now, for he was hard-
ven and bitter; but it was true that when he sneered
the church and taunted it, he was like a parent who
ips a child he loves. Perhaps Paret had spoken
ly in one of his cruel jests—that when a man has
n brought up religious, he can never really get over
he can never really be free.

So now Thyrsis spoke to Delia as one who was him-
f of the faith of Jesus; he cried out to her that what
wanted was what he wanted, that all her attitudes
d ways of working were his. And here were mon-
ous evils alive upon the earth—here were all the

forces of hell unleashed, and ranging like savage be
destroying the lives of men and women! And those
truly cared, those who had the conscience and the f
of the world in their keeping—they were wasting t
time in disputations about barren formulas, quest
which had no relationship to human life! Question
the meaning of old Hebrew texts that had often no m
ing at all, and of folk-tales and fairy-stories out of
nursery of the race—the problem of whether Jo
had swallowed the whale, or the whale had swallo
Jonah—the problem of whether it was on Friday
Saturday that the Lord had finished the earth. Beca
of such things as this, they drove all thinking men f
their ranks, they degraded and made ridiculous
very name of faith! As he went on, the agony of
swept over Thyrsis—until it seemed to him as if
had the whole Christian Church before him, and
pleading with it in the voice of Jesus. Here was a
crucifixion—a crucifixion of civilization! Thyrsis c
out in the words, "Oh ye of little faith!" Truly,
it not the supreme act of infidelity, to make the sp
of religion, which was one with the impulse of all lif
the force that made the flower bloom and oak-tree to
and the infant cry for its food—to make it depend
upon Hebrew texts and Assyrian folk-tales! D
preached to him about "faith"; but what was her f
in comparison with his, which was a faith in all lif
which trusted the soul of man, and reason as part
the soul of man, a thing which God had put in ma
be used, and not to be feared and outraged.

Then came Delia. She would not admit that
faith depended upon texts and legends; it was a f
in the living God. She was not afraid of reason—
did not outrage it—

"But you do, you do!" cried Thyrsis. "Your whole itude is an outrage to it! You never speak of 'sci-ce' except as an evil thing. You told Corydon that olution' was wicked!"

"I don't see how evolution can help my faith"—gan the other.

"That's just it!" cried Thyrsis again. "That is actly what I mean! You do not pay homage to truth, u do not seek it for its own sake! You require that should fit into certain formulas that you have set up in other words that it should not interfere with your xts and your legends! And what is the result of that you have paralyzed all your activities, you have con-mned your intellectual life to sterility! For we live an age of science, we cannot solve our problems ex-pt by means of it; the forces of evil are using it, and ou are not using it, and so you are like a child in their nds! Not one of the social wrongs but could be put n end to—child-labor, poverty and disease, prostitu-on and drunkenness, crime and war! But you don't now how, and you can't find out how—simply because ou have thrown away the sharp tools of the intellect, nd filled your mind with formulas that mean nothing! ow can you understand modern problems, when you now nothing about economics? You have rejected volution'—so how can you comprehend the evolution f society? How can you know that civilization at this our is going down into the abyss—dragging you and our churches and your Congo savages with it? I who o understand these things—I have to go out and fight lone, while you are shut up in your churches, mumbling our spells and incantations, and poring over your Iebrew texts! And think of what I must suffer, know-ng as I do that the spirit that animates you—the fervor

and devotion, the 'hunger and thirst after right
ness'—would banish horror from the earth foreve
only it could be guided by intelligence!"

§ 5. All this, of course, was effort utterly wa
Thyrsis poured out his pleadings and exhortations
longing and his pain; and when he had finished, the
was exactly where she had been before—just as
trustful of "science", and just as blindly bent u
getting away to her savages and binding up t
wounds and baptizing them. And so at last he gav
in despair, and left Delia to go to bed, and went out
sat alone in the moonlight.

Afterwards, though it was long after midni
Corydon came out and joined him. He saw that
was flushed and trembling with excitement.

"Thyrsis!" she whispered. "That was a marvel
thing!"

He pressed her hand.

"And all thrown away!" she cried.

"You realized that, did you?" he asked.

"I realized many things. Why you set so m
store by ideas, for instance! I see that you are r
—one has to think straight!"

"It's like a steam-engine," said Thyrsis. "It do
matter how much power you get up, or how fast
make the wheels go—unless the switches are set ri
you don't reach your destination."

"You only land in the ditch!" added Corydon. "
that's just the way I felt to-night—she'd take
argument every time, and dump it into a ditch.
she'd see it there, and not care."

"She doesn't care about facts at all, Corydon.
notice this also—she doesn't care about succeed

at's the thing you must get straight—her religion a religion of failure! It comes back to that criticism Nietzsche's—it's a slave-morality. The world be- gs to the devil; and the idea of taking it away from devil seems to be presumptuous. Even if it could done, the attempt would be "unspiritual"; for the rld' is something corrupt—something that ought t to be saved. So you see, she's perfectly willing for Belgians to have the rubber."

"'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's'!" oted Corydon.

"Yes, and let Cæsar spend them on Cleo de Mérode. hat she wants is to save the *souls* of her savages— baptize them, and to perish gloriously at the work, d then be transported to some future life that is rth while. So you see what the immortality-mongers with our morality!"

"Ah!" cried Corydon, swiftly. "But that need not so!"

"But it *is* so!" he answered.

"No, no!" she protested. "You must not say that! hat is giving up—and I felt such a different mood you to-night! I wanted to tell you—we must do mething about it, Thyrsis! It made me ashamed of y own life. Here I am, failing miserably—and all that rk crying out to be done! I don't think I ever had ch a sense of your power before—the things you ght do, if only you could get free, if only I didn't and in your way! Oh, can't we cast the old mis- kes behind us, and go out into the world and preach at message?"

"But, my dear," said Thyrsis, "that wouldn't appeal you always. Your temperament——"

"Never mind my temperament!" she cried. "I am sick

of it, ashamed of it; I want the world to hear the trumpet-call! I want you to break your way into the churches—to make them listen to you, and realize their blasphemy of life!"

She caught hold of him and clung to him; he could feel, like an electric shock, the thrill of her excitement. He marvelled at the effect his words had produced upon her—realizing all the more keenly, in contrast with Delia, what a power of *mind* he had here to deal with. "Dearest," he said, "I must put these things into my books. You must stand by me and help me to put them into my books!"

§ 6. Delia Gordon went away to take up her work in the city; but for many months thereafter that missionary impulse stayed with them. They would find themselves seized with the longing to throw aside everything else, and to go out and preach Socialism with the living voice. They were still immersed in its literature: they read Bellamy's "Looking Backward", and Blatchford's "Merrie England", and Kropotkin's "Appeal to the Young". They read another book about England that moved them even more—a volume of sketches called "The People of the Abyss", by a young writer who was then just forging to the front—Jack London. He was the most vital among the younger writers of the time, and Thyrsis watched his career with eager interest. There was also not a little of wistful hunger in his attitude—he had visions of being the next to be caught up and transported to those far-off heights of popularity and power.

Also, they were kept in a state of excitement by the Socialist papers and magazines that came to them. There was a great strike that summer, and they fol-

ed the progress of it, reading accounts of the dis-
ss of the people. Every now and then the pain of
se things would prove more than Thyrsis could bear,
l he would blaze out in some fiery protest, which, of
ırse, the Socialist papers published gladly. So little
little Thyrsis was coming to be known in "the move-
nt". Some of his friends among the editors and pub-
ıers made strenuous protests against this course,
t little dreaming how deeply the new faith had im-
essed him.

In truth it was all that Thyrsis could do to hold him-
f in; it seemed to him that he no longer cared about
ything save this fight of the working-class for jus-
e. He was frightened by the prospect, when he
ppped to realize it; for he could not write anything
t what he believed, and one could not live by writing
out Socialism. He thought of his war-book, for
tance. It was but two or three months since he had
ished it, and it was his one hope for success and free-
m; and yet already he had outgrown it utterly. He
alized that if he had had to go back and do it over, he
uld not; he could never believe in any war again,
ver be interested in any war again. Wars were strug-
es among ruling-classes, and whoever won them, the
ople always lost. Thyrsis was now girding up his
ns for a war upon war.

So there were times when it seemed that a literary
reer would no longer be possible to him; that he
uld have to cast his lot altogether with the people,
d find his work as an agitator of the Revolution.
he day a marvellous plan flashed over him, and he
me to Corydon with it, and for nearly a week they
reshed it over, tingling with excitement. They would
ll their home, and raise what money they could, and

get themselves a travelling van and a team of horses and go out upon the road on a Socialist campaign.

It was a perfectly feasible thing, Thyrsis declared they would carry a supply of literature, and would get a commission upon subscriptions to Socialist papers. He pictured them drawing up on the main street of some country town, and ringing a dinner-bell to gather the people, and beginning a Socialist meeting. He would make a speech, and Corydon would sell pamphlets and books; they had animated discussions as to whether she might not learn to make a speech also. At least, he argued, she might sing Socialist songs!

Thyrsis was forever evolving plans of this sort, plans for doing something concrete, for coming into contact with the world of every day. The pursuit of literature was something so cold and aloof, so comfortable and conventional; one never pressed the hand of a person in distress, one never saw the light of hope and inspiration kindling in another's eyes. So he would dream of running a publishing-house or a magazine, of founding a library or staging a play, of starting a colony or a new religion. And then, after he had made himself drunk upon the imagining, he would take himself back to his real job. For that summer his only indiscretions were to buy several thousand copies of the "Appeal to Reason", and hire the old horse and buggy and distribute them over some thirty square miles of country; also to help to organize a club for the study of Socialism at the university; and finally, when he was in the city, to make a fiery speech at a meeting of some "Christian Socialists." Because of this the newspaper reporters dug out the accounts of his earlier adventures, and "wrote him up" with malicious banter ing. And this, alas—as the publisher pointed out—

a poor sort of preparation for the launching of the -novel.

eedless to add, the two did not fail to wrestle with e individuals whom they met. Thyrsis got a col- on of pamphlets, judiciously selected, and gave n to the butcher and the grocer, the store-clerks and hack-drivers in the town. But a college-town was oor place for Socialist propaganda, as he realized sinking heart; its population was made up of ters and servants, and there was even more snob- among the servants than among the masters. The n architectural features of the place were fraternity- ses and "eating-clubs", where the sons of the idle disported themselves; once or twice Thyrsis passed ough the town after midnight, and saw these young ows reeling home, singing and screaming in various ges of intoxication. Then he would think of little dren shut up in cotton-mills and coal-mines, of nen dying in pottery-works and lead-factories; and his way home he would compose a screed for the ppeal to Reason".

7. Another victim of their fervor was the Rev. Harding, who stopped in to see them several times n his tramps. Thyrsis would never have dreamed troubling Mr. Harding, but Corydon found "some- g in him", and would go at him hammer and gs whenever he appeared. It must have been a el experience for the clergyman; it seemed to fasci- e him, for he came again and again, and soon e a friendship sprang up between the two. She ld tell Thyrsis about it at great length, and so, course, he had to change his ideas about Mr. rding.

"Don't you see how fine and sensitive he is?" s would plead.

"No doubt, my dear," said Thyrsis. "But do you think he's maybe just a bit timid?"

"Timid," she replied. "But then think of his trai ing! And think what you are!"

"Yes, I suppose I'm pretty bad," he admitted.

This discussion took place after he and Mr. Hardi had had an argument, in which Thyrsis had remark casually that modern civilization was "crucifying Jes all over again." And when Mr. Harding asked f enlightenment, Thyrsis answered, "My dear man, crucify him according to the constitution. We tea the profession of crucifying him. We invest our capit in the business of crucifying him. We build church and crucify him in his own name!"

After which explosion Corydon said, "You let attend to Mr. Harding. I understand him, and h he feels about things."

"All right, my dear," assented Thyrsis. "When see him coming, I'll disappear."

But that would not do either, it appeared, for M Harding was a conventional person, and it was nece sary that he should feel he was calling on the head the family.

"Then," said Thyrsis, "I'm supposed to sit by a serve as a chaperon?"

"You're to answer questions when I ask you to replied Corydon.

Through Mr. Harding they made other acquain ances in Bellevue. There was a Mrs. Jennings, t wife of the young principal of the High School; th were simple and kindly people, who became fond Corydon, and would beg her to visit them. The g

craving for companionship, and she would plead Thyrsis to accompany her, and subject himself he agonies of "ping-pong" and croquet; and once wice he submitted—and so one might have beheld , at a lawn-party, hotly pressed by half a dozen utants, in a debate concerning the nature of Amer- institutions, and the future of religion and the e!

hyrsis seldom took human relationships seriously gh to get excited in such arguments; but Cory- with her intense and personal temperament, made ager and uncomfortable propagandist. How could one fail to see what was so plain to her? And so would bring books and pamphlets, and lend them it. There was a young man named Harry Stuart, a handsome fellow, who taught drawing at the High ool. In him, also, Corydon discovered possibilities; she repudiated indignantly the idea that his soul- eyes and waving brown hair had anything to do it. Harry Stuart was a guileless and enthusiastic ber of the State militia; but in spite of this sinister , Corydon went at him. She soon had her victim ning the midnight oil over Kautsky and Hyndman; behold, before the autumn had passed, the ill-fated ving-teacher had resigned from the State militia, was doing cartoons for the "Appeal to Reason"!

8. Corydon's excitement over these questions was the greater because she was just then making the overy of the relationship of Socialism to the prob- s of her own sex. Some one sent her a copy of rlotte Gilman's "Women and Economics"; she read t a sitting, and brought it to Thyrsis, who thus e to understand the scientific basis of yet another

article of his faith. He went on to other books—Lester Ward's "Sociology", and to Bebel's "Woman and to the works of Havelock Ellis. So he realized th women had not always been clinging vines and fr flowers and other uncomfortable things; and the ho that they might some day be interested in other matte than fashion and sentiment and the pursuit of the ma was not a vain fantasy and a utopian dream, but w rooted in the vital facts of life.

Throughout nature, it appeared, the female was oft the equal of the male; and even in human history the had been periods when woman had held her own wi man—when the bearing of children had not been a cau of degradation. Such had been the case with our raci ancestors, the Germans; as one found them in Tacitu their women were strong and free, speaking with t men in the council-halls, and even going into battle the need was great. It was only when they came und the Roman influence, and met slavery and its consequen luxury, that the Teutonic woman had started upon t downward path. Christianity also had had a gre deal to do with it; or rather the dogmas which a Roma fanatic had imposed upon the message of Jesus.

It was interesting to note how one might trace t enslavement of woman, step by step with the enslaveme of labor; the two things went hand in hand, and sto or fell together. So long as life was primitive, woma filled an economic function, and held her own with h mate. But with slavery and exploitation, the heapi up of wealth and the advent of the leisure-class *régim* one saw the woman becoming definitely the appenda of the man, a household ornament and a piece property; securing her survival, not by useful labo but by sexual charm, and so becoming specialized as

creature. For generations and ages the male had ted and bred in her those qualities which were most ulating to his own desires, which increased in him sense of his own dominance; and for generations ages he taught the doctrine that the proper sphere oman was the home. If he happened to be a Ger- emperor, he summed it up in the sneer of "Kuche, der, Kirche". So the woman became frail and im- nt physically, and won her success by the only od that was open to her—by finding some male n she could ensnare.

ich had been the conditions. But now, in the ent century, had come machinery, and the develop- of woman's labor; and also had come intelligence, woman's discovery of her chains. So there was suffrage movement and the Socialist movement. r the overthrow of the competitive wage-system of the leisure-class tradition, woman would no er sell her sex-functions, whether in marriage or titution; and so the sex might cease to survive by ices, and to infect the whole race with its intellectual moral impotence. So would be set free the enormous e that was locked up in the soul of woman; and an life would be transformed by the impulse of ions that were fundamental and primal. So Thyr- erceived the two great causes in which the progress umanity was bound up—the emancipation of labor the emancipation of woman; to educate and agitate organize for which became the one service that was h while in life.

9. The nights were beginning to grow chilly, and realized that autumn was at hand, and faced the pect of another winter in that lonely cabin. Paret,

who had come down to visit them, had given it a name "the soap-box in a marsh." Thyrsis saw clearly that could not settle down to hard work while they w shut up there. Corydon's headaches and prostrati seemed to be growing worse, and she could simply get through the winter without some help. As book was ready, they had some money in prospect, a their idea was that they would buy a farm with a go house. So they might keep a horse and a cow and so chickens; and there might be some outdoor work Thyrsis to do, instead of trudging aimlessly over country.

They utilized their spare time by getting the horse and buggy, and inspecting and discussing all farms within five miles of them; an occupation wh put a great strain upon their diverse temperamen Thyrsis would be thinking of such matters as ro and fruit-trees and barns—and above all of pric while Corydon would be concerned with—alas, Coryd never dared to formulate her vision, even to hers She had vague memories of dilettante country-pla with great open fire-places, and exposed beams, and broad staircase, and a deep piazza, and above all view of the sunset. Whenever she came upon any vag suggestion of these luxuries, her heart would leap up and would then be crushed by some reference to ten fifteen thousand dollars.

Corydon was a poor sort of person to take an insp tion-trip. She would gaze about and say, "There mi be a piazza here"; and then she would look across fields and add, "There'd be a good view if it were for those woods"—and wave the woods away with gesture of a duchess. So, of course, the observ

ner would add a thousand dollars to the asking-
e of his property.

n the other hand, when Thyrsis with his remorse-
thoroughness would insist on getting out and in-
ting some dilapidated and forlorn-looking place—
what agonies would come! Corydon would pass
ough the rooms, suffering all the horrors which she
ht have suffered in years of occupancy of them.
l there was no use pleading with her to be reserved
ier attitude—she took houses in the same way that
took people, either loving them or hating them. So,
n an afternoon's driving-trip, she would come home
a state of exhaustion and despair; and Thyrsis
ld have to pledge himself upon oath not to think
his or that horrible place for a single instant again.
There were times when Thyrsis, too, in spite of his
of intuition, felt the atmosphere of evil which hung
ut some of these old farms. Having lived for a
r and a half in the neighborhood, and been favored
h the gossip of the washerwoman, and of the farmer's
, and of the girl who came to clean house now and
n, they had come to know the affairs of their neigh-
s—they had got a cross-section of an American
ll-farming community. It was in amusing accord
h Thyrsis' social theories that the only two decent
ilies in the neighborhood inhabited farms of over a
dred acres. There were several farms of fifty or
y acres occupied by tenants, who were engaged in
ndering them as fast as they could; and then a host
little places, of from one to twenty acres, on which
ilies were struggling pitifully to keep alive. And
h scarcely a single exception, these homes of poverty
e also homes of degradation. Across the way from
yrsis was an idiot man; upon the next place lived

an old man who was a hopeless drunkard, and had d
son insane, and another tubercular; and then down
the meadows below the woods lived the Hodges—a na
of direful portent. The father would work as a labo
in town for a day or two, and buy vinegar and ma
himself half insane, and then come home and beat
wife and children. There were eleven of these latt
and a new one came each year; the eldest were thiev
and the youngest might be seen in midwinter, playi
half-naked before the house. The Hodges were kno
to all the neighbors for miles about, and the amount
energy which each farmer expended in fighting th
would have maintained the whole family in comfort f
their lives.

Thyrsis had travelled enough about the New Engla
and Middle Atlantic states to know that these conditio
were typical of the small-farming industry in all t
remoter parts. The people with enterprise had mov
West, and those who stayed behind divided and mo
gaged their farms, and sunk lower and lower into mise
and degradation. This was one more aspect of th
noble system of *laissez faire;* this was the independe
small-farmer, whose happiness was the theme of
orthodox economists! He was, according to the ne
paper editorials, the backbone of American civilizatio
and once every two years, in November, he might
counted upon to hitch up his buggy and drive to to
and pocket his two-dollar bill, and roll up a gloric
majority for the Grand Old Party of Protection a
Prosperity.

§ 10. The date of publication of the book had co
at last. It was being generously advertised, under t
imprint of a leading house; and Thyrsis' heart warm

see the advertisements. This at last, he felt, was cess; and then the reviews began to come in, and his rt warmed still more. Here was a new note in cur- t fiction, said the critics; here were power and pas- n, a broad sweep and a genuine poetic impulse. erican history had never been treated like this before, erican ideals had never been voiced like this before. d these, Thyrsis noted, were the opinions of the rep- entative reviews—not those of obscure provincial spapers. Victory, it seemed, had come to him at !

He came up to the metropolis on the strength of these mphs; for he had observed that when one had a new k coming out was the psychological moment to at- k the magazine-editors. One was a personality then, could command attention. It was the height of a sidential campaign, and the Socialists were making impression which was astonishing every one. The had occurred to Thyrsis that some magazine might ge it worth while to tell its readers about this new picturesque movement.

To his great delight the editor of "Macintyre's nthly" looked with favor upon the suggestion, and ed to see an article at once. So Thyrsis shut him- up in a hotel-room and wrote it over night. It ved to be so full of "ginger" that the editorial staff Macintyre's was delighted, and made suggestions as another article; at which point Thyrsis made a des- ate effort and summoned up his courage, and in- ated politely that his stuff was worth five cents a d. The editor-in-chief replied promptly that that ned to him proper.

Two hundred dollars for an article! Here indeed was

fame! The author went home, and thought out another one, and after a week came up to the city with it.

In this new article Thyrsis cited a presidential candidate before the bar of public opinion, and propounded troublesome questions to him. Here was the capital of the country, heaping itself up at compound interest and demanding dividends; here were the people, scraping and struggling to furnish the necessary profits. Would they always be able to furnish enough; and what would happen when they could no longer furnish them? Here were franchises obtained by bribery, and capitalized for hundreds of millions of dollars; and these millions, too, were heaping up automatically. Were they to draw their interest and dividends forever? Here were the machines of production, increasing by leaps and bounds, and the product increasing still faster, and all counting upon foreign markets. What would happen when Japan had its own machines, and India had its own machines, and China had its own machines? Again, the processes of production were being perfected, and displacing men; here were panics and crises displacing yet more men. Already, in England, a good fourth of the population had been displaced; and what were these displaced populations to do? They had finished making over the earth for the capitalists; and now that the work was done, there seemed to be no longer any place on the earth for them!

Such were the problems of our time, according to Thyrsis; and why did the statesmen of the time have nothing to say about them? When this article had been read and discussed, young "Billy" Macintyre himself sent for Thyrsis. This was the "real thing", said he, with his genial *bonhomie;* the five hundred thousand subscribers of Macintyre's must surely have these mirth

rovoking meditations. Also, the editors themselves eeded badly to be stirred up by such live ideas; there- ore would Thyrsis come to dinner next Friday evening, nd, as "Billy" phrased it, "throw a little Socialism at iem"?

§ 11. So Thyrsis moved one step higher yet up the dder of success. The younger Macintyre occupied half block of mansion up on Riverside Drive—just across e street from the town-house of Barry Creston's ther. Thyrsis found himself in an entrance-hall here wonderful pictures loomed vaguely in a dim, re- gious light; and a silent footman took his cap, and en escorted him by a soft, plush-covered stairway the apartments of "Billy", who was being helped to a dress-suit by his valet. Thyrsis, alas, had no ess-suit, and no valet to help him into it, but he sat the edge of a big leather chair and proceeded to hrow a little Socialism" at his host. Then they went wn stairs, and there were Morris and Hemingway, the editorial staff, and "Buddie" Comings, most pop- ar of novelists, and "Bob" Desmond, most famous of ustrators. And a little later on came Macintyre the der, who had also been judged to stand in need of me Socialism.

Macintyre the elder was white-haired and rosy- eeked. He had begun life as an emigrant-boy, nning errands for a book-shop. In course of time he d become a partner, and then had started a cheap gazine for the printing of advertisements. From s had come the reprinting of cheap books for pre- ums; until now, after forty years, Macintyre's was e of the leading publishing-concerns of the country. cently the important discovery had been made that

the printing of half-inch advertisements headed "FITS" and "OBESITY" prevented the securing of full-pa advertisements about automobiles. The former kin was therefore being diverted to the religious papers the country, whose subscribers were now getting t "blood of the lamb" diluted with twenty-five per cen alcohol and one and three-fourths per cent. opiu But such facts were not allowed to interfere with t optimistic philosophy of "Macintyre's Monthly".

The elder Macintyre seemed to Thyrsis the mo naïve and lovable old soul he had encountered in man a year. When he espied Thyrsis, he waited for no pr liminaries, but went up to him as he stood by the fir place, and put an arm about him, and led him off to seat by the window. "I want to talk to you," said h

"My boy," he went on, "I read that article of yours.

"Which one?" asked Thyrsis.

"The last one. And you know, Billy's got to sto putting things like that in the magazine!"

"What!" cried Thyrsis, alarmed.

"I won't have it! He must not print that article!

"But he's accepted it!"

"I know. But he should have consulted me."

"But—but I wrote it at his order. And he promise to pay me——"

"Oh, that's all right," said the old gentleman, wit a genial smile. "We'll pay for it, of course."

There was a moment's pause, while Thyrsis caugh his breath.

"My boy," continued the other, "that's a terrib article!"

"Um," said the author—"possibly."

"Why do you write such things?"

"But isn't it true, sir?"

Mr. Macintyre pondered. "You know," he said, "I nk you are a very clever fellow, and you know a lot; ch more than I do, I've no doubt. But what I don't derstand is, why don't you put it into a book?"

"Into a book?" echoed Thyrsis, perplexed.

"Yes," explained the other—"then it won't hurt anyly but yourself. Why should you try to get it into magazine, and scare away my half-million subibers?"

§ 12. They went in to dinner, which was served upon er-plate, by the light of softly-shaded candles; and le the velvet-footed waiters caused their food to apr and disappear by magic, Thyrsis fulfilled his mis-n and "threw Socialism" at the company.

The company had its guns loaded, and they went it hot and heavy. The editors wanted to know about e home" under Socialism; to which Thyrsis made re-t by picturing "the home" under capitalism. They nted to know about liberty and individuality under cialism; and so Thyrsis discussed the liberty and ividuality of the hundred thousand wage-slaves of Steel Trust. They sought to tangle him in discus-ns as to the desirability of competition, and the im-ssibility of escaping it; but Thyrsis would bring them ck again and again to the central fact of exploita-n, which was the one fact that counted. They in-ted upon knowing how this, that, and the other thing uld be done in the Coöperative Commonwealth; to ich Thyrsis answered, "Do you ask for a map of aven before you join the Church?"

It was "Billy" Macintyre who brought up a some-at delicate question; how would such an institution "Macintyre's Monthly" be run under Socialism?

Thyrsis replied by quoting Kautsky's formula: "Communism in material production, Anarchism in intellectual". He showed how the state might print and bind and distribute, while men in "free associations" might edit and publish. But one could not get very far in this exposition, because of the excitement of the elder Macintyre. For the old gentleman was like a small boy who is being robbed of his marbles; if there had been a mob outside his publishing-house, he could not have been more agitated. He took occasion to state, with the utmost solemnity, that he disapproved of such discussions; and "Billy", who sat between him and Thyrsis, had to interfere now and then and soothe the "pater" down.

Mr. Macintyre's views on the subject of capitalism were simple and easy to understand. There could be nothing really wrong with a system which had brought so many great and good men into control of the country's affairs. Mr. Macintyre knew this, because he had played golf with them all and gone yachting with them all. And this was a perfectly genuine conviction; if there had been the slightest touch of sham in it, the old gentleman would have been more cautious in the examples he chose. He would name man after man who was among the most notorious of the country's "malefactors of great wealth"—men whose financial crimes had been proven beyond any possibility of doubting. He would name them in a voice overflowing with affection and admiration, as benefactors of humanity upon a cosmic scale; and of course that would end the argument in a gale of laughter. When the elder Macintyre entered the discussion, all the rest of the company moved forthwith to Thyrsis' side, and there were six Socialists confronting one business-man. And this

as a very puzzling and alarming thing to the old entleman—his son and his magazine were getting vay from him, and he did not know what to make the phenomenon!

§ 13. Thyrsis judged that the tidings must have ot about that there was a new "lion" in town; for a uple of days after this he was called up by Comings, ost popular of novelists, who asked him to have ncheon at the "Thistle" club. And when Thyrsis ent, Comings explained that Mrs. Parmley Patton had ad his book, and was anxious to meet him, and re- ested that he be brought round to tea. The other as tactless enough to let it transpire that he knew thing about Mrs. Patton; but Comings was too tact- l to show his surprise. Mrs. Patton, he explained, as socially prominent—was looked upon as the leader a set that went in for intellectual things. She was terested in social reform and woman's suffrage, and as worth helping along; and besides that, she was a arming woman—Thyrsis would surely find the ad- nture worth while. Then suddenly, while he was listen- g, it flashed over Thyrsis that he *had* heard of Mrs. atton before; the lady was in mourning for her rother, and Corydon had recently handed him a "so- ety" item, which told of some unique and striking nourning-hosiery" which she was introducing from aris.

Thyrsis in former days might have been shy of this henomenon; but at present he was a collecting econo- ist on the look-out for specimens, and so he said he ould go. He met Comings again at five o'clock, and ey strolled out Fifth Avenue together to Mrs. Patton's rown-stone palace. Thyrsis observed that his friend

had been considerate enough to omit his afternoon change of costume, and for this he was grateful.

Mrs. Patton was still in mourning, a filmy and diaphanous kind of mourning, beautiful enough to placate the angel Azrael himself. A filmy and diaphanous creature was Mrs. Patton also—one could never have dreamed of so exquisite a black butterfly. She was very sweet and sympathetic, and told Thyrsis how much she had liked his book—so that Thyrsis concluded she was not half so bad as he had expected. After all, she might not have been to blame for the hosiery story—it might even have been a lie. He reflected that the yellow journals no doubt lied as freely about young leaders of intellectual sets in "society" as they did about starving authors.

Mrs. Patton wanted to know about Socialism, and sighed because it seemed so far away. She made several remarks that showed real intelligence—and this was startling to Thyrsis, who would as soon have expected intelligence from a real butterfly. He got a strange impression of a personality struggling to get into contact with life from behind a wall some ten million dollars high. Mrs. Patton had three young children, and her husband was one of the "Standard Oil crowd"; she complained to Thyrsis that "Parmy"—so she referred to the gentleman—was always in terror over her vagaries.

It was a new discovery to the author that the very rich might live under the shadow of fear, quite as much as the very poor. Their wealth made them a target for newspaper satire, so that they dared not depart from convention in the slightest detail. Mrs. Patton told how once she had ventured to romp for a few minutes with some children on the grounds of the "Casino", and the

t day all the world had read that she was introduc-
"tag" as a diversion for the Newport colony.

There came other callers, both women and men; Percy
bler, man of fashion and dilettante poet; and with
little Murray Symington, who wrote the literary
t for "Knickerbocker's Weekly", and was therefore
ower to be propitiated. There came Blanchard, the
ng and progressive publisher of the "Beau Monde",
veekly whose circulation rivalled that of "Macin-
e's". There came also young Macklin, Mrs. Patton's
hew, with his monocle and his killing drawl. Macklin
ne by these honestly, having been brought up in
gland; but Thyrsis did not know that—he only
rd the young gentleman's passing reference to his
ht, and to his passion for the poetry of Stéphane
llarmé; and so he had it in for Macklin. Thyrsis
l got involved in a serious discussion with Mrs. Pat-
and Symington, and was in the act of saying that
social problem could not be much longer left un-
ved; and then he chanced to turn, and discovered
ng Macklin, surveying him with elaborate super-
ousness, and asking with his British drawl, "Aw—
eg pawdon—but what do you mean by the social
blem?" And Thyrsis, with a quick glance at him,
swered, "I mean you." So Macklin subsided; and
yrsis learned afterwards that his remark was going
rounds, being considered to be a *mot*. It appeared
next week in the columns of a paper devoted to
ciety" gossip; and many a literary reputation had
n made by a lesser triumph than that.

Thyrsis got new light upon the making of reputa-
ns, when he looked into the next issue of "Knicker-
cker's Weekly". There he found that Murray Sym-
gton had devoted no less than three paragraphs to

his personality and his book. It was all "sprightly —that was Murray's tone—but also it was cordia and it referred to Thyrsis' earlier novel, "The Hear of Truth", as "that brilliant piece of work". Thyrs read this with consternation—recalling that when th book had come out, not two years ago, "Knickerbocker Weekly" had referred to it as a "preposterous conco tion". Could it be true that an author's work w "preposterous" while he was starving in a garret, an became "brilliant" when he was found in the drawing room of Mrs. "Parmy" Patton?

§ 14. Thyrsis went on to penetrate yet deeper in these mysteries; there came a call from Murray Sy ington, to say that Mrs. Jesse Dyckman wanted him dinner. Jesse Dyckman he recognized as the name one of the most popular contributors to the magazin —his short stories of Fifth Avenue life were the delig of the readers of the "Beau Monde".

"But I can't go to dinner-parties with women!" pr tested Thyrsis. "I don't dress!"

Murray took that message; but in a few minutes called up again. "She says she doesn't care wheth you dress or not."

"But then, I don't *eat!*" protested Thyrsis, who h recently discovered Horace Fletcher.

"I know *that* won't count," said the other, laughin "She doesn't want you to eat—she wants you to tal

Mrs. Jesse Dyckman inhabited an apartment in "studio-building" not far from Central Park; and he was more luxury and charm—a dining-room done dark red, with furniture of some black wood, a candles and silver and cut glass, quite after the fashi of the Macintyres. Thyrsis was admitted by a Fren

-servant; and there was Mrs. Dyckman, resplend-
n white shoulders and a necklace of pearls; and
was Dyckman himself, even more prosperous and
nted-looking than his pictures, and even more bril-
and cynical than his tales. Also there was his
, Mrs. Partridge, the writer of musical comedies;
a Miss Taylor, who filled the odd corners of the
zines with verses, which Corydon had once de-
ed as "cheap cheer-up stuff".

here was the cream of the "literary world"; and
sis, as he watched and listened to it, was working
he formula of magazine success. Mrs. Dyckman
ext to him, displaying her shoulders and her cul-
it seemed to him that she must have spent all her
e time picking up phrases about the books and
res and plays and music of the hour, so as to be
y for possible mention of them at her dinner-par-
She had opinions on tap about everything;
ions just enough "advanced" to be striking and
nal, and yet not too far "advanced" for good
. Jesse Dyckman's short stories were the sort in
h you read how the hero handled his cigarette, and
told that the heroine was clad in "dimity *en prin-*
". You learned the names of the latest fashion-
drinks, and the technicalities of automobiles, and
with references to far-off and intricate standards
ocial excellence.

o Thyrsis it appeared that he could see before him
whole career of such a man. He had trained him-
by years of apprenticeship in snobbery; he had
ied the fashions not only in costume and manners,
also in books and opinions. He had been educated
"fraternity", and had chosen a wife who had been
ated in a "sorority"; they had set up in this apart-

ment, with silver service and three French servants, an proceeded to give dinners, and cultivate people wh "counted." And so had come the pleasant berth wit the "Beau Monde"; one or two stories every month, an one thousand dollars for each story—as one might rea in all newspaper accounts of the "earnings of authors"

The "Beau Monde" might have been described as magazine for the standardizing of the newly-rich. group of these existed in every town in the country and had their "society" in every little city. The would come to New York and put up at expensiv hotels, and get their education in theatres and opera houses and "lobster-palaces"; in addition they had thi weekly messenger of good form. In its advertising columns one read of the latest things in cigarettes an highballs and haberdashery and candies and autos and in its reading-matter one found the leisure-clas world, and the leisure-class idea of all other worlds Young Blanchard himself was in the most "exclusive" society; and if one stayed close to him, one migh worm his way past the warders. Among the regula contributors to the "Beau Monde" and to "Macin tyre's", there were a dozen men who had risen by thi method; and some of them had been real writers at th outset—had started with a fund of vigor, at least. Bu now they spent their evenings at dinner-parties, an their days lounging about in two or three expensiv *cafés*, reading the afternoon papers, exchanging gossip and acquiring the necessary stock of cynicism for thei next picture of leisure-class life.

It was what might have been described as the "cour method" of literary achievement. The centre of it wa the young prince who held the purse-strings; and th court was a coterie of bookish men of fashion and rich

nen whose husbands were occupied in the stock-mar-
. They set the tone and dispensed the favors; one
o stood in their good graces would be practically im-
ne to criticism, no matter how seedy his work might
ne to be. Nobody liked to "roast" a man with whom
nad played golf at a week-end party; and who could
so impolite as to slight the work of a lady-poetess
om he had taken in to dinner?

15. Thyrsis studied these people, and measured
self against them. He was not blinded by any
ity; he knew that it would not have taken him a
k to turn out a short story which would have had
requisite qualities for Macintyre's—which would
e been clever and entertaining, would have had gen-
e sentiment, and as large a proportion of sincerity
the magazine admitted. He could have suggested
t he thought it was worth five hundred dollars, and
lly" Macintyre would have nodded and sent him a
ck. And then he could have moved up to town, and
a frock-coat, and paid another call upon Mrs.
army" Patton. Then his friend Comings would have
him up for the "Thistle", he would have got to
w the men who made literary opinion, and so his
eer would have been secure.

Nor need he have made any apparent break with his
victions. In "society" one met all sorts of eccen-
s—"babus" and "yogis", Christian Scientists, spirit-
ists and theosophists, Fletcherites, vegetarians and
w-fooders". And there would be ample room for his
l—it was quite "English" to be touched with So-
lism. All that one had to do was to be entertaining
one's presentation of it, and to confine one's self to

its literary aspects—not setting forth plans for the e propriation of the house of Macintyre!

Thyrsis had one grievous handicap, of course. H would have had to keep his wife and child in the bac ground; for Corydon, alas, would not have scored as giver of dinner-parties. From a woman like Mrs. Jes Dyckman, skilled in intellectual fence, and merciless her inferiors, Corydon would have turned tail and fle Thyrsis was able to sit by and let Mrs. Dyckman wa the plumes of her wit and spread the tail-feathers of h culture before his astonished eyes, and at the same tim occupy his mind with studying her, and working o her "economic interpretation". But Corydon took li too intensely, and people too personally for that.

But she would have let him go, if he had told her th it was best. So why should he not do it—why shou he turn his back upon this opportunity, and retu to the "soap-box in a marsh" to wrestle with lonelines and want? The fact of the matter was that the thin which seemed so easy to his intellect, was impossible his character. Thyrsis could not have anything to with these people without hypocrisy; merely to sit ar talk pleasantly with them was to lie. They were to hi the enemy, the thing he was in life to fight. And h hated all that they stood for in the world—he hat their ideas and their institutions, their virtues as w as their vices.

He had been down into the bottom-most pit hell, and the sights that he had seen there had wither him up. How could he derive enjoyment from silks a jewels, from rich foods and fine wines, when he hea in his ears the cries of agony of the millions he h left behind him in that seething abyss? And shou he trample upon their faces, as so many others h

ıpled? Should he make a ladder of their murdered
es, to climb out to fame and fortune? Not he!
: seemed to him sometimes, as he thought about it,
he alone, of all men living, had power to voice the
air of these tortured souls. Others had been down
that pit, and had come out alive; but who was there
ng them that was an *artist;* that could forge his
ed into a weapon, sharp enough and stout enough
e driven through the tough hide of the world of
ıre? To be an artist meant to have spent years and
des in toil and study, in disciplining and drilling
; powers; and who was there that had descended
the social inferno, and had come back with strength
gh to accomplish that labor?
) it seemed to him that he was the bearer of a gos-
that he had to teach the world something it could
rwise not know. He had tried out upon his own
on, and upon the persons of his loved ones, the
ts of poverty and destitution, of cold and hunger,
)litude and sickness and despair. And so he knew,
is own knowledge, the meaning of the degradation
he saw in modern society—of suicide and insanity,
runkenness and vice and crime, of physical and
al and moral decay. He knew, and none could dis-
him! Therefore he must nerve himself for the
ggle; he must deliver that message, and pound home
truth. He must keep on and on—in defiance of
)rity, in the face of all the obloquy and ridicule
the prostitute powers of civilization could heap
him. He must live for that work, and die for it—
ake real to the thinking world the infamies and the
)rs of the capitalist *régime.*

Book XV

THE CAPTIVE FAINTS

"Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on."

"Do you remember how you used to tell me that?" she whispered. "Hoping—always hoping!"

"And always young!" he added.

"How did I keep so?" she said, with wonder in her voice; and he read—

"Thou hearest the immortal chants of old!—
Putting his sickle to the perilous grain
In the hot corn-field of the Phrygian king,
For thee the Lityerses-song again
Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth sing!"

Then a smile of mischief crossed her face, and she asked, "Which Daphnis?"

1. Thyrsis came back to his home in the country, ided between satisfaction over the four hundred ars worth of booty he had captured, and a great asiness concerning his novel. It had had with the ics all the success that he could have asked, but ortunately it did not seem to be selling. Already ad been out three weeks, and the sales had been only ousand copies. The publisher confessed himself dis-ointed, but said that it was too early to be certain; y must allow time for the book to make its way, for opinions of the reviews to take effect.

And so, for week after week, Thyrsis watched and ed against hope—the old, heart-sickening experi-e. In the end he came to realize that he had achieved t most cruel of all literary ironies, the *succès time*. The critics agreed that he had written a t unusual book; but then, the critics did not really nt—they had no way of making their verdict ef-ive. What determined success or failure was the artment-store public. It would take a whim for a ain novel; and when a novel had once begun to it would be advertised and pushed to the front, everything else would give way before it, quite re-dless of what the critics had said. A book-review eared only once, but an advertisement might ap-r a score of times, and be read all over the country. he public would have pounded into its consciousness statement that "Hearts Aflame", by Dorothy ple, was a masterpiece of character-drawing, full

of thrilling incident and alive with pulsing passion The department-store public, which was not intelligen enough to distinguish between a criticism and an ad vertisement, would accept all these opinions at thei face-value. And that was success; even the critic bowed to it in the end—as you might note by the chang in their tone when they came to review the next wor by this "popular" novelist.

So Thyrsis faced the ghastly truth that another yea and a half of toiling and waiting had gone for nothin —the heights of opportunity were almost as far awa as ever. He had to summon up his courage and nerv himself for yet another climb; and Corydon would hav to face the prospect of another winter in the "soap box in a marsh".

It was now November, and Thyrsis had written noth ing but Socialist manifestoes for six months. He wa restless and chafing again; but living in distress as the were, he could not get his thoughts together at al He must have been a trying person to live in the hou with at such a time. "You ask me to take love fo granted," said Corydon to him once; "but how can when your every expression is contradictory to love"

How could he explain to her his trouble? Here aga was the pressure of that dreadful "economic screw", th was crushing their love, and all beauty and joy a hope in their hearts. They might fight against it wi all the power of their beings; they might fall do upon their knees together, and pledge themselves wi anguish in their voices and tears in their eyes; but st the remorseless pressure would go on, day and nigh week after week, without a moment's respite.

There was this little house, for instance. It was that Thyrsis wanted, and all that he would ever ha

ıted; and yet he could not be happy in it, because rydon was not happy in it. He must be plotting and nning and worrying, straining every nerve to get to ther house; he might not even think of any other sibility—that would be treason to her. So always eemed—he had to turn his face a way that he did wish to travel, he had to go on against every in- ıct of his own nature. His love for Corydon was h that he would be ashamed whenever his own in- ıcts showed themselves. But then he would go alone, try to do his work, and then discover the havoc this wrought in his own being.

Just now the tension had reached the breaking point; craving for solitude and peace was eating him up. "What is it that you want?" asked Corydon, one .

"I want to be where I don't have to see anybody," he d. "I want to rough it in a tent, as I did once be- e."

"But it's too late to go to the Adirondacks, Thyrsis!"

"I know that," he said. "But there are other places." He had heard of one in Virginia—in that very Wil- ness of which he had written so eloquently, but had er seen. "Isn't there some one who could come and with you?" he pleaded.

"I don't know," replied Corydon. But the next , as fate would have it, there came a letter from ia Gordon, saying that she had finished a certain ge of her study-course, and was tired out and in r of break-down. So an invitation was sent and ac- ted, and Thyrsis secured the respite which he craved. And so behold him as a hermit once more, settled in eserted cabin not far from the battle-field of Spot- vania. He had got rid of the vermin in the cabin

by burning sulphur, and had stocked his establishment with a canvas-cot and a camp-stool and a lamp and an oil-can, and the usual supply of beans and bacon and rice and corn-meal and prunes. Also he had built himself a rustic table, and unpacked a trunkful of blankets and dishes and writing-pads and books. So once more his life was his own, and a thing of delight to him.

He had promised himself to live off the country, as he had before; but the principal game here was the wild turkey, and the wild turkey proved itself a shy and elusive bird. It was not occupied with meditations concerning literary masterpieces; and so it had a great advantage over Thyrsis, who would forget that he had a gun with him after the first half-hour of a "hunt".

§ 2. It had now become clear to Thyrsis that he had nothing more to expect from his novel; it had sold less than two thousand copies, which meant that it had not earned the money which had already been advanced to him. But all that was now ancient history—the entrenchments and graveyards of the Wilderness battlefield were not more forgotten and overgrown with new life than was the war-book in Thyrsis' mind. He had had enough of being a national chronicler which the nation did not want; he had come down to the realities of the hour, to the blazing protest of the new Revolution.

For ten years now Thyrsis had been playing at the game of professional authorship; he had studied the literary world both high and low, and had seen enough to convince him that it was an impossible thing to produce art in such a society. The modern world did not know what art was, it was incapable of forming such

concept. That which it called "art" was fraud and rasitism—its very heart was diseased.

For the essence of art was unselfishness; it was an notion which overflowed, and which sought to communicate itself to others from an impulse of pure joy. was of necessity a social thing; the supreme artoducts of the race had been, like the Greek tragedy d the Gothic cathedral, a result of the labor of a ole community. And what could the modern man, solitary and predatory wolf in the wilderness of *ssez faire*—what could he conceive of such a state soul? What would happen to a man who gave himf up to such a state of soul, in a community where e wolf-law and the wolf-customs prevailed?

A grim purpose had been forming itself in Thyrsis' nd. He would suppress the artist in himself for the esent—he would do it, cost whatever agony it might. e would turn propagandist for a while; instead of attering his precious seed in barren soil, he would set work to make the soil ready. There was seething in mind a work of revolutionary criticism, which would eep into the rubbish-heap the idols of the leisuress world.

It was his idea to go back to first principles; to study e bases of modern society, and show how its customs d institutions came to be, and interpret its art as a oduct of these. He would show what the modern ist was, and how he got his living, and how this ulded his work. He would take the previous artriods of history and study them, showing by what ges the artist had evolved, and so gaining a standint from which to prophesy what he would come to be the future. Only once had an attempt ever been de to apply to questions of art the methods of

science—in Nordau's "Degeneration". But then Nor dau's had been pseudo-science—three-quarters impert nence and conceit. The world still waited to understan its art-products in the light of scientific Socialism.

Such was the task which Thyrsis was planning. I would mean years of study, and how he was to get th means to do it, he could not guess. But he had hi mind made up to do it, though it might be the las of his labors, though everything else in his life migh end in shipwreck. He went about all day, possesse with the idea; it would be a colossal work, an epoch making work—it would be the culmination of his ef forts and the vindication of his claims. It woul save the men who came after him; and to save the me who came after him had now become the formula o his life.

§ 3. Thyrsis would come back from a sojourn suc as this with all his impulses of affection and sympath renewed; he would have had time to miss Corydon, an to realize how closely he was bound to her. He woul be eager to tell her all his adventures, and the wonder ful plans which he had formed.

But this time it was Corydon who had adventure to narrate. He realized as soon as he saw her that sh had something upon her mind; and at the first occasio she led him off to his own study, and shut the door. H got a fire going, and she sat opposite him and gaze at him.

"Thyrsis," she said, "I hardly know how to begin.

It was all very formal and mysterious. "What is i dear?" he asked.

"It's something terrible," she whispered. "I'm afrai you're going to be angry."

"What is it?" he repeated, more anxiously.

"I was angry myself, at first," she said; "but I've got over it now. And I want you please to be reasonable."

"Go on, dear."

"Thyrsis," she whispered, after a pause, "it's Harry."

"Harry?"

"Harry Stuart, you know."

"Oh," said he. He had all but forgotten the young drawing-teacher, whom he had left doing Socialist cartoons.

"Well?" he inquired.

"You see, Thyrsis, I always liked him very much. And he's been coming up here—quite a good deal. I didn't see why he shouldn't come—Delia liked him too, and she was with us most of the time. Was it wrong of me to let him come?"

"I don't know," said he. "Tell me."

"Perhaps it's silly of me," Corydon continued, hesitatingly—"but I'm always imagining things about people. And he seemed to me to have such possibilities. He has—how shall I say it——"

"I recall your saying he had soulful eyes," put in Thyrsis.

"You'll make fun of it all, of course," said Corydon. "But it's really very tragic. You see, he's never met a woman like me before."

"I can believe that, my dear."

"I mean—a woman that has any real ideas. He could ask me questions by the hour; and we talked about everything. So, of course, we talked about love; and he—he asked if I was happy."

"I see," said Thyrsis, grimly. "Of course you said that you were miserable."

"I didn't say much. I told him that your work was hard, and that my courage wasn't always equal to my task. Anyone can see that I have suffered."

"Yes, dear," said Thyrsis, "of course. Go on."

"Well, one day—it was last Friday—he came up with a carriage to take us driving. And Delia had a headache, and wanted to rest, and so Harry and I went alone. I—I guess I shouldn't have gone, but I didn't realize it. It was a beautiful afternoon, and we both had a good time—in fact, I don't know when I have been so contentedly happy. We stopped to gather wild flowers, and once we sat by a little stream; and of course, we talked and talked, and before I realized it, twilight was falling, and we were a long way from home."

"Go on," said Thyrsis, as she hesitated.

"We started out. I recollected later, though I didn't seem to notice it at the time—that Harry's voice seemed to grow husky, and he spoke indistinctly. He had let the horse have the reins, and his arm was on the back of my seat. I hadn't noticed it; but then—then—fancy my horror———"

"Well?"

"It happened—all of a sudden." Corydon stammered, her cheeks turning scarlet. "I felt his arm clasp me; and I turned and stared, and his face was close to mine, and his eyes were fairly shining."

There was a pause. "What did you do?" asked the other.

"I just looked at him calmly, and said, 'Oh, how *could* you?' And at that he took his arm away quickly and sat up stiff and straight, with a terribly hurt ex-

ssion. 'Forgive me,' he said. 'I was mad.' And neither of us spoke a word all the way home. And en we came to the house, I jumped out of the carge without saying good-night."

Corydon sat staring at her husband, with her wide-n, anxious eyes. "And was that all?" he asked.

'To-day I had a letter from him. He said he was ng away, over the Christmas holidays. He said t he was very much ashamed of himself, and he ed that I would be able to forgive him. And that's "

They sat for a while in silence. "You won't be too gry?" asked Corydon, anxiously.

'I'm not angry at all," he said. "But naturally it's turbing. I don't like to have such things happen you."

'It's strange, you know," said Corydon, "but I en't seemed to stay very indignant. He was so hurt, know—and I can realize how unhappy he's been. iously enough, I've even found myself thinking that like to see him again. And that puzzled me. I felt t I ought to be quite outraged. That he should gine he could hug me—like any shop-girl!"

They spent many hours discussing this adventure; in t it was a week or two before they had disposed of entirely. Thyrsis was hoping that the experience ght be utilized to persuade Corydon to modify her pian attitude towards young men with soulful eyes l waving brown hair. He was at some pains to forth to her the psychology of the male creature—sting that he knew more about this than she did, and t his remarks applied to drawing-teachers as well to all other arts and professions.

The main question, of course, was as to their atti-

tude towards Harry Stuart when he returned. Corydon, it became clear, had forgiven him; the phraseology of his letter was touching, and he was now invested in the glamor of penitence. She insisted that the episode might be overlooked, and that their friendship could go on as before. But Thyrsis argued vigorously that their relationship could never be the same again, and declared that they ought not to meet.

"But then," Corydon protested, "he'll be at the Jennings! And I can't snub him!"

"What does Delia think about it?" he asked.

"Dear me!" Corydon exclaimed. "I haven't told Delia a word of it!"

"Haven't told her! But why not?"

"Because she'd be horrified. She'd never speak to Harry Stuart again!"

"But then you want *me* to speak to him! And even to be cordial to him! You want to go ahead and carry on a sentimental flirtation with him——"

"Oh, Thyrsis!" she protested.

"But that's what it would come to. And how much peace of mind do you suppose I'd have, while I knew that was going on?"

At which Corydon sighed pathetically. "I'm a fine sort of emancipated woman!" she said. "Don't you see you're playing the rôle of the conventional jealous husband?"

But as she thought over the matter in the privacy of her own mind she was filled with perplexity, and wondered at herself. She found herself actually longing to see Harry Stuart. She asked herself, "Can it really be I, Corydon, who am capable of being interested in any other man besides my husband?" She could not bring herself to face the fact that it was true.

§ 4. Thyrsis went away, and took to wandering bout the country, wrestling with his new book. After he fashion of every work that came to possess him, it eemed to possess him as no other work had ever done efore. His mind was in a turmoil with it, his thoughts acing from one part to another; he would stop in the idst of pumping a bucket of water or bringing in a upply of wood, to jot down some notes that came to im. Each day he realized more fully the nature of the ask. Seated alone at night in his tiny cabin, his spirit ould cry out in terror at the burden that had been eaped upon it.

He had decided upon the title of the book—"Art nd Money: an Essay in the Economic Interpretation f Literature". And then, late one night, as he was ondering it, there had flashed over him the form into hich he should cast the work; he would make it, not nly an exposition of his philosophy, but the story of is life, the cry of his soul. There had come to him n introductory statement; it was a smashing thing—thing that would arrest and stun! Disraeli had said hat a critic was a man who had failed as a creative riter; and Thyrsis would take that taunt and make it nto his battle-cry. "I who write this," he would say—I am a failure; I am a murdered artist! I sit by the orpse of my dead dreams, I dip my pen into the heart's lood of my strangled vision!" So he would indict the orces that had murdered him, and through the rest of he book he would pursue them—he would track them o their lair and corner them, and slay them with a harp sword.

Meantime Delia Gordon had gone back to her studies, nd Corydon had settled down to her lonely task. She ashed and dressed and fed the baby, and satisfied

what she could of his insatiable demands for play. Thyrsis would come and help to get the meals and wash the dishes; but even then he was poor company—he was either tired out, or lost in thought, and his nerves were in such a state that he could not bear to be criticized. It was getting to be harder for him to endure the strain of hearing complaints; and so Corydon shrunk more and more into herself, and took to pouring out her soul in long letters and journals.

"Is it possible," she wrote to Delia, "that to some people life is a continuous expiation—an expiation of submerged hereditary sins, as well as of conscious ones? A great deal of the time life seems to me a hopeless puzzle; I am so utterly unfitted for the rôles I labor to play. Is it that I am too low for my environment? Or can it be that I am too high? Surely there must some day be other things that women can do in the world besides training children. I try to love my task, but I have no talent for it, and it is a frightful strain upon me. After one hour of blocks and choo-choo cars I am perfectly prostrated. I have been cheated out of the joys of motherhood, that is the truth—the spring was poisoned for me at the very beginning.

"You must not mind my lamentations, dear Delia," she wrote in another letter. "You can't imagine how lonely my life is—no, for it is different when you are here. Oh, I am so weary! so weary! It didn't use to be like this. Every moment of leisure I had I would run and try to study; I would read something—I was always eager and hungry. But now I am dull—I do not follow my inspirations. If only Thyrsis and I might sometimes read together! I love to be read to, but he cannot bear it—he reads three times as fast to himself, he says. He will do it if I am sick; but even then I

kes him nervous, and I cannot help but know that, vever he tries to hide it. It is one of our troubles, we know each other's states of mind intuitively. 'Oh, Delia, was there ever a tragedy in the world e that of our love? (Almost everything in our lives ain, and so we are coming to stand for pain to each er!) I ask myself sometimes if any two people who e could stand what we have to stand. Sometimes I nk they could, if their love was different; but then t thought breaks my heart! Why cannot our love be 'erent, I ask!

'I had one of my frightful fits of unhappiness to-day. was nothing—it was my fault, I guess. I am very sitive. But I think it is a tendency of Thyrsis' nperament to try instinctively to overcome mine. Ap-rently the only thing that will conquer him is seeing suffer; then he will give way—he will promise any-ng I want, blame himself for his rigidity, scourge nself for his blindness, do anything at all I ask. So ell myself, everything will be different now; the last blem is solved! I see how good and kind he is, how le his impulses are; he has never failed me in the things of life.

'I suppose Mr. Harding writes you about us. He s up here this afternoon. He was very gentle and d to me; he talked about his religion. Did you tell much about me? It is a singular thing, how he ms to understand without being told. I realized day that whenever we talk about my life, we take rything for granted. Also, it seems strange that he s not blame me; generally people who are conven-nal think that I am selfish, that I ought to be loving baby, instead of struggling with my pitiful soul.

'I wrote a little stanza the other night, dear Delia.

Doesn't it seem strange, that when I am at the last gasp with agony, I should find myself thinking of lines of poetry? I called it 'Life'; you will say that it is too sombre—

"'A lonely journey in a night of storm,
Lighted by flashes of inconstant faith,
Goaded by multitudes of vague desires,
And mocked by phantoms of remote delight!'"

§ 5. Just at this time Corydon found herself the victim of backaches and fits of exhaustion, for which there was no cause to be discovered. Each attack meant that Thyrsis would have to drop his work, and come and be housekeeper and nurse; he would have to repress every slightest sign of the impatience which was burning him up—knowing that if he gave vent to it, he would drive Corydon half-wild with suffering. After two or three such crises, he made up his mind that it was impossible for him to go on, until there was some one to help her in these emergencies.

As a result of their farm-hunting expeditions, they had in mind a place which was a compromise between their different requirements. It had a good barn and plenty of fruit, and at the same time a view, and a house with comfortable rooms, and wall-paper that was not altogether unendurable. It was offered for four thousand dollars, of which nearly three-quarters might remain upon mortgage; so they had agreed that their future happiness would depend upon the war-book's bringing them in a thousand dollars. Since this hope had failed, he had applied to Darrell, and to Paret, but neither of them had the money to spare. It now fell out, that just as he was at the point of desperation, he

ceived a letter from the clergyman who had married
em, Dr. Hamilton. This worthy man had been read-
g Thyrsis' manuscripts and following his career; and
now wrote to tell how greatly he had been impressed
the new novel. Whereupon the author was seized
a sudden resolve, and packed up a hand-satchel and
out for the city, with all the forces of his being
rved for an assault upon this ill-fated clergyman.
Dr. Hamilton sat in his little office, looking pale
d worn, his face deeply seamed with lines of care.
the poet thought of it in later years, he realized
at this man's function in life was to be a clearing-
use for human misery—the wrecks of the competitive
stem in all classes and grades of society came to him
pour out their troubles and beg for help. It was
t so very long afterwards that he went to pieces
om overwork and nervous strain; and Thyrsis won-
ed with a guilty feeling how much his own assault
d contributed to this result. Assuredly it could not
open often that a clergyman had to listen to a more
rrowing tale than this "murdered artist" had to
l.

The doctor heard it out, and then began to argue:
e the philanthropist in Boston, he was greatly
oubled by the fear of "weakening the springs of
aracter". Being an "advanced" clergyman, he was
miliar with the pat phrases of evolutionary science—
mind was a queer jumble of the philosophy of Her-
rt Spencer and that of Thomas à Kempis. But
yrsis just now was in a mood which might have
ved even Spencer himself; he was almost frantic be-
use of Corydon, whom he had left half-ill at home.
was not pleading for himself, he said—he could
ways get along; but oh, the horror of having to kill

his wife for the sake of his books! To have to sit by day by day and watch her dying! He told about that night when Corydon had tried to kill herself; and now another winter was upon them, and he knew that unless something were done, the spring-time would not find her alive.

The suicide story turned the balance with the clergyman; Herbert Spencer was put back upon the shelf, and Thomas à Kempis ruled the day. Dr. Hamilton said that he would see one of his rich parishioners, and persuade him to take a second mortgage on the farm. And so Thyrsis went back, a messenger of wondrous tidings.

A few days later came the check. The deed had been got ready; and Thyrsis drove to the farm, and carried off the farmer and his wife to the nearest notary-public. The old man pleaded to stay in his home until the new year, but Thyrsis was obdurate, allowing him only a week in which to get himself and his belongings to another place. And meantime he and Corydon were packing up. They drove to another "vandew", and purchased more odds and ends of household stuff; and Thyrsis had his little study loaded upon a wagon, and taken to the new place.

A wonderful adventure was this moving! To enter a real house, with two stories, and two pairs of stairs and eight rooms, and a cellar, and regular plastered walls, and no end of closets and shelves and such-like domestic luxuries! To be able to set apart a whole room in which the baby might spread himself with his toys and marbles and dolls and picture-books—and without any one's having to stumble over them, and break their owner's heart! To have a real parlor, with a stove to sit by, and a table for a lamp, and shelves for books; and yet another room to eat in, and another

ook in! To be able to have a woman come to wash the ishes without making a bosom friend of her, and hav- ng her hear all the conversation! To be able to walk nrough fields and orchards and woodland, and know nat they belonged to one's self, and would some day ned their coat of snow and blossom into new life! Thyrsis wished that he could have the book out of his ind for a month, so that he might be properly thrilled y this experience.

It was at the Christmas season, and therefore an ap- ropriate times for celebrating. He went down into ne "wood-lot"—their own "wood-lot"—and cut a pruce tree, and set it up in the dining-room; they hung nereon all the contrivances which the associated grand- arents had sent down to commemorate an occasion hich was not only Christmas and house-warming, but ne baby's third birthday as well. Because of the triple onjunction, they invested in a fat goose, to be roasted the new kitchen-range; and besides this there were me spare-ribs and home-made sausages with which a eighbor had tempted them. It was a regular story- ook Christmas, with a snow-storm raging outside, and ne wind howling down the chimney, and an odor of olasses-taffy pervading the house.

§ 6. After which festivities Thyrsis bid farewell his family once more, and went away to wrestle with s angel. Weeks of failure and struggle it cost him fore he could get back what he had lost—before he uld recall those phrases that had once blazed white- t in his brain, and could see again the whole gigantic rm and figure of his undertaking. Many an hour spent pacing his little eight-foot piazza—four steps d a half each way, back and forth; many a night he

would sit before his little fourteen-inch stove, so lost in his meditations that the stove would lose its red-hot glow, and the icy gale which raged outside and rattled the door would steal in through the cracks and set him to shivering.

Other times he would trudge through the snow and mud to the town, spending the day in the library, and then bringing out an armful of books to last him through the night. Thyrsis had read pretty thoroughly the literature of the six languages he knew; but now—this was the appalling nature of his task—he had to go back and read it over again. He did not realize, until he got actually at the work, what an utter overturning there would be in all his ideas. How strange it was to return and read the "classics" of one's youth! What oceans of futility one discovered, what mountains of pretense—and with what forests of scholarship grown over them! It seemed to Thyrsis that everywhere he turned the search-light of his new truth, the structure of his opinions would topple like a house of cards. Truly, here was a "*Götzendämmerung*", an "*Umwertung aller Werthe*"!

The worst of it was that he had to read, not only literature, but also history—often his own kind of history, that had not yet been written. If he wished to know the Shakespearean dramas as a product of the aristocratic and imperialist ideal in the glory and intoxication of its youth, he had to study, not only Shakespeare's poetry, but the cultural and social life of the Elizabethan people. And he could not take any man's word for the truth; he had to know for himself. The thing that would avail him in this battle was not eloquence and fervor, not the flashes of his irony and

ne white-hot shafts of his scorn. What he must have ere facts, and more facts—and then again facts!

The facts were there, to be had for the gathering. Thyrsis again could only compare himself to Aladdin n his palace. Could it be believed that so many ideas ad been left for one man to discover? It seemed to im that the kingdoms of literature lay at his mercy; e was like a magician who has discovered a new spell, hich places his rivals in his power. He knew that this ook, if he could ever finish it, would alter the aspect f literary criticism, as a blow changes the pattern in kaleidoscope.

Thyrsis had failed many times before, but this time felt that success was in his hands; he knew the book-orld now, he was master of the game. This would set nem to thinking, this would stir them up! He had ot under the armor of his enemy at last, and he could eel him wince and writhe at each thrust that he drove ome. So he wrought at his task, in a state of tense xcitement, living always in imagination in the midst f the battle, following stroke with stroke and driving rout before him.—So he would be for weeks; and then ould come the reaction, when he fell back exhausted, nd realized that his victory was mere phantasy, that othing of it really counted until he had completed his bor. And that would take two years! Two years!

§ 7. From visions such as this Thyrsis came back wrestle with all the problems of a household; with umps that froze and drains that clogged, with stoves hat went out and ashes that spilled, with milk-boys hat were late and kitchen-maids that were snow-bound. le would leave his work at one or two o'clock in the orning, and make his way through the snow and the

storm to the house, and crawl into bed, and then take his chances of being awakened by the baby, or by some spell of agony with Corydon.

He might not sleep alone; that supreme symbol of domesticity Corydon could not give up, and he soon ceased to ask for it. It seemed such a little thing to yield; and yet it meant so much to him! The room where he slept came to seem to him a chamber of terror, a place to which he went "like the galley-slave at night, scourged to his dungeon". It was a place where a crime was enacted; where the vital forces of his being were squandered, and the body and soul of him were wrung and squeezed dry like a sponge. This was marriage—it was the essence of marriage; it was the slavery into which he had delivered himself, the duty to which he was bound. And in how many millions of homes was this same thing going on—this licensed preying of one personality upon another? And the nightmare thing was upheld and buttressed by all the forces of society—priests were saying blessings over it and moralists were singing the praises of it—"the holy bonds of matrimony", it was called!

It was all the worse to Thyrsis because there was that in him which welcomed this animal intimacy. So he saw that day by day their lives were slipping to a lower plane; day by day they were discovering new weaknesses and developing new vices in themselves. Corydon was now a good part of the time in pain of some sort; and the doctors had accustomed her to stave off these crises with various kinds of drugs, so that she had a set of shelves crowded with pills and powders and bottles. She had learned to rely upon them in emergencies, to plead for them when she was helpless; and so Thyrsis saw her declining into an inferno. He would

gue with her and plead with her and fight with her; would spend days trying to open her eyes to the ril, to show her that it was better to suffer pain than resort to these treacherous aids.

§ 8. They still had their hours of enthusiasm, of urse, their illuminations and their resolutions. Dur- g the summer, while browsing among the English mag- ines in the library, Thyrsis had stumbled upon an tonishing article dealing with the subject of health. e read it in a state of great excitement, and then took home and read it to Corydon. It told of the achieve- nts of a gentleman by the name of Horace Fletcher, o had once possessed robust health, and lost it rough careless living, and had then restored it by new system of eating. To Thyrsis this came as one the great discoveries of his life. For years every stinct of his nature had been whispering to him that ; ways of eating were vicious; but he had been ig- rant and helpless—and with all the world that he knew opposition to him. As he read the article, he re- lled a talk he had had with his "family doctor", way ck before his marriage, when he had first begun to tice symptoms of stomach-trouble. He had sug- sted timidly that there might be something wrong with ; diet, and that if the doctor would tell him exactly at he ought to eat, and how much and how often, he uld be glad to adopt the regimen. But the doctor d only laughed and answered, "Nonsense, boy—don't u get to thinking about your food!" And so Thyrsis d gone away, to follow the old plan of eating what liked. Health, it would seem, must be a spontaneous d accidental thing, it could not be a deliberate and asoned thing.

But now he and Corydon became smitten with a passion of shame for all their stupidity and their gluttony; they invested in Fletcher's books, and set out upon this new adventure. They would help themselves to a very small saucerful of food; and they would take of this a very small spoonful—and chew—and chew—and chew. Mr. Fletcher said that half an hour a day was enough for the eating of the food one needed; but they, apparently, could have chewed for hours, and still been hungry. They labored religiously to stop as soon as they could pretend to be satisfied; the result of which was that Thyrsis lost fourteen pounds in as many days—and it was many a long year before he got those fourteen pounds back! He became still more "spiritual" in his aspect; until finally he and Corydon set out for a walk one day, and coming up a hill to their home they gave out altogether, and first Thyrsis had to crawl up the hill and get something to eat, and then take something down to Corydon!

However, in spite of all their blunders, this new idea was of genuine benefit to them; at least it put them upon the right track—it taught them the relationship between diet and disease. They saw the two as cause and consequence—they watched the food they ate affecting their bodies as one might watch a match affecting a thermometer. They were no longer victims of the idea that health must be a spontaneous and accidental thing—they were set definitely to thinking about it, as something that could be achieved by will and intelligence.

But the right knowledge lay far in the future; and meantime they were groping in ignorance, and disease was still a mysterious visitation that came upon them out of the night. "Thus saith the Lord, About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt; and all

e firstborn in the land of Egypt shall die. And there all be a great cry throughout all the land of Egypt, ch as there hath been none like it, nor shall be like any more."

Their own firstborn had now been on the *régime* of e "child specialist" for a year and a half. He was g and fat and rosy, and according to all the standards ey knew, a picture of health. He was the pride of s parents' hearts—the one success they had achieved, d to which they could turn their eyes. He was a ightful burden to them—the most noisy and irre- essible of children. But they struggled and worried ong with him, and were proud of him—and even, in stormy sort of way, were happy with him. But now calamity fell upon him, bringing them the most ter- ble distress they had yet had to face in their lives.

§ 9. It was all the worse because they laid the blame on themselves. They were accustomed to attribute kness to this or that trivial cause—if Corydon caught cold, it was because she had sat in a draught, and if hyrsis was laid up with tonsilitis, it was because he d gone out for kindling-wood without his hat. It d been their wont to bundle the child up and turn n out to play; and one very cold day he had stood long time under the woodshed, and had got chilled. that night his head was hot, and he was fretful; and the morning he would not eat, and apparently had fever. They sent off in haste for the doctor; and the ctor came and examined him, and shook his head and oked very grave. It was pneumonia, he said, and a rious case.

So Corydon and Thyrsis had to put all things else de, and gird themselves for a siege. There were

medicines to be administered every hour, and minute precautions to be taken to keep the patient from the slightest chill; he must be in a warm room, and yet with some ventilation. All these things they attended to, and then they would sit and gaze at the sufferer, dumb with grief and fear. Through the night Thyrsis sat by the bedside, while Cedric babbled and raved in delirium; and no suffering that he had ever experienced was equal to this.

How he loved this baby, how passionately, how cruelly! How he clung to him, blindly and desperately —the thought of losing him simply tore his heart to pieces! He would hold the hot hands, he would touch the little body; how he loved that body, that was so beautiful and soft and white! How many times he had bathed it and dressed it and hugged it to him! He would sit and listen to the fevered prattle, full of childish phrases which brought before him the childish soul—the wonderful, lovable thing, so merry and eager, so full of mischief and curiosity; with strange impulses of tenderness, and flashes of intelligence that thrilled one, and opened long vistas to the imagination. He was all they had, this baby—he was all they had saved out of the ruin of their lives, out of the shipwreck of their love. What sacrifices they had made for him—what agonies he represented! And now, the idea that they might never see him, nor touch him, nor hear his voice again!

Also would come agonies of remorse. Thyrsis would face the blunder they had made—it might have been avoided so easily, and now it was irrevocable! His whole body would shake with silent sobbing. Ah, this curse of their lives, this hideous shame—that they had not even been able to take proper care of their child

is wrong, too, the world meant to inflict upon them this supreme vengeance, this cruel punishment!

§ 10. The doctor came next morning, and found e patient worse. This was the crisis, he said; if the tle one lived through the night— And there he used, seeing the agony in the eyes of the mother and ther. They would do all they could, he said; they ist hope for the best.

So the siege went on. Thyrsis sat through the night rain—and Corydon, who could not rest either, would me into the room every little while, and listen and tch. They would hold each other's hand for hours, mb with suffering; ghostly presences seemed to haunt e sick-chamber and set them to trembling. Thyrsis und himself thinking of that most terrible of all bal-ds, "The Erl-King". How he had shuddered once, aring it sung!—

"Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind!"

l through the night he seemed to hear the hammer-okes of the horse's hoofs echoing through his soul.

The child lived through the night, but the crisis was t yet over. The fever held on; the issue of life and ath seemed to hang upon the flutter of an eyelid. here was one more night to be sat through; and hyrsis, whose restless intellect must needs be dealing th all issues, had by then fought his way through s terror also. They must get control of themselves all hazards, he said; they must face the facts. If the child should die—

He tried to say something of the sort to Corydon, eking to steady her. But Corydon became almost

frantic at his words. "You must not say such a thing, you must not think such a thing!" she cried.

Corydon had been reading about "new thought", and she insisted that would be "holding the idea" of death over the child. "The thing for us to do," she said, "is to make up our minds—he must live, we must *know* that he will live!"—It was no time to argue about metaphysics, but Thyrsis found this proposition a source of great perplexity. How could a man make himself know what he did not know?

The crisis passed, and the child lived. But the illness continued for a couple of weeks—and how pitiful it was to see their baby, that had been so big and rosy, and was now pale and thin and weak! And when at last he got up and went outdoors again, he caught a cold, and there was a relapse, and another siege of the dread disease; the doctor had not warned them sufficiently, it seemed. So there was a week or two more of watching and worrying; and then they had to face the fact that little Cedric would be delicate for a long while—would need to be guarded with care all through the spring.

Thyrsis blamed himself for all that had happened; the weight of it rested upon him forever afterwards, as if it were some crime he had committed. Sometimes when he was overwrought and overdriven, he would lie awake in the small hours of the morning, and this spectre would come and sit by him. He had made a martyr of the child he loved, he had sacrificed it to what he called his art; and how had he dared to do it?

It was hard to think of a more cruel question to put to a man. Himself, no doubt, he might scourge and drive and wreck; but this child—what were the child's rights? Thyrsis would try to weigh them against the

aims of posterity. What his own work might be, he
ew; and to what extent should he sacrifice it to the
known possibilities of his son? Some sacrifice there
d to be—such was the stern decree of the "economic
rew."

So Thyrsis once more was a field of warring motives;
ce more he faced the curse of his life—that he could
t be as other men, he could not have other men's
tues. It was the latest aspect, and the most tragic,
that impulse in him which had made him fight so
rd against marriage; which had made him quote to
rydon the lines of the outlaw's song—

"The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
Were better mate than I!"

Book XVI

THE BREAK FOR FREEDOM

The scarlet flush of morning was in the sky; an
they stood upon the hill again, and watched the colo
spreading.

"We must go," she was saying. "But it was worth
while to come."

"It was all worth-while," he said—"all!"

And she smiled, and quoted some lines from th
poem—

"Thou too, O Thyrsis, on like quest wast bound;
Thou wanderedst with me for a little hour!
Men gave thee nothing; but this happy quest,
If men esteem'd thee feeble, gave thee power,
If men procured thee trouble, gave thee rest!

§ 1. This illness of the baby's had been a fearful rain upon their strength; and Thyrsis perceived that ey had now got to a point where they could no longer and alone. There must be a servant in the house, to lp Corydon, and do for the baby what had to be done. was a hard decision for him to face, for his money as almost gone, and the book loomed larger than ever. ut there was no escaping the necessity.

They would get a married couple, they decided—e man could pay for himself by working the farm. o they put an advertisement in a city paper, and pe-used the scores of mis-spelled replies. After due cor-spondence, and much consultation, they decided upon atrick and Mary Flanagan; and Thyrsis hired a two-ated carriage and drove in to meet them at the depot. It was all very funny; years afterwards, when the ouds of tragedy were dispersed, they were able to ugh over the situation. Thyrsis had been used to rvants in boyhood, but that was before he had ac-uired any ideas as to universal brotherhood and the ghts of man. Now he hated all the symbols and symp-ms of mastership; he shrunk from any sort of clash th unlovely personalities—he would be courteous and precating to the very tramp who came to his door beg. And here were Patrick and Mary, very Irish, ormously stout, and devotedly Roman Catholic, hav-g spent all their lives as caretakers of "gentlemen's untry-places". They had most precise ideas as to hat gentlemen's country-places should be, and how

they should be equipped, and how the gentlemen of t
country-places should treat their servants. And nee
less to say, they found nothing in this new situati
which met with their approval. There were signs
humiliating poverty everywhere, and the farm-out
was inadequate. As to the master and mistress, th
must have been puzzling phenomena for Patrick a
Mary to make up their minds about—possessing
many of the attributes of the lady and gentleman, a
yet being lacking in so many others!

Patrick was a precise and particular person;
wanted his work laid out just so, and then he would
it without interference. As for Mary—he stood in a
of Mary himself, and so he accepted the idea that Cor
don and Thyrsis should stand in awe of her too. Ma
it was who announced that their dietary was inadequat
she took no stock at all in Fletcher and Chittenden
she knew that working-people must have meat at les
four times a week. Also Mary maintained that th
room was not large enough for so stout a couple. Al
she arranged it that Corydon and Thyrsis should g
the dinner on Sundays—the Roman Catholic chur
being five miles away, and the hour of mass being la
and the horse very old and slow.

For two months Corydon and Thyrsis struggl
along under the dark and terrible shadow of the disa
proval of the Flanagan family. Then one day the
came a violent crisis between Corydon and Mary—c
casioned by a discussion of the effect of an excess
grease upon the digestibility of potato-starch. Cor
don fled in tears to her husband, who started for t
kitchen forthwith, meaning to dispose of the Flan
gans; when, to his vast astonishment, Corydon expe
enced one of her surges of energy, and thrust him

ne side, and striding out upon the field of combat, roceeded to deliver herself of her pent-up sentiments. was a discourse in the grandest style of tragedy, nd Mary Flanagan was quite dumbfounded—appar-ntly this was a "lady" after all! So the Flanagan amily packed its belongings and departed in a chas-ned frame of mind; and Corydon turned to her spouse, er eyes still flashing, and remarked, "If only I had lked to her that way from the beginning!"

§ 2. Then once more there was answering of ad-ertisements, and another couple was spewed forth from ne maw of the metropolis—"Henery and Bessie obbs", as they subscribed themselves. "Henery" roved to be the adult stage of the East Side "gamin"; an and cynical, full of slang and humor and the odor cigarettes. He was fresh from a "ticket-chopper's" b in the subway, and he knew no more about farming an Thyrsis did; but he put up a clever "bluff", and as so prompt with his wits that it was hard to find ult with him successfully. As for his wife, she had me out of a paper-box factory, and was as skilled at ousekeeping as her husband was at agriculture; she as frail and consumptive, and told Corydon the story her pitiful life, with the result that she was able to pose upon her even more than her predecessor had ne.

"Henery" was slow at pitching hay and loading one, but when the season came, he developed a genius r peddling fruit; he was always hungry for any sort chance to bargain, and was forever coming upon ings which Thyrsis ought to buy. Very quickly the ighborhood discovered this propensity of his, and ere was a constant stream of farmers who came to

offer second-hand buggies, and wind-broken horses, an dried-up cows, and patent hay-rakes and churns an corn-shellers at reduced values; all of which rath tended to reveal to Thyrsis the unlovely aspects of h neighbors, and to weaken his faith in the perfectibilit of the race.

Among Henery's discoveries was a pair of aged an emaciated mules. He became eloquent as to how h could fatten up these mules and what crops h could raise in the spring. So Thyrsis bought th mules, and also a supply of feed; but the fattenin process failed to take effect—for the reason, as Thy sis finally discovered, that the mules were in need o new teeth. When the plowing season began, Henery a first expended a vast amount of energy in beating th creatures with a stick, but finally he put his inventiv genius to work, and devised a way to drive them witho beating. It was some time before Thyrsis noted th change; when he made inquiries, he learned to his co sternation that the ingenious Henery had fixed up th stick with a pin in the end!

At any time of the day one might stand upon th piazza of the house and gaze out across the corn-fiel and see a long procession marching through the furrow First there came the mules, and then came the plow, an then came Henery; and after Henery followed the dog and after the dog followed the baby, and after th baby followed a train of chickens, foraging for worms Little Cedric was apparently content to trot bac and forth in the field for hours; which to his much occupied parents seemed a delightful solution of a prob lem. But it happened one day when they had a visi from Mr. Harding, that Thyrsis and the clergy man came round the side of the house, and discovere

he child engaged in trying to drag a heavy arm-chair hrough a door that was too small for it. He was restling like a young titan, purple in the face with age; and shouting, in a perfect reproduction of Henery's voice and accent, "Come round here, God amn you, come round here!"

There were many such drawbacks to be balanced gainst the joys of "life on a farm". Thyrsis re- ected with a bitter smile that his experiences and orydon's had been calculated to destroy their illusions s to several kinds of romance. They had tried "Grub treet", and the poet's garret, and the cultivating of terature upon a little oatmeal; they had not found hat a joyful adventure. They had tried the gypsy tyle of existence; they had gone back "to the bosom f nature"—and had found it a cold and stony bosom. hey had tried out "love in a cottage", and the story- riter's dream of domestic raptures. And now they ere chasing another will o' the wisp—that of "amateur arming"! When Thyrsis had purchased half the old unk in the township, and had seen the mules go lame, nd the cows break into the pear-orchard and "founder" hemselves; when he had expended two hundred dollars' orth of money and two thousand dollars' worth of nergy to raise one hundred dollars' worth of vege- ables and fruit, he framed for himself the conclusion hat a farm is an excellent place for a literary man, rovided that he can be kept from farming it.

§ 3. As the result of such extravagances, when hey had got as far as the month of February, Thyrsis' ank-account had sunk to almost nothing. However, e had been getting ready for this emergency; he had repared a *scenario* of his new book, setting forth the

ideas it would contain and the form which it would tak
This he sent to his publisher, with a letter sayin
that he wanted the same contract and the same advan
as before.

And again he waited in breathless suspense. He kn
that he had here a work of vital import, one that wou
be certain to make a sensation, even if it did not s
like a novel. It was, to be sure, a radical book—pe
haps the most radical ever published in America; b
on the other hand, it dealt with questions of literatu
and philosophy, where occasionally even respectable a
conservative reviews permitted themselves to dally wi
ideas. Thyrsis was hoping that the publisher mig
see prestige and publicity in the adventure, and deci
to take a chance; when this proved to be the case, h
sank back with a vast sigh of relief. He had now mon
enough to last until midsummer, and by that time th
book would be more than half done—and also the far
would be paying.

But alas, it seemed with them that strokes of calamit
always followed upon strokes of good fortune. At th
time Corydon's ailments became acute, and her nervou
crises were no longer to be borne. There were anxiou
consultations on the subject, and finally it was decide
that she should consult another "specialist". This wa
an uncle of Mr. Harding's, a man of most unusua
character, the clergyman declared; the latter was goin
to the city, and would be glad to introduce Corydo

So, a couple of days later came to Thyrsis a lette
conveying the tidings that she was discovered to b
suffering from an abdominal tumor, and should un
dergo an immediate operation. It would cost a hun
dred dollars, and the hospital expenses would be a
least as much; which meant that, with the bill-payin

hat had already taken place, their money would all be one at the outset!

But Thyrsis did not waste any time in lamenting the evitable. He was rather glad of the tidings, on the hole—at least there was a definite cause for Corydon's ffering, and a prospect of an end to it. Both of hem had still their touching faith in doctors and surgeons, as speaking with final and godlike authority pon matters beyond the comprehension of the ordinary ind. The operation would not be dangerous, Corydon wrote, and it would make a new woman of her.

"If I could only have Delia Gordon with me," she dded, "then my happiness would be complete. Only hink of it, she left for Africa last week! I know she ould have waited, if she'd known about this.

"However, I shall make out. Mr. Harding is going be in town for more than a week—he is attending conference of some sort, and he has promised to ome and see me in the hospital. I think he likes to do uch things—he has the queerest professional air about , so that you feel you are being sympathized with or the glory of God. But really he is very beautiful nd good, and I think you have never appreciated him. am happy to-day, almost exhilarated; I feel as if were about to escape from a dungeon."

§ 4. Such was the mood in which she went to her range experience. She liked the hospital-room, tiny, t immaculately clean; she liked the nurses, who seemed her to be altogether superior and exemplary beings -moving with such silence and assurance about their arious tasks. She slept soundly, and in the morning ey combed and plaited her hair and prepared her for e ceremony. There came a bunch of roses to her

room, with a card from Mr. Harding; and these wer exquisite, and made her happy, so that, when the docto arrived, she went almost gaily to the operating-roon

Everything there aroused her curiosity; the pur white walls and ceiling, shining with matchless clean ness, the glittering instruments arranged carefully o glass tables, the attentive and pleasant-faced nurses standing also in pure white, and the doctor in his vest ments, smiling reassuringly. In the centre of the roon was a large glass table, long enough for a reclining body, and through the sky-light the sun poured a pleas ing radiance over all. "How beautiful!" exclaime Corydon; and the nurses exchanged glances, and th old doctor failed to hide an expression of surprise.

"I wish all my patients felt like that," said he "Now climb up on the table."

Corydon promptly did so, and another doctor wh was to administer the anæsthetic came to her side "Take a very deep breath, please," he said, as he place over her mouth a white, cone-shaped thing that had rather suffocating odor. Corydon was obedience itself and breathed.

In a moment her body seemed to be falling from her "Oh, I don't like it!" she gasped.

"Breathe deeply, and count as far as you can," cam a voice from far above her.

"Stop!" whispered Corydon. "Oh, I don't want— I want to come back!"

Then she began to count—or rather some strang voice, not hers, seemed to count for her; as the firs numbness passed, farther and farther away she seeme to dissolve, to become a disembodied consciousness poise in a misty ether. And at that moment—so she tol Thyrsis afterwards—the face of Mr. Harding seeme

appear just above her, and to look at her with a ined and startled expression. It was a beautiful face, e thought; and she knew that everything she felt as being immediately registered in Mr. Harding's nd. They were two affinitized beings, suspended in e centre of a cosmos; their soul intelligences were all at had been left of the sentient world after some taclysm.

"I always knew that about us," thought Corydon, d she realized that the face before her understood, en though at the moment it, too, was dissolving. "I nder why"—she mused—"why—" And then the tle spark went out.

Two hours later the doctor was bending over her, xiously scrutinizing her passive face. "Nurse, bring some ice-water," he was saying. "She takes her time ming to." And sharply he struck her cheek and fore-ad with his finger-tips; but she showed no sign.

Deep down in some mysterious inner chamber, be-ath the calm face, there was being enacted a grim irit-drama. Corydon's soul was making a monstrous ort to return to its habitation; Corydon felt herself nging, a tortured speck of being, in a dark and mitable void. "This may be Hell," she thought. "I ve neither hands nor feet, and I cannot fight; but I n *will* to get back!" This effort cost her inexpressible ony.

A strange incessant throbbing was going on in the ack pit over which she seemed suspended. It had a nd of rhythm—metallic, and yet with a human reso-nce. It began way down somewhere, and proceeded th maddening accuracy to ascend through the semi-nes of a gigantic scale. Each beat was agony to r; it ascended to a certain pitch in merciless crescendo,

then fell to the bottom again, and began anew its swi
maddeningly accurate ascent. Each time it ascend
a little higher, and always straining her endurance
the uttermost, and bringing a more vivid realization
agony. "Will you stop here," it seemed to pulsa
"No, no, I will go on," willed Corydon. "You sh
not keep me, I must escape, I must *get out*." But
kept up incessantly, ruthlessly, its strange, formle
soundless din, until the spirit writhed in its grasp.

Finally it seemed to Corydon that she was getti
nearer—nearer to something, she knew not what. T
blackness about her seemed to condense, and she fou
herself in what was apparently the middle of a la
and some dark bodies with arms were trying to dr
her down. "No, no," she willed to these forms, "y
shall not. I do not belong here, I belong up—up
And by a violent effort she escaped—into sensations
more agonizing, more acute. The vibrations were g
ting faster and faster, whirling her along, stretchi
her consciousness to pieces. "Will it never end?" s
thought. "Have mercy!" But after an eternity
such repetition, she found a bright light staring at h
and a frightful sense of heaviness, like mountains pi
upon her. Also, eating her up from head to foot, w
a strange, unusual pain; yes, it must be pain, thou
she had never felt anything like it before. She moane
and there came a spasm of nausea, that seemed to te
her asunder.

The doctor was standing by her. "She gave me qu
a fright," he was saying. "There, that's it, nur
She'll be sleeping sweetly in a minute." The nu
hurried forward, and Corydon felt a stinging sens
tion in her side, and then a delightful numbness cre
over her. "Oh, thank you, doctor," she whispered.

§ 5. The next week held for Corydon continuous ffering, which she bore with a rebellious defiance— ling that she had been betrayed in some way. "If u had only told me," she wailed, to the doctor. "I uld rather have stayed as I was before!" For answer would pat her cheek and tell her to go to sleep. The days dragged on. Every afternoon her mother ne and read to her for several hours; and in the ternoons Mr. Harding would come, and sit by her lside in his kind way and talk to her. Sometimes he y stayed a few minutes, but often he would spend hour or so, trying to dispel the clouds of gloom and spondency that were hanging over her. Corydon d him of her vision in the operating-room, and ange to say he declared that he had known it all; o he said that he had helped her to fight her way ck to life.

He seemed to understand her every need, and from sympathy gave her all the comfort he could. But little realized all that it meant to her—how deeply tirred her gratitude and her liking for him. During day she would find herself counting the hours until time he had named; and when the expected knock uld come, and his tall figure appear at the door, her art would give a sudden jump and send the blood shing to her head. Her lips would tremble slightly she held out her hand to him; and as he sat and ked at her, she would become uncomfortably con- ous of the beating of her heart; in fact at times it uld almost suffocate her, and her cheeks would be- ne as fire.

She wondered if he noticed it. But he seemed con- ned only for her welfare, and anxiously inquired v she felt. She was not doing well, it seemed, and

the doctor was greatly troubled; her temperature h not become normal since the operation, and they cou not account for it, as she was suffering no more th the usual amount of pain. To Corydon this was matter of no importance; she was willing to lie the all day, if only the hour of Mr. Harding's visit wou come more quickly. She was beginning to be alarm because she had such difficulty in controlling her e citement.

The magic hour would strike, and the door of ho open, and there upon the threshold he would appe in all his superb manhood. Corydon thought she h never before met a man who gave her such an impressi of vitality. He was splendid; he was like a you Viking, who brought into the room with him the pu air of the Northern mountains. When he looked her, his eyes assumed a wonderful expression, a "golde expression, as Corydon described it to herself. A day after day she clothed this Viking in more lustro garments, woven from the threads of her imaginatio her innermost desires and her dreams. And always sight of him, her heart beat faster, her head beca hotter; until the bed she lay upon became a bed burning coals. She realized at last what had happen to her, that she loved—yes, that she loved! But s must not let her Viking see it; that would be unpardo able, it would damn her forever in his sight. And she struggled with her secret. At night she slept fitful starts, and in the morning she lay pale a sombre. But when he came she was all brilliancy a animation.

§ 6. Each night the doctor would look anxious at his thermometer; it was a source of great wor

him and to Corydon's parents that the fever
l not abate. Also, needless to say, the news worried
yrsis; all the more, because it meant a long stay in
e hospital, and more of their money gone. At last
came up to town to see about it; and Corydon
ought to herself, "This is very wrong of me. It is
yrsis I ought to be interested in, it is his sympathy
ought to be craving."

She brought the image of Thyrsis before her; it
emed vague and unreal. She found that she remem-
red mostly the unattractive aspects of him. And this
ought a pang to her. "He is good and noble," she
d herself; she forced herself to think of generous
ngs that he had done.

He came; and then she felt still more ashamed. He
d been working very hard, and was pale and haggard;
was becoming to him to be that way. Recollections
me back to her in floods; yes, he was truly good and
ble!

He sat by her bedside, and she told him about the
eration, and poured out the hunger of her soul to
n. He stayed all the morning with her, and he came
ain and spent the afternoon with her. He read to
r and kissed her and soothed her—his influence was
ry calming, she found. After he had gone for the
ght, Corydon lay thinking, "I still love him!"

How strange it was that she could love two men at
ce! It was surely very wrong! She would never
ve dreamed that she, Corydon, could do such a thing.
e thought of Harry Stuart, and of the unacknowl-
ged thrill of excitement which his presence had
ought to her. "And now here it is again," she
ised—"only this time it is worse! What *can* be the
tter with me?"

Then she wondered, "Do I really love Mr. Hardin
Haven't I got over it now?" But the least thinking
him sufficed to set her heart to thumping again; and
she shrunk from that train of thought. She want
to love her husband.

He came again the next morning, and Corydon fou
that she was very happy in his presence. Her fev
was slightly lower, and she thought, "I will get w
quickly now."

But alas, she had reckoned in this without Thyrs
To sit in the hospital all day was a cruel strain up
him; the more so as he had been entirely unprepar
for it. Corydon had assured him that the operati
would be nothing, and that she would not need hi
and so he had just finished a harrowing piece of lab
on the book. Now to stay all day and witness h
struggle, to satisfy her craving for sympathy and
meet and wrestle with her despair—it was like havi
the last drops of his soul-energy squeezed out of hi
He did not know what was troubling Corydon, but t
rapport between them was so close, that he knew s
was in some distress of mind.

He stood the ordeal as long as he could, and then
had to beg for respite. Cedric was down on the far
with no one but the servants to care for him; so he wou
go back, and see that everything was all right, a
after he had rested up for two or three days, he wou
come again. Corydon smiled faintly and assented—f
that morning she had received a note from Mr. Hardin
saying that he would be in town the next day, a
would call.

So Thyrsis went away, and Corydon lay and thoug
the problem over again. "Yes, I love my husband; b
it's such an effort for him to love me! And why shou

at be? I don't believe it would be such an effort for
r. Harding to love me!"

So again she was seized by the thought of the young
ergyman. And she was astonished at the difference
her feelings—the flood of emotion that swept over
r. Her heart began to beat fast and her cheeks once
ore to burn. He was coming up to the city on pur-
ose, this time; it must be that he wanted to see her
ry much!

That night was an especially hard one for her; she
lt as though the frail shell that held her were break-
g, as though her endurance were failing altogether.
he fever had risen, and her bed had seemed like the
rning arms of Moloch. Once she imagined that the
om was stifling her, and in a sudden frenzy of im-
atience she struggled upon one elbow and flung her
llow across the room. In that instant she had noticed
new and sharp pain in her side; it did not leave her,
ough at the time she thought little about it.

She was all absorbed in the coming of Mr. Harding;
the time morning had come she had made up her
ind that her one hope of deliverance was in confession.
he must tell him, she must make known to him her
ve; and he would forgive her, and then her heart
ould not beat so violently at sight of him, her fever
ould abate and she might rest.

But when he sat there, talking to her, and looking
beautiful and so strange, she trembled, and made
alf a dozen vain efforts to begin. Finally she asked,
Have you ever read that poem of Heine's—

'Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen Andern erwählt?' "

"Oh, yes," he answered; then they were silent agai
Finally Corydon nerved herself to yet another effo
"Mr. Harding," she said, "will you come a little near
please. I have something very important to say to you
And then, waveringly and brokenly, now in agoniz
abashment, now rushing ahead as she felt his encourag
ment and sympathy, she gave him the whole story of h
suffering and its cause. When she came to the wor
"because I love you", she closed her eyes and her spi
sank back with a great gasp of relief.

When she opened them again, his head was bow
in his hands and he did not move. "Mr. Harding," s
whispered, "Mr. Harding, you forgive me, do you no
You do not hate me?"

He roused himself with an effort. "Dear child," sa
he, and as he looked at her she thought she had nev
seen a face so sad, so exquisite—"it is I who ask fo
giveness."

He rose and came to her bedside, and took her ha
in both of his. "It would not be right for me to s
to you what you have said to me. We must not spe
of this any more. You will promise me this, and th
you will rest, and to-morrow you will be better. So
you will be well; and how glad your husband will
—and all of us."

With that he pressed her hand firmly, and left t
room; and Corydon turned her face to the wall, a
whispered happily to herself, "Yes, he loves me, he lov
me! And now I shall rest!"

§ 7. For a while she slept the sleep of exhaustio
nor did there fall across her dreams the shadow of t
angel of fate who was even then placing his mark up
her forehead. Toward morning she was awaken

denly with the sharp pain in her side; but it abated sently, and Corydon thought blissfully of the after- n before. He would come again to her, she would him that very day; and so what did pain matter? was really happy at last. But as the day advanced, became uneasy; her fever had not diminished, and pain was becoming more persistent.

The nurse was anxious, too. Her mother came and arded her in alarm. But she was thinking of Mr. rding. He was coming; he might arrive at any nent.

There was a knock upon the door. Corydon's pulse tered, and she whispered, "Here he is!" She could rcely speak the words, "Come in". But when the r opened, she saw that it was the doctor. Her heart k, and she closed her eyes with a moan of pain. ld it be that he was not coming? Could it be that had been mistaken—that he did not love her after She must see him—she must! She could not en- e this suspense; she could not endure these inter- tions by other people.

The doctor came and sat by her. "I must see what he matter here," he said. "Why do you not get well, ydon?"

He questioned her carefully and looked grave. "I st have a consultation at once," he said.

Corydon's hand caught at his sleeve. "No, no!" she spered.

"Don't be afraid," said the doctor. "It won't hurt."

"It isn't that," said Corydon. She all but added, "I st see Mr. Harding!"

She was wheeled into the operating-room, but this e there was no interest in her eyes as she regarded smooth table and the shining instruments. As they

lifted her upon it, she shuddered. "Oh I cannot, I
not!" she wailed.

"There, there," said the doctor. "Be brave.
wish simply to see what the matter is. It won't
long."

And they put the cone to her mouth. Cory
struggled and gasped, but it was no use, she was in
clutches of the fiend again; only this time there wa
ecstasy, and no vision of Mr. Harding. Instead t
was instant and sickening suffocation. Again she
scended into the uttermost depths of the inferno;
it seemed as though this time the brave will was
equal to the battle before it.

The surgeons made their examination, and they
covered more diseased tissue, and a slowly spread
infection. So there was nothing for it but to ope
again—they held a quick consultation, and then
ahead. And afterwards they labored and sweated,
by dint of persistent effort, and every device at t
command, they fanned into life once more the f
spark in the ashen-grey form that lay before them.
it was a feeble flame they got; as Corydon's eye
fluttered, the only sign of recognition that came f
her lips was a moan, and from her eyes a look of d
stupidity. But there was hope for her life, the doc
said; and they sent a telegram which Thyrsis got t
days later, when he had fought his way to the t
through five miles of heavy snow-drifts.

Meantime the grim fight for life was going on.
the morning Corydon opened her eyes to a burn
torture, the racked and twisted nerves quivering in
bellion. It did not come in twinges of pain, it wa
slow, deadening, persistent agony, that pervaded ev
inch of her body. She wondered how she could b

how she could live. And yet, strangely, inexplicably, e wanted to live. She did not know why—she had en outraged, she had been deserted by all, she was t a feeble atom of determination in the centre of a stile universe. And yet she would pit her will against em all, God, man, and devil; they should not con-er her, she would win out.

So she would clench her teeth together and fight. r hours she would stare at the wall, the blank, un-sponsive, formless wall before her; and then, when the adows of the evening fell, and they saw she was faint-g from exhaustion, they would come with the needle oblivion, and the dauntless soul would die for the ght, and return in the morning to its pitiless task.

§ 8. Thyrsis received a couple of letters at the me time as the telegram, and he took the next train r the city. It is said that a drowning man sees be-re him in a few moments the panorama of his whole e; but to Thyrsis were given three hours in which to call the events of his love for Corydon. He had every ason to believe that he would find her dying; and such ngs of suffering as came to him he had never known fore. He was in a crowded car, and he would not shed ear; but he sat, crouched in a heap and staring be-re him, fairly quivering with pent-up and concen-ated grief. God, how he loved her! What a spirit pure flame she was—what a creature from another y! What martyrdom she had dared for him, and w cruelly she had been punished for her daring! And w, this was the end; she was dying—perhaps dead! ow was he to live without her—in the bare and bar-n future that he saw stretching out before him?

Flashes of memory would come to him, waves of tor-

ment roll over him. He would recall her gestures, t
curves of her face, the tones of her voice, the songs th
she had sung; and then would come a choking in
throat, and he would clench his hands, as a runner
the last moments of a desperate race. He thought
her as he had seen her last. He had gone away, carel
and unthinking—how blind he had been! The thin
that he had not said to her, and that he might ha
said so easily! The love he had not uttered, the pa
dons he had not procured! The yearnings and co
secrations that had remained unspoken all through th
lives—ah God, what a tragedy of impotence and failu
their lives had been!

Then before his soul came troops of memories, ea
one a fiend with a whip of fire; the words of anger th
he had spoken, the acts of cruelty that he had don
The times when he had made her weep, and had n
comforted her! Oh, what a fool he had been—wh
a blind and wanton fool! And now—if he were to fi
her dead, and never be able to tell her of his shame a
sorrow—he knew that he would carry the memories w
him all his days, they would be like blazing scars up
his soul.

She was still alive, however; and so he took a de
breath, and went at his task. There was no questi
now of what he could bear to do, but of what he mu
do; she must be saved, and who could do it but hi
self? Who else could take her hands and whisper
her, and fill her with new courage and hope; who e
could bid her to live—to live; could rouse the fainti
spirit, and bid it rise up and set forth upon the agon
ing journey?

So out of the very abyss they came together. B
when at last the fight was won, when the doctors a

ounced that she was out of danger, Thyrsis was fairly eeling with exhaustion. When he left her in the after- oon, he would go to his hotel-room and lie down, utterly rostrated; he would lie awake the whole night through, restling with the demons of horror that he had rought with him from her bedside.

So he realized that he was on the verge of collapse, nd that cost what it would, he must get away. Cory- on's mother was with her, and when she was strong nough to be moved, she would be taken back to the arm. He mentioned this to Corydon, and she replied hat she would be satisfied. There would be Mr. Hard- g also, she said; Mr. Harding wrote that he would ome up to the city, and do what he could to help her her dire distress.

§ 9. There came from the higher regions a pass pon a steamer to Florida; and so Thyrsis sailed away. Vith a determined effort he took all his cares, and locked hem back in a far chamber of his mind. He would not hink about Corydon, nor about what he would do for loney when he came home; more important yet, he ould clear the book out of his thoughts—he would ot permit it to gnaw at him all day and all night.

And by these resolves he stood grimly. He walked he deck for hours every day; he watched the foaming reen waters, and the gulls wheeling in the sky, and the un setting over the sea, and the new moon showering s fire upon the waves. Gradually the air grew warm, nd ice and snow became as an evil dream. A land of agic it seemed to which Thyrsis came—the beauty of enfolded him like a clasp of love. He saw pine- orests, and swamps with alligators in them, and live aks draped with trailing grey moss. The clumps of

palmettos fascinated him—he had seen pictures of su
trees in the tropics, and would hardly have been ast
ished to see a herd of elephants in their shadows.

He found a beach, snow-white and hard, upon wh
he walked for uncounted miles. He gathered stran
shells and crabs, and watched the turkey-buzzards
the shore, and the slow procession of the pelicans, s
ing past above the tops of the breakers. He saw
black fins of the grampuses cutting the water, a
thought that they were sharks. He stood for hours
a time up to his waist in the surf, casting for sea-ba
he got few fish, but joy and excitement he got
abundance.

Then, back upon the hammocks—to walk upon
hard shell roads, and see orange and lemon-groves, a
gardens filled with roses and magnolias, and orchards
mulberry and fig-trees. Truly this must have been
land which the poet had described—

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

Thyrsis stayed in a humble boarding-house, b
nearby was one of the famous winter-resorts of t
Florida East Coast, and he was free to go there, a
wander about the lobbies and piazzas of the palati
hotels, and watch the idle rich at their diversions.
strange society they were—it seemed as if the scum
the civilization of forty-five states had been blown in
this bit of back-water. Here were society wome
jaded with dissipation; stock-brokers and financie
fleeing from the strain of the "Street"; here were par
sites of every species, who, having nothing to do
home—or perhaps not even having any home—had co

this land of warmth to prolong their orgies. They ed over the roads and beaches in autos, and over the ter in swift motor-boats; they dressed themselves f a dozen times a day, they fed themselves upon rich d costly foods, they gambled and gossiped and drank d wantoned their time away. As he watched them it s all that Thyrsis could do to keep himself from be- ning another manifesto for the "Appeal to Reason". , if only the toilers of the nation could be brought re, and shown what became of the wealth they pro- ced!

As if to complete his study of winter-resort manners d morals, Thyrsis encountered a college acquaintance ose father had become enormously rich through a ning speculation, and was here with a party of ends in a private-train. So he was whirled off in e of half a dozen automobiles, and rode for a hundred les or so to an inland lake, and sat down to an *al esco* luncheon of such delicacies as *paté de fois gras* d jellied grouse and champagne. Afterwards the ung people wandered about and amused themselves, d the elders played "bridge", in the face of all the ptures of this wonderland of nature.

A strange and sombre figure Thyrsis must have emed to these people, with his brooding air and his rn clothing; he rode home in an auto with half a zen youths and maidens, and while they flashed by es and rivers that gleamed in the golden moon-light, d by orchards and gardens from which the mingled nts of millions of blossoms were wafted to them, these ung people jested together and laughed and sang.

And Thyrsis lay back and watched them and studied em. Their music was what is called "rag-time"— ey had apparently found nothing better to do with

their lives than to learn hundreds of verses and mel dies, of which the subject-matter was the whims ar moods of the half-tamed African race—their vaniti and their barbarous impulses, and above all their h and lustful passions. Song after song they pour forth, the substance of which was summed up in o line that Thyrsis happened to carry away with him-

"Ah lubs you, mah honey, yes, Ah do!"

It seemed to him such a curious and striking comme tary upon the stage which leisure-class culture ha reached, in the course of its reversion to savagery.

§ 10. Thyrsis came home after three weeks, brown and refreshed, and ready to take up the struggle agai He came with the cup of his love and sympathy ove flowing; eager to see Corydon, and to tell her his a ventures, and to share with her his store of new hop

He found her reclining on the piazza of the farm house. The April buds were bursting upon the tree and the odor of spring was in the air; also, the flus of health was stealing back into Corydon's cheek How beautiful she looked, and how soft and gent was her caress, and what wistfulness and tenderne were in the smile with which she greeted him!

There was the baby also, tumultuous and excite Thyrsis took him upon his knee, and while he fondle him and played with him, he told Corydon about h trip. But in a short while it became evident to hi that she had something on her mind; and finally sh sent the baby away to play, and began, "There something I have to tell you."

"Yes, dear?" he said.

"It is something very, very important."

"Yes?" he repeated.

"I—I don't know just how to begin," said Corydon. hope you are not going to be angry."

"I can't imagine myself being angry just now," he plied; and then, struck by a sense of familiarity in s introduction, he asked, with a smile, "You haven't n seeing Harry Stuart, have you?"

Corydon frowned at the words. "Don't speak of t!" she said, quickly. "I am not joking."

He saw that she was agitated, and so he fell silent.

"I hesitated a long time about telling you," she went "But you must know. I am sure it's right to tell ı."

"By all means, dearest," he answered.

"It's a long story," she said. "I must go back to first operation." And then she began, and told him v she had found herself thinking of Mr. Harding, l of the strange vision she had had; she told of all her ered excitements, and of her confession to him. ıen she finished she was trembling all over, and her e and throat were flushed.

Thyrsis sat for a while in silence, looking very grave. see," he said.

"You—you are not angry with me?" she asked.

"No, I'm not angry," he replied. "But tell me, what been going on since?"

"Well," said Corydon, "Mr. Harding has been com- here to see me. He saw I needed help, and he ldn't refuse it. It was—it was his duty to come."

"Yes," said the other. "Go on."

"Well, I think he had an idea that the whole thing s a product of my sickness; and when I was well ain, it would all be over."

"And is it, Corydon?"

She sat staring in front of her; her voice sank to whisper. "No," she said. "It—it isn't."

"And does he know that?" asked Thyrsis.

"He knows everything," she replied. "I don't ne to tell him things."

"But have you talked about it with him?"

"A little," she said. "That is, you see, I had to plain to him—to apologize for what I had done in t hospital. I wanted him to know that I wouldn't ha said anything to him, if I hadn't been so very ill."

"I see," said Thyrsis.

"And I want you to understand," added Coryd quickly—"you must not blame him. For he's the s of honor, Thyrsis; and he can't help how he feels abo me—any more than I can help it. You must kn that, dear!"

"Yes, I know that."

"He's been so good and so noble about it. He thi so much of you, Thyrsis—he wouldn't do you wro not by a single word. He said that to me—over a over again. He's frightened, you know, that either us might do wrong. He's so sensitive—I think takes things more seriously than anybody we've e known."

"I understand," said Thyrsis; and then, after pause, he inquired, "But what's to come of it?"

"How do you mean?" she asked.

"What are you going to do?"

"Why, I don't know that there's anything to Thyrsis. What would there be?"

"But are you going on being in love with him f ever?"

"I—I don't see how I can tell, Thyrsis. Would it
any harm?"

"It might grow on you," he said, with a slight smile.
t sometimes does."

"Mr. Harding said we ought never to speak of it
gain," said she. "And I guess he's right about that.
e said that our lives would always be richer, because
had discovered each other's souls; that it would
lp us to grow into a nobler life."

"I see," said Thyrsis. "But it's a trifle disconcerting
first. I'll need a little time to get used to it."

"Mr. Harding is very anxious to know you better,"
narked Corydon. "But you see, he's afraid of you,
hyrsis. You are so direct—you get to the point too
ickly for him."

"Um—yes," said he. "I can imagine that."

"And he thinks you distrust him," she went on—
ust because he's orthodox. But he's really not half
backward as you think. His faith means a great
al to him. I only wish I had such a faith in my own
e."

To which Thyrsis responded, "God knows, my dear,
wish you had."

§ 11. The young clergyman came to call the next
ternoon, and the three sat upon the lawn and talked.
ey talked about Florida, and then about Socialism
as was inevitable, after Thyrsis had described the
pulation of the East Coast hotels. But he felt con-
ained and troubled—he did not know just how a man
ould conduct himself with his wife's lover; and so in
end he excused himself and strolled off.

He came back as Mr. Harding was leaving; and it
med to him that the other's face wore a look of

pain and distress. Also, at supper he noted that Corydon was ill at ease.

"Something has gone wrong with your program?" he inquired.

To which Corydon answered, "Mr. Harding thinks he ought not to come any more."

"Not come any more?"

"He says I don't need him now. And he thinks—he thinks it isn't right. He's afraid to come."

And so a week passed, and the young clergyman was not seen again. Thyrsis noticed that his wife was silent a great deal; and that when she did talk, she talked about Mr. Harding. His heart ached to see her as she was, so pitifully weak and appealing. She was scarcely able to walk alone yet; and she complained also that her mind had been weakened by the frightful ordeal she had undergone. It exhausted her to do any thinking at all; and she seemed to have forgotten nearly all she knew—there were whole subjects upon which her mind appeared to be a blank.

So he gave up trying to think about his book, and went about all day pondering this new problem. It was one of the laws of the marriage state that he must suffer whenever she suffered. It was never permitted to him to question the reality of any of her emotions; if they were real to her, they were real in the only sense that counted; and he must take them with the entire tragic seriousness that she took them, he must regard them as inevitable and fatal. For himself, he could change or suppress emotions—that ability was the most characteristic fact about him; but Corydon could not do it, and so he was not permitted to do it. That would be to manifest the "cold" and "stern" self,

ch was to Corydon an object of abhorrence and
r.

So now he went about all day, brooding over this
uble. He would come to Corydon and see her gazing
oss the valley with a melancholy look upon her
tures; he would see her, with her sweet face as if
fused with unshed tears. And what was he to do
ut it? Was he to rebuke her—however gently—
l urge her to suppress this yearning? To do that
uld be to plunge her into abysses of grief. Or was
to come to her, and utter his own love to her, and
w her to him again? He knew that he could do that
e was conceited enough to believe that with his elo-
nce and his power of soul, he could have wiped Mr.
rding clean out of her thoughts in a few days. But
n, when he had done it, he would have to go back to
task of revolutionizing the world's critical stand-
ls; and what would become of Corydon after that?
at she needed, he told himself, was a love that was
a will o' the wisp and a fraud, but a love that was
l and unceasing; she needed the love of a man, and
of an artist!

Here were two young people who were in love with
h other; and according to the specifications of the
ral code, they had their minds made up to sublime
unciation. But then, Thyrsis had a moral code of
own, and in it renunciation was not the only law
ife.

It was only when he thought of losing Corydon, that
realized to the full how much he loved her. Then
their consecrations and their pledges would come
k to him; he would hold her as the greatest human
l that he had ever met. But it was a strange para-
, that precisely the depth of his love for her made

him willing to think of losing her. He loved her f herself, and not for anything she gave him; he want her to be happy, he wanted her to grow and achie and in order to see her do this he would make any sac fice in the world. In how many hours of insight had become clear to him that he himself could never ma her happy—that he was not the man to be her husban Now it seemed as if the time had come for him to pro that he meant what he had said—that he was willi to stand by his vision and to act upon it.

So after one day of especial unhappiness, he ma up his mind to a desperate resolve; and at night, wh all the household was asleep, he went over to his lone study and sat down with a pen in his hand, and su moned the spirit of Mr. Harding before him.

"I have concluded to write you a letter," he bega "You will find it a startling and unusual one. I c only beg you to believe that I have written it after mu hesitation, and that it represents most earnest a prayerful thought upon my part.

"Since my return, I have become aware of the sit ation which has developed between yourself and m wife. Her welfare is dearer to me than anything el in the world; and after thinking it over, I conclud that her welfare required that I should explain to y the relationship which exists between us. It seems u likely that you could know about it otherwise, for is a very unusual relationship.

"I suppose there is no need for me to tell you th Corydon is not happy. She never has been happy my wife, and I fear that she never will be. She is nature warm-hearted, craving affection and companio ship. I, on the other hand, am by nature imperson and self-absorbed—I am compelled by the exigenci

my work to be abstracted and indifferent to things out me. I perceived this before our marriage, but t clearly enough to save her; it has been her misrtune that I have loved her so dearly that I have en driven to attempt the impossible. I am continuly deceiving myself into the belief that I am sucding—and I am continually deceiving Corydon in e same way. It has been our habit to talk things out tween us frankly; but this is a truth from which we ve shrunk instinctively. I have always seen it as the ed of what must grow to be a bitter tragedy.

"The possibility that Corydon might come to love me other man was one that I had not thought of—was very stupid of me, no doubt. But now it has ppened; and I have worked over the problem with all e faculties I possess. A man who was worthy of rydon's love would be very apt, under the circumances, to feel that he must crush his impulses towards r. But when we were married, it was with the agreeent that our marriage should be binding upon us only long as it was for the highest spiritual welfare of th; and by that agreement it is necessary that we ould stand at all times. My purpose in writing to u is to let you know that I have no claim upon Coryn which prohibits her from continuing her acquaintce with you; and that if in the course of time it ould become clear that Corydon would be happier as ur wife than as mine, I should regard it as my duty step aside. Having said this, I feel that I have done part. I leave the matter in your hands, with the llest confidence in your sincerity and good faith."

Thyrsis wrote this letter, and read it a couple of nes. Then he decided to sleep over it; and the next rning he wakened, and read it again—with a shock

of surprise. He found it a startling letter. It open up vistas to his spirit; vistas of loneliness and grief and then again, vistas of freedom and triumph. If were to mail it, it would be irrevocable; and it wou probably mean that he would lose Corydon. And *cou* he make up his mind to lose her? His swift thoug flew to their parting; there were tears in his eyes his love came back to him, as it had when he thoug she was dying. But then again, there came a thrill exultation; the captive lion within him smelt the a of the jungle, and rattled his chains and roared.

Throughout breakfast he was absent-minded and at ease; he bid Corydon a farewell which puzzled h by its tenderness, and then started to walk to Bellev with the letter. Half way in, he stopped. No, he cou not do it—it was a piece of madness; but then he start again—he *must* do it. He found himself pacing up a down before the post office, where for nearly an hour struggled to screw his courage to the sticking-poi Once he started away, having made up his mind that would take another day to think the matter over; b after he had walked half a mile or so, he changed h mind and strode back, and dropped the letter in t box.

And then a pang smote him. It was done! All t way as he walked home he had to fight with an impul to go back, and persuade the postmaster to return t letter to him!

§ 12. Thyrsis figured that the fatal docume would reach Mr. Harding that afternoon; and the ne morning in his anxiety he walked a mile or two to me the mail-carrier on his way. Sure enough, there was

ply from the clergyman. He tore it open and read swiftly:

"I received your letter, and I hasten to answer. I nnot tell you the distress of mind which it has caused e. There has been a most dreadful misundertanding, nd I can only hope that it has not gone too far to be rrected. I beg you to believe me that there has been thing between your wife and myself that could jus- fy the inference you have drawn. Your wife was in rrible distress of spirit, and I visited her and tried comfort her—such is my duty as a clergyman, as conceive it. I did nothing but what a clergyman ould properly do, and you have totally misunderstood e, and also your wife, who is the most innocent and ntle and trusting of souls. She is utterly devoted you, and the idea that the help I have tried to give r should be the occasion of any misunderstanding tween you is dreadful for me to contemplate.

"I must implore you to believe this, and dismiss these uel suspicions from your mind. If I were to be the use of breaking up your home, and wrecking Cory- n's life, it would be more than I could bear. I have most profound belief in the sanctity of the institution marriage, and not for anything in the world would have been led to do, or even to contemplate in my own oughts, anything which would trespass upon its obli- ations. I repeat to you with all the earnestness of hich I am capable that your idea is without basis, nd I beg you to banish it from your mind. You may ly upon it that I will not see your wife again, under ny circumstances imaginable."

Thyrsis read this, and then stared before him

with knitted brows. "Why, what's the matter w the man?" he said to himself. And then he read letter over again, weighing its every phrase. "I he think my letter was sarcasm?" he wondered. "Did think I was angry?"

He went to his study and got the rough draft of own letter, and reread and pondered it. No, he c cluded, it was not possible that Mr. Harding h thought he was angry. "He's trying to dodge!" exclaimed. "He can't bring himself to face the thing

But then again, he wondered. Could it be that man was right; could it be that Corydon had mis derstood him and his attitude? Or had he perhaps perienced a reaction, and was now trying to deny feelings?

For several hours Thyrsis pondered the problem; a then he went and sat by her, as she was reading on piazza. "You haven't heard anything more from M Harding, have you?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Corydon.

"What do you suppose he intends to do?"

"I—I don't know," she said. "I don't think means to come back."

"But why not, dear?"

"He's afraid to trust himself, Thyrsis."

"You think he really cares for you, then?"

"Yes, dear."

"But, how can you be *sure?*" he asked.

At which Corydon smiled. "A woman has ways knowing about such things," she said.

"I wish you'd tell me about it," said he.

But after a little thought, she shook her head. "Ma be some day, but not now. It wouldn't be fair to hi

isn't going any further, and that's enough for you know."

"He must be unhappy, isn't he?" said Thyrsis, artlly.

"Yes," she answered, "he's unhappy, I'm sure. He kes things very seriously."

Thyrsis paused a moment. "Did he tell you that he ved you?" he asked.

"No," said Corydon. "He—he wouldn't have peritted himself to do that. That would have been rong."

"But then—what did he do?"

"He looked at me," she said.

"When he went off the other day—did he know how ou still felt?"

"Yes, Thyrsis; why do you ask?"

"I thought you might have been deceiving yourself." At which she smiled and replied, "I wouldn't have othered to tell you in that case."

§ 13. So Thyrsis strolled away, and after duly condering the matter, he sat himself down to compose nother letter to the young clergyman.

"My dear Mr. Harding:

"I read your note with a great deal of perplexity. is evident to me that I have not made the situation ear to you; you probably do not find it easy to alize the frankness which Corydon and I maintain in ur relationship. I must tell you at the outset that e has narrated to me what has passed between you, nd so I am not dealing with 'cruel suspicions', but th facts. Can I not persuade you to do the same?

"It is difficult for me to be sure just what is in your

mind. But for one thing, let me make certain that y
are not trying to read anything between the lines
what I write you. Please understand I am not angr
or jealous, or suspicious; also, I am not unhappy—
least not so unhappy but that I can stand it. I ha
stood a good deal of unhappiness in my life, and Cor
don has also.

"You tell me about your attitude towards my wi
Of course it may be that as you come to look ba
upon what has passed between you, it seems to you th
your feeling for her was not deep and permanent, a
that you would prefer not to continue your acquai
ance with her. That would be your right—you ha
not pledged yourself in any way. All that I desi
is, that in considering the state of your feelings, y
should deal with them, and not with any duty whi
you may imagine you owe to *me*. I have no claim
the matter, and any that I might have, I forego.

"The crux of the whole difficulty I imagine must
in what you say about your 'profound belief in t
sanctity of the institution of marriage'. That is,
course, a large question to attempt to discuss in a le
ter. I can only say that I once had such a belief, a
that as a result of my studies I have it no longer.
see the institution of marriage as a product of a ce
tain phase of the economic development of the rac
which phase is rapidly passing, if it be not already pas
And the institution to me seems to share in the evi
of the economic phase; indeed I am accustomed, wh
invited to discuss the institution of marriage, to insi
upon discussing what actually exists—which is the i
stitution of marriage-plus-prostitution.

"Our economic system affords to certain small class
of men—to capitalists, to merchants, to lawyers,

rgymen—opportunities of comfort and dignity and owledge and health and virtue. But to certain other sses, and far larger classes—to miners, to steel-rkers, to garment-makers—it deals out misery and alor and ignorance and disease and vice. And in the e of women it does exactly the same; to some it gives heltered home, with comfort and beauty and peace; ile to others it gives a life of loneliness and sterility, l to others a life of domestic slavery, and to yet ers only the horrors of the brothel. And when you ne to investigate, you find that the difference is every-ere one of economic advantage. The merchant, the yer, the clergyman, has education and privilege, he wait and make his terms; but the miner, the steel-rker, the sweat-shop-toiler, has to sell his labor for at will keep him alive that day. And in the same y with women—some can acquire accomplishments, tues, charms; and when it comes to giving their e, they can secure the life-contract which we call rriage. But the daughter of the slums has no op-rtunity to acquire such accomplishments and virtues l charms, and often she cannot hold out for such a rgain—she sells her love for the food and shelter that needs to keep her alive.

'This will seem radical doctrine to you, I suppose; ave noticed that you take our institutions at their e-value, and do not ask how much in them may be m. But it seems to me there is no need to go into t matter here, for no trespass upon the marriage igation is proposed. The conventions undoubtedly e me the right to be outraged because my wife is in e with another man; I can denounce him, and hu-iate her. But if I am willing to forego this right, I do not care to play Othello to her Desdemona,

what then? Who can claim to be injured by my
nunciation?

"Of course I know it is said that marriages
made in Heaven, and that what God hath joined
gether, no man may put asunder. But it is diffic
for me to imagine that an intelligent man would t
this attitude at the present day. If I were dead, y
would surely recognize that Corydon might remar
you would recognize it, I presume, if I were hopeles
insane, or degenerate. What if I were in the habit
getting drunk and maltreating her—would you cl
that she was condemned to suffer this for life?
suppose that I were found to be physically impote
And can you not recognize the fact that there mig
be impotence of an intellectual and spiritual sort, wh
could leave a woman quite as unhappy, and make
life quite as barren and futile?

"Let us suppose, for the sake of the argument, t
I have stated correctly the facts between Corydon a
myself; that there exists between us a fundamental d
ference in temperament, which makes it certain th
however much we might respect and admire, and e
love each other, we could never either of us be hap
as man and wife; and suppose that Corydon were
meet some other man, with whom she could live h
moniously; and that she loved him sincerely, and
loved her; and that I were to recognize this, and
willing that she should leave me—do you mean th
you would maintain that such a course was wron
And if it were, with whom would the blame be? W
her, because she did not condemn herself to a lifeti
of failure? Or with me, because I did not desire
to do this—because I did not wish to waste my li
force in trying to content a discontented woman?

'I might add that I have said nothing to Corydon ut having written to you; she has no idea that I e thought of such a thing, and she would be horri- at the suggestion. I have taken the responsibility doing it, realizing that there was no other way in ch you could be made acquainted with the true situ- on. There is much more that I could say about all s, but it seems a waste of time to write it. Can we meet sometime, and get at each other's point of w? I am going to be in town the day after to-mor- , and unless I hear from you to the contrary, I drop in to see you some time in the morning."

14. Thyrsis read this letter over two or three es; and then, resisting the impulse to elaborate his osition of the economic bases of the marriage in- ution, he took it in to town and mailed it. He ted eagerly for a reply the next day; but no reply ne.

The morning after that, he walked down to town as had agreed to, and called at Mr. Harding's home. e door was opened by his housekeeper, Delia Gor- 's aunt. "Is Mr. Harding in?" asked Thyrsis.

'He's gone up to the city," was the reply.

'To the city," said Thyrsis. "When did he go?"

'He left this morning."

'And when will he be back?"

'I don't know. He left rather suddenly, and he n't say."

'I see," said Thyrsis. "Tell him I called, please."

And so he went home and mailed another note to . Harding, asking him to make an appointment for neeting; after which he waited for three or four s—but still there came no reply.

"Have you heard anything more from Mr. Har ing?" he asked of Corydon, finally.

"No, dear," she answered. "I don't expect to hear But he saw that she was nervous and *distrait;* and knew by her unwonted interest in the mail that s was all the time hoping to get some word from him.

When it came to handling any affair with Corydo Thyrsis was a poor diplomatist. He would tell hims that this or that should be kept from her for t present; but the secrecy always irked him—his impu was to talk things out with her, to go hand in ha with her to face the facts of their life. So now, this case; one afternoon he settled her comfortably a hammock, and sat beside her and took her hand.

"Corydon," he said, "I've something I want to t you. I've been having a correspondence with M Harding."

She started, and stared at him wildly. "What you mean?" she gasped.

"I wrote him two letters," said he.

"What about?"

"I wanted to explain about us," he said; and th he told her what he had put in the first letter, and re Mr. Harding's reply, which he had in his pocket.

"What do you make of it?" he asked.

"Tell me what your answer was!" cried Corydo quickly; and so he began to outline his second lette

But she did not let him get very far. "You wro him that way about marriage!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, dear," said he.

"But, Thyrsis! He'll be perfectly horrified!"

"You think so?"

"Why, Thyrsis! Don't you understand? He's clergyman!"

'I know; but it's the truth——"

'You don't know anything about people at all!" cried. "Can't you realize? He doesn't reason about ngs like you; you can't appeal to him in that way!"

'Well, what was I to do——"

'We'll never see him again!" exclaimed Corydon, in pair.

'That won't be any worse than it was before, will "

'Tell me," she rushed on, in her agitation. "Did tell him that I had no idea what you were doing?"

'Of course I told him that."

'But did you make it perfectly clear to him?"

'I tried to, dear."

'Tell me what you said! Tell me the rest of the er."

And so he recited it, as well as he could, while she ened, breathless with dismay. "How could you!" cried.

Then she read over Mr. Harding's letter once more. ou see," she said; "he was simply dazed. He didn't w what to say, he didn't know what to think."

'He'll get over it in time. He had to know, some- ."

'But *why* did he have to know? Why couldn't ngs have stayed as they were?"

'But my dear, you are in love with the man, aren't ?"

'But I don't want to marry him, Thyrsis! I don't don't love him enough."

'You might have come to it in the course of time," replied.

'Don't you see that he'd have to give up being a gyman?" she exclaimed.

"That's been done before," he said.

"But—see it from his point of view! Think of t
scandal!"

"I don't think much about scandals," Thyrsis a
swered. "That part could be arranged."

"But do the laws give people divorces in that way

"Our divorce laws are relics of feudalism," he a
swered. "One does not take them seriously."

"But how can you get around them, Thyrsis?"

"You simply have to admit whatever offense th
require."

"But Thyrsis! Think how that would seem to M
Harding!"

"My dear," he answered, "if I knew that a divo
was necessary to your happiness, I would take up
myself whatever disgrace was necessary."

Corydon sat gazing at him. "Is it so easy to g
me up?" she asked.

"It wasn't easy at all, my dear," he answered. "
was a fight that I fought out."

"But you decided that you could do it!" she e
claimed; and that, he found, was the aspect of t
matter that stayed with her in the end. It seemed
poor sort of compliment he had paid her; and h
could he make real to her the pangs the decision h
cost him? He expected her to take that for grant
—in all these years, had he not been able to convin
her of his love?

It was the old story between them, he reflected;
was always being called upon to express his feelin
and always reluctant to attempt it. Just now s
wanted him to enter upon an eloquent exposition of h
he had suffered and hesitated before he mailed the l
ter; and she would hang upon his words, and dri

em in greedily—and of course, the more convincing made them, the more she would love *him*.

She could never leave him, she insisted—the idea of ving him up was madness. She had not meant any ch thing by falling in love with Mr. Harding. Why ust he be so elemental, so brutally direct? He was e some clumsy animal, blundering about in the gar- n where she kept her sentimental plants. He fright- ed her, as he had frightened Mr. Harding. She ood appalled at this thing which he had done; the uth being that his action had sprung from a certain ep conviction in him, which he never found courage utter to her.

§ 15. Thyrsis pledged his word that he would write more to Mr. Harding; and so they settled down to it for a reply. But a couple more days passed, and ll there came nothing.

Corydon was restless and impatient. "What *can* he doing?" she exclaimed. Finally it chanced that Thyrsis had to go to Bellevue upon some errand; and the two drove into town together, and came upon e solution of the mystery.

On the street they met Mr. Jennings, the high-school ncipal.

"Good-morning," said he. "A fine day." And then, Have you heard the news about Harding?"

"What news?" asked Thyrsis.

"He's gone away."

"Gone away!"

"He's resigned his pastorate."

Thyrsis stared at the man, dazed; he felt Corydon ide him give a start. "Resigned his pastorate!" she oed.

"Yes," said the other, "just so."

"But why?"

"We none of us know. We're at our wits' end."

"But—how did you hear it?"

"I'm one of the trustees of the church, and l letter was read last night."

Thyrsis could not find a word to utter. He s staring at the man in bewilderment.

"What did he say?" cried Corydon, at last.

"He said that for some time he had been dissatisfi with his work, and felt the need of more study and r flection. It quite took our breath away, for nobody had the least idea that anything was wrong."

"But what's he going to do?"

"Apparently he's going abroad," was the answer "at least he ordered his mail to be forwarded to an a dress in Switzerland. And that's all we know."

Then, after a few remarks about the spiritual fe ment in the churches, the worthy high-school princip went on his way, and left Corydon and Thyrsis in t middle of the street. For a minute or two they s staring before them as if in a trance; and then su denly from Thyrsis' lips there burst a peal of wi laughter. "By the Lord God, he ran away from it he cried; and he seized Corydon by the arm and cri again, "He ran away from it!"

"Thyrsis!" exclaimed the other. "Don't laugh abo it!"

"Don't laugh!" he gasped; and again the convulsi of hilarity swept over him.

But Corydon turned upon him swiftly. "No!" s cried. "Stop! It's no joke!"

She was staring at him, her eyes wide with constern

ion and dismay. "Think!" she exclaimed. "He's iven up his career!"

"Yes," he said, "so it seems."

"It's awful!" she cried. "Oh, how *could* he!"

He saw the way the news affected her, and he made n effort to control himself. "The man simply couldn't ace it," he said. "He didn't dare to trust himself. Ie ran."

"But Thyrsis!" she exclaimed. "I can't believe it! Ie's given up his whole life-work!"

"He's fled like Joseph," said Thyrsis—"leaving his loak in the hands of the temptress!"

And then, the strain proving too much for him, he egan to laugh again. Becoming aware of the stares f some people on the street, he started up the horse, nd drove on into the country, where he could be alone, nd could give unrestrained expression to the emotions hat possessed him.

He imagined the dismay and perplexity of the unappy clergyman, with his belief in the sacred instituion of marriage—and with the vision of Corydon puruing him all day, and haunting his dreams at night. Ie imagined him trying to face the interview with the usband—with the terrible, conventionless husband, hose arguments could not be answered. "He simply ouldn't face me! He went the very morning I was oming!"

So he would laugh again; he would laugh until he as so weak that he had to lie back in his seat. "I can't elieve that it's true!" he exclaimed. "My dear, I think 's the funniest thing that ever happened since the orld began!"

"But Thyrsis!" she protested. "Think what we've one to him! The man's life is wrecked!"

"Nonsense!" said he. "It's the best thing that cou have happened to him. He might have gone on preac ing sermons all his life—but now he's got some ide to work out. He'll have time to read books, and think."

"But he must be suffering so!" exclaimed Corydo who could not forget her love, even in the presence his ribaldry.

"He needs to suffer," Thyrsis replied. "He ma meet some of the radicals over there, and come back wi a new point of view."

But Corydon shook her head. "You don't kno him," she said. "He couldn't possibly change. I don think I'll ever hear from him again."

Thyrsis looked at her and saw that there were tea in her eyes. He put his hand upon hers. "We'll ha to worry through for a while longer, dear," he sai "Never mind—we'll manage to make out somehow!"

§ 16. They drove home; and all through supp they talked about this breathless event. Afterwar they sat in the twilight, upon the porch, and thresh it out in its every aspect.

"Corydon," said he, "I don't believe you really love him as much as you thought. Did you?"

She stared before her without answering.

"Would you have loved him for long?" he persiste

She pondered over this. "I don't think one cou love a man always," she answered, "unless he had mind."

At which he pondered in turn. "Then it was too ba to drive him away!"

"That's just it," said she. "That's what I couldn make clear to you."

"But still, we had to find out."

"*You* may have," she said. "I didn't."

Thyrsis looked, and saw that she was smiling through r tears. He took her hand in his. "We'll see each her through, dear," he said. "We'll have to wait til the world grows up."

He felt an answering pressure of her hand. "Thyr-," she said, "you must promise me that you will ver do anything dreadful like that again. You must derstand me; I might think that I was in love, but would never be real—truly it wouldn't. No man uld ever mean to me what you mean—I know that! nd I couldn't give you up—you must never let your-lf think of such a thing! I couldn't give you up!"

So there came to Thyrsis one of those bursts of nderness that she knew so well. He put his arms out her and kissed her with fervor; but even while spoke with her, and gave her the love she desired, ere was something in him that sank back and moaned th despair. So the captive sinks and moans when he ds that his break for freedom has led only to the ghtening of his chains.

They stood for the last time before the cabin, biddi farewell to the little glen and all its memories.

"There are lines in the poem for everything," s said. "Even for that!" And she quoted—

"He hearkens not! light comer, he is flown!"

He laughed. "I can do better yet," he said—

"Alack, for Corydon no rival now!"

There was a pause. "That was five years," s mused. "And there were five more!"

"It will mean another book," he said. "To tell abo the new work; and how Thyrsis became a social lio and how, like Icarus, he flew too high and melted h wings. And then, 'The Exploiters,' the book of h vengeance! And then Corydon——"

"Yes, do not forget Corydon," she said.

"How he watched her dying before his eyes, a how he prayed for months for courage to kill her, a could not, but ran away. And then——"

"It will make a long story."

"Yes—a long story. 'Love's Deliverance,' let call it."

"They will smile at that. It sounds like Re Nevada."

" 'Love's Deliverance,' even so," he said. "To t

ow Thyrsis went out into the wilderness and found imself; and of the new love that came to Corydon."

"It will be a Bible for lovers," said she.

"Yes," he replied, and smiled—"with a book of hronicles, and a book of Proverbs, and a book of salms, and a book of Revelations——"

"And several books of Epistles," she interposed.

"The tablets in the temple are cracked," he said, and the fortresses of privilege are crumbling. When he Revolution is here—when there are no longer riests nor judges nor class-taboos—then out of the unger of our own hearts we shall have to shape our ew-ideals, and organize our new aristocracies."

"They will call it a book of 'free love'," said she.

To which he answered, gravely: "Let us redeem our reat words from base uses. Let that no longer call self Love, which knows that it is not free!"

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